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EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD

Canada's Magazine for Canada's Women

№ 141768

CONTAINS THE LAST WORD IN FALL FASHIONS

The Amiable Pretenders, By Eleanor Hoyt Brainerd, Complete In This Issue

SEPTEMBER
1918

Continental Publishing Company, Limited, Toronto, Canada

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TWENTY
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The Ground Floor

The Dawn of a New Religion

OLD in antiquity, it is lived, taught and preached the wide world over. It is the Religion of Common Sense. By it men grow strong and women beautiful. Its object is humanity and its churches rise from the ruins of the past. It does not make peace with the skies—it makes peace with its fellow men. It is a wonderful and kindly religion—this religion of Common Sense.

A Day of Miracles

BUT in this—as in any other religion—its Saviour and disciples are those who have known Golgotha. Hemlock comes high to-day and few care to pay the price of the Cross, but there are a few fearless individuals who still believe in the miracles of Common Sense. They believe that by a miracle Common Sense will overthrow and over-rule the mighty God of Public Opinion. An old offender is Public Opinion, with a long record. It has stoned Mary Magdalenes and upheld polygamy, it has fathered superstition, mothered ignorance and given free passes to those two boon companions—Immorality and Prudishness. But Common Sense is still fighting an Allied fight—fighting that Right shall win.

Our Responsibility

TO-DAY parents know that they are every day making indelible impressions upon the young and growing mind, that the future of their young depends—not on chance but on the ever-watching, ever-guiding parent care.

We who are grown up forget to grow down again. We forget that Susie or Jimmie are still children of the rainbow, living in a dream world peopled by their own imagination. It is the little ten-year-old Indian Savage of to-day that we have to mould into a man of strong individual virtues for the battles of to-morrow.

Courage is Victory

AND so we dare stand forth in the clear light of Common Sense and defy Public Opinion. We dare to say—our children, our young men and women *shall* be taught that sex is not evil—but good—their questions *shall* be answered and their home training *shall* be that of Common Sense and not Hypocrisy. We will put into their hands books of knowledge—books of worth and books of self-help. We will build ourselves a race of virtuous strength that shall ever be a protection and a safeguard.

Because we are firm believers in this religion of Common Sense we offer to place in the hands of parents, teachers and youth these very books that shall build well the House of Life.

We offer to enroll any reader or subscriber in the Home Library Association of Canada, an organization whose membership and resources are devoted to upbuilding of the youth of Canada—whose aim is to bring to its members books which shall yield them a maximum of gain at a minimum cost. Through efficient organization we are able to offer members the benefit and privileges of the Home Library Association at slightly over 1c. a day.

All you need do is to sign the coupon below—send us a new or renewal subscription to EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD, select fifty cents' worth of our booklets free and receive your membership card, which entitles you to a one-dollar selection of books each month. If you prefer you may apply a 50c. credit to any of the other publications of the Home Library.

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To show your interest in our effort and sincerity we want you to fill out the coupon and get the first 50c. worth of free books and avail yourselves of the opportunity of securing $12 worth of books free during the year. Enclose and mail to us a Dominion Express Money Order, Postal Note or P.O. Order for $1.50, or, if more convenient, you may mail the cash at *our risk*, as the Canadian mails are safe

Name This Month's Cover—Win $25.00

WE want a suitable name for this month's cover and will pay $25.00 for one. This cover is so lovely and so charming that we are going to reprint it to supply the big demand that is going to be made for copies for framing. And we want to have a fitting title printed on each copy we send out. Won't you try to supply us one? The artist who painted it knows the incident that inspired the picture but he found it too difficult a matter to name it. And we find it equally difficult, so we are leaving it to our readers.

For the best title we receive on or before October 15th, we will pay the sum of $25.00. You may send us as many suggestions as you wish. Announcement of the winning title will be made in the December issue.

Send your suggestions addressed as follows: September Cover Name, EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD, 259 Spadina Avenue, Toronto, Ont.

Don't Miss These Big October Specials

"The Woman in the Room"
By ZONA GALE

IF you were a man—a lonely man who craved a woman's smile to welcome you when you returned from work each day, and just couldn't find *the* woman; if you created for yourself a phantom presence that you felt within, every time you opened the door, and then suddenly discovered your ideal existed—one floor down—what would you do? Or, if you were the woman—then what? You'll want to read Zona Gale's version to find out what "The Woman" really did.

"A Princess for the Night"

Sounds like a Lady Betty romance by C. N. and A. M. Williamson, dosen't it? A shy and timid little country mouse is mistaken for a royal princess travelling incognito—and all that happens to her in the short space of 24 hours makes a big night and a very interesting story. One of Mabel Burkholder's best.

"Shadows of the Salient"
By Ex.-Sgt.-Major HECTOR MACKNIGHT

A continuation of these splendid thumb-nail sketches of the trenches by a Canadian "over there." They come to us, intimate glimpses of soldier life, direct from overseas.

"Pay Your Money and Get Your Choice"

A splendid plea for a better type of moving picture.

"Legends of Hallowe'en"

The same old story—bobbing for apples, walking backward down stairs, etc., told in a new way.

COMING!

"Behind the Barrage"

More trench tales by Ex.-Sgt.Major Hector Macknight.

"Banking on Betty"
By EDITH G. BAYNE

An exceedingly clever and amusing tale of a man and his secretary. He insisted she should never flirt—and he hadn't even a Chinaman's chance when he fell in love with her himself.

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Give name exactly as on present address label. If you are renewing in advance, your subscription will run on for a full year after present expiring date.

C 1

Neōlin Soles

We'll Return Dry-Footed

IT'S a regular slop-foot day out—drenched sidewalks and mud-surfaced crossings. But mother and son will go and come foot-dry. Wet-foot colds are not for them. Their shoes are Neōlin-soled.

What a blessing is Neōlin to mothers these days of sudden coughs and insidious sore throats. A blessing for its water-tight protection.

And a blessing every day in the year for its lasting wear that saves on shoe-bills, especially for the kiddies. For its shape-holding that keeps wet uppers smart. For its quiet tread that will not scratch floors or furniture.

Shoes for the whole family come Neōlin-soled—many styles and prices. Shoe merchants who stock them show the Neōlin price ticket in their windows.

Shoe repairers have full-soles and half-soles of Neōlin for your present shoes.

To protect you against imitations, every Neōlin sole is stamped with the trademark —"Neōlin." Look for it.

The Goodyear Tire and Rubber Co. of Canada, Limited

Vol. IX., No. 3.

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CAUTION—CHANGE OF ADDRESS. We shall change the address of subscribers as often as required, but in ordering a change, the old address as well as the new must be given before the change can be made.

EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD

CANADA'S GREAT HOME MAGAZINE

Mary M. Murphy, Managing Editor
Jean Blewett, Companion Editor — Katherine M. Caldwell, Food Editor

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September, 1918

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Jean Blewett's Own Page

The Need of Mothering Sweet Sixteen

"MY MOTHER knows everything about books and music, ologies and isms, but not a blessed thing about girls," retorted Sweet Sixteen, in answer to my somewhat irritable: "It is to your mother you should go for advice when you get into difficulties." Silence between us while she peeped into her vanity case, adjusted her hat and patted a curl in place. Then: "My mother is simply wonderful. I could ask her about ideals, philosophy, clothes, a career, but not, for instance, about this letter-writing mischief—for mischief was all I meant—or what to say to a boy who wants to kiss me—" this last with the blush of innocence and youth—the loveliest thing in the world. "May Brown's mother listens to May's talk about these foolish things and laughs with her just like another girl, but my mother is so far above me I get that lonesome! She ought to pull me up with her and hold me there in spite of myself, or else come down to earth and sort of cuddle my silly little secrets out of me like May's mother does." Her voice had tears in it, very temperamental is Sweet Sixteen, and very, very, dear.

When They're Women in the Making

SHE SLIPPED HER HAND IN MINE and of course I let her talk away after that. She told some things that made me want to laugh, others that made me want to cry, and ended up with: "One thing I've determined on when I have girls of my own, I'm going to be one of them and know all they're up to in the matter of books they read, beaux they have, and—and that. Every night when I say my prayers (mornings too, when I don't forget), I ask the Lord not to ever let me stumble into anything I'll be ashamed to tell those girls of mine. Isn't that a dear idea?"

It was a dear idea, though our modest grandmothers would doubtless have deemed it improper.

"When they're little tads they won't need a great deal of attention," she went on, "dolls, playhouses, and picture books will absorb them; and when they're grown into real women they'll not be so much on my mind, but the 'between time,' you know what I mean, when they're too old for dolls and too young for—for the beautiful things ahead of them—that's when I'll stand right with them and let everything else go by the board, because," with a soft sigh for the mothering she herself is missing, "that's when they'll need me most, when they are women in the making."

Slipshod Speech of the Present Century

A TEACHER JUST BACK from her holidays called to see us this week. She is a Kent County product, a graduate of Chatham Collegiate—both of which things are to her credit—and possessing a personality so interesting it explains her success along her own line of work. Her talk was not of the holidays just ended, but of the task about to start. I love the enthusiasm of a busy person. It is a tonic in itself. On our enquiring what new feature she was introducing into the daily round this season she cried:

"Oh, I must tell you about our 'King's English League.' It has over fifty members, with officers, rules, etc. It has for its object the fostering of correct speech. Yes, it began with my pupils—I'm proud of my progressive young folks. There was an idle, unmanageable lad—the idea really emanated with him. We made him vice-president and he is proving a good one. I'm president and manage to throw most of my work on him. My dear, he loves being consulted.

"The speech of the present generation is extremely slip-shod. If it is not corrected in youth it will never be corrected. Our League has a short session each Tuesday and Friday for the discussion of "Mistakes We Make." I wish you could be a mouse in the wall at one of these meetings and hear the queries put to me.

"We have a question drawer for those too bashful to speak out in meeting. You may have read this funny paragraph:

"'Speaking of mistakes often made,' began the teacher, 'Would it be correct to say: I will learn Mary her lesson?' Mary shook her head vigorously. 'Now,' continued the teacher, well pleased, 'Can you tell me why it would not be correct?' 'Because you can't learn me anything, that's why, teacher.'

"It originated at the first meeting of our League. As I never spoil a good story for the sake of relationship I had to tell it. Some of our mottoes are quite striking. The vice-president has hung a few throughout the school. How is this?

"'Conserve! See how many 'Aints' you can cut out this week.'

"'Can the adjectives. Evaporate the superlatives.'

"'Do you belong to the 'I done' and 'have went' family? Look out!'

"'Stop trying to murder the King's English.'

"'By their speech ye shall know them.'

"'Spare the slang and talk sense.'"

The idea is so good we are happy to pass it on.

The Widow's Laddie

He would go, they could not keep him, for he
came of fighting stock,
Long his widowed mother pleaded—he was
firm as any rock.
"I'll come home again," he told her. "I'll
come home again some day,"
Laid his cheek to hers and kissed her, said
good-bye and marched away;
Louder than the soft voice pleading, "Laddie,
laddie, bide at home,"
Was the shrill voice of the bugle and the deep
voice of the drum,
Calling to him in the meadows and the harvest fields of home;
"Come, lad! Come, lad! Come, come, come!"

His face was like a maiden's face, so smooth
it was and fair,
The laughter in his eyes of grey, the sunshine
in his hair;
But a man's heart, true and gallant, beat
beneath the tartan plaid,
And a strong right arm he boasted, did the
widow's bonnie lad.
O, the battle field is gruesome with its dying
and its dead,
And 'twas to the field of battle that the shrill
voiced bugle led,
Calling to him, ever calling, and the deep voice
of the drum:
"Come, lad! Come lad! Come, come, come!"

Where the fighting had been fiercest, as the
sun sank in the west,
Did they find the widow's laddie with a bullet
in his breast,
And his smiling face turned upward. Did he
dream at last—who knows?—
Of his mother's kiss of welcome—lying there in
kilt and hose,
With the gold hair gleaming brightly underneath the bonnet blue,
And the tartan plaid laid gently o'er the
heart so brave and true—
Stilled forever. With death's coming did
there fall upon his ear
Music that he loved to list to? Bugle's challenge loud and clear?
Thrilling, stirring, sweeter, shriller, and the
crying of the drum;
"Come, lad! Come, lad! Come, come,
come!"
Calling softly through the shadows, calling
sweetly through the shadows:
"Come, lad! Come, lad! Come, come,
come!"

JEAN BLEWETT.

A Western Writer in Search of Material

MISS ANNE MERRILL is a Canadian writer overseas in search of material. She is a young woman full of surprises. She settled herself in her own particular editorial chair on the Edmonton Journal, as if she meant to stay there, made her Woman's Page a power for good. Then came the war, with its upheavals and changes, and from the newest part of the new world, that lovely city overhanging the Saskatchewan Valley, to the old world, black with the smoke of battle, went our Anne. The fact that she looks on ancient things in open-eyed western fashion and tells of them with a lightness and breeziness peculiarly western, makes her work most attractive. One of her letters contains the story of how Colonel Seymour of the Canadian Army, out-argued the Dean of St. Paul's. It is so good it will stand repeating. The Colonel had asked and received the Dean's consent to deposit five flags in the Cathedral. His next step was to invite two ladies to take part in the ceremony. Would Lady Perley, wife of the Canadian High Commissioner, and Mrs. Page, wife of the American Ambassador, place the flags in their historic resting-place? They would. He hurried to the Dean with the good news. "What!" cried the great man, who like St. Paul of old, had his own opinion of woman's sphere, "If I were to allow women to officiate at a ceremony in St. Paul's it would establish a precedent."

"Women are allowed to take part in the ceremony of baptism," argued the quick-witted Colonel, "so let us look on the flags as babies at the font, with Mrs. Page as mother and Lady Perley as godmother." And so it was settled.

Be Not Guilty of the Crime of Dowdiness

THE STOUT WOMAN who tells herself that all the nice styles are designed for her slender sisters, and that it does not matter how she herself dresses, as nothing looks decent on her, makes a mistake. She is not excluded from the attractive styles. Many of them are made especially for her. She can, by judicious choice of a costumer and taste in the selection of style and material, be well and becomingly dressed. This year, in fact, some of the nicest fashions—the surplice bodice, the sleeveless jacket, the coat dress, the chemise blouse—seem made for her especial benefit.

Color has much to do with how well or how ill the stout woman looks when her dressmaker or tailor gets through with her. Bright shades draw attention to her size, dull ones detract from it. Let her beware of dowdiness, remembering always that among woman's rights is the right to be just as good and just as good-looking as nature and the grace of God can make her.

The Popular Sinful Slanders of the Day

A PORTION OF A LETTER just received from one of Montreal's lovely daughters now a member of the Women's Army Auxiliary of War Workers Overseas, runs:

"For the sympathy you have shown the W.A.A.C.'s during the baptism of slime and mud they have been treated to I want to thank you personally. Not that we let the lies told of us as a Corps depress us unduly. We were too busy for that. 'The country we serve will see that we are righted,' we said, and sure enough the country did, promptly and powerfully. Male slackers who had been snubbed started the slander, and women—well, you know what Kipling says about the female of the species being more deadly than the male. We were tipplers, we were unsexed and immoral, so they said with winks and grimaces. It hurt, we cried a little when we had time, which was not often; but nobody worth while believed a word of it. Now, what I want to ask you is why should a certain type of man or woman try to smirch the purity of workers who have proved themselves over, and over again? From France, my fiance, a lieutenant in the trenches writes: 'A true soldier is sure to be maligned. . . . . You see, we have both been under fire and must love each other all the more.'"

Calls the W.A.A.C. Splendid Women

SO WIDELY DID THE unfounded slander spread that the Government had it investigated, by a Commission of Enquiry. This Commission went through all the W.A.A.C. camps, subjecting each to a rigid examination Its report is in our hand.

"The charges rest on no foundation whatever. The W.A.A.C. is a body of healthy, cheerful, self-respecting young women conscious of their place in the struggle and zealous in the service.

"As a Commission we find that these women have played their part admirably in the Empire's hour of need. As regards the British Army to-day, the nation has as much right to be proud of its splendid women in the auxiliary force as of its men,—which is the highest appreciation that can be given."

Good for you, my little friend in uniform! And for all your trusty corps. And the Lieutenant in the trenches is a man after my own heart.

The Price of EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD is Now 20 Cents a Copy or $2.00 a Year

An Announcement and an Opportunity

BEGINNING with this issue, the price of EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD will be advanced from its present price to 20c a copy, or $2.00 a year. To our old friends we offer this opportunity to renew their subscription at the old $1.50 rate.

All American magazines, whose cost of production is less than ours because of their great circulation at home and in Canada, increased their prices long ago. We have held out steadily against the increased cost to ourselves—just as you have battled against the high cost of living. We have kept EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD up to standard just as long as we could consistently do so.

What Would You Have Done in This Case?

Production prices have been mounting for months. We are to-day paying greatly increased rates for wages, paper, ink, plates, engraving, electrotypes, and the hundred and one little items that are hidden to the average eye, but which are nevertheless a part of the magazine production. All this increase, to say nothing of the expense of better stories and articles that are being published each month.

Such conditions made a definite move imperative, but we must move either forward or backward. What would you have done in this case? We feel assured that the Canadian women who have so splendidly approved and supported EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD would have said "Move Forward." We feel sure they would far rather pay a slight increase in price than to have their magazine deteriorate in any way.

What We Decided to Do

We decided that we would more than keep EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD up to its present high standard. We decided to produce not the same EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD, but a bigger, better, EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD, with improvements that would more than offset the small increase in price. EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD at 15c per copy was the leading magazine published in Canada, and would have well been worth 20c a copy had no improvements been made, but with the new EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD Canada will have a magazine that will more than answer every magazine need and put EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD in a class far beyond anything you ever hoped it to be.

What the New Everywoman's World Will Be

Beginning with next month's issue, and increasing with subsequent issues, EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD will present something that has never before been attempted by any Canadian publisher. We shall present to you features, articles, and current happenings, not in words but in pictures—pictures that live, pictures that talk. This does not mean altering our editorial policy—we shall still offer a new, improved fashion service; the various departments so necessary to the housekeeper will be maintained with increasing excellence—we are simply the first in the field with this big exclusive pictorial feature. You will not find its duplicate in any Canadian or American magazine. This improvement alone is costing us many thousands of dollars to produce, and will more than offset the slight increase we are asking.

Additional Features

In addition to a new and improved EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD, we have several headliners that we are holding in reserve. Two of these big features are coming shortly. We promise you they are the biggest and the best ever secured by any Canadian magazine. We would rather not tell you about them just yet—but when they appear they will startle the entire magazine world. Don't miss a single coming issue of EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD.

Your Last Chance at the Old Price

You will note on this month's cover the price of EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD is now 20c a copy or $2.00 a year. However, we intend to give our friends and readers a last chance offer to subscribe at the old price, and so the following offer is open until October 15th. Send us your new or renewal subscription at the old rate of $1.50, and we will send you a bigger, better EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD than ever before for the next twelve months. OR BETTER STILL—send us $3.00 and you will receive EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD for two years at a saving of $1.00. No matter when your present subscription expires, renew now and we will credit your renewal to the expiration of your present subscription. If you cannot afford to renew yourself for two years—get a friend to join you, and get a two-year subscription together—it will be well worth your while.

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THE SWORD OF LIR

Concluding Chapter of the Celtic Fairy Tale

By NORAH M. HOLLAND

Illustrated by Emily Hand

Synopsis of Previous Chapter

EOCHY, King of Dara, has been killed by the Fathac Dhu Olc, his queen, Fedelma, made prisoner, and Flann, their baby son, given to the giant's sisters to be their serving lad. In his twelfth year he is told of his parentage and that in order to free his mother from captivity he must possess himself of the Sword of Lir. This Sword is guarded beneath the sea by the children of Manannan. Flann captures one of them who bids him go to Iasgaire the Fisherman to learn the lore of the sea.

FLANN'S heart leaped within him as he listened to Iasgaire's words. He grasped the old fisherman's horny hand and wrung it, stammering forth his thanks, but Iasgaire hushed him. "Well have you served me, O Flann MacEochy," he said heartily," and it is grieved I am, you to be leaving me, but it is the will of the gods and go you must."

So on the morrow Flann and Iasgaire drew the Faoilean down from her snug resting-place upon the sands near the hut and provisioned her for a long journey—coarse cakes of brown bread they stowed in her hold and dried goats' flesh and skins of rough red wine. And at the last moment Iasgaire brought from the hut a long, slender spear, with tough ashen shaft and head of shining bronze, and set it in the lad's hand.

"It may be that you will be needing a weapon," he said, "and this one will serve you until you win to the sword of Lir."

Then they stepped the mast, and thrusting the Faoilean out from shore Flann hoisted the great brown sail and with a favoring wind at his back sped swiftly seaward. Only, gazing at the shore he had left, he could see Iasgaire standing there watching him from underneath a sheltering hand and he waved a farewell to him as Faoilean's bows cut through the blue, sunlit water. Long he looked back until at last the figure of the old fisherman faded from sight and he was alone upon the wide sea.

Day after day Faoilean sailed on over a trackless waste of waters, and day after day the sun flamed from the eastern waves, glorious in crimson and gold or swathed in trailing mists. Slowly it climbed the steep ascent of sky and then, turning, plunged down to its rest in the western sea. Or the day came dark and stormy, with winds that wailed across the face of the waves, tossing the scud before them in sheets of stinging spray. The brown sail of Faoilean grew white with crusted brine and she buried her bows deep in the dark, green rollers and flung the foam to right and left in great flakes like spume from the nostrils of a stallion. Flann's hands grew weary with labor at the oar, and his heart well nigh failed him, but always he took courage again, and presently the wind would drop and the sky grow blue once more. Then the sun would laugh down upon the laughing waters and the little ripples would lisp against Faoilean's side with a pleasant murmuring and the wind sing softly in her sail. Hour after hour Flann would lie, basking in the sunshine and watching the strange creatures that came from the depths to gaze at him as he sailed slowly by. Sometimes, too, he would catch a glimpse of white arms and tossing golden hair and would hear the wild song of the children of Manannan ringing out across the foam, but always they sank at his approach. In the night strange stars shone down upon him and he sailed through a world of purple darkness, along the silver path of the moonlight, and dreamed of the days to come when he should sit upon his ivory throne in the great white Dun of Dara and rule his people well and wisely. And there were times when he dreamed of a fair, pale face bending over him, and long dark hair falling across his face, and his mother's arm about him—and his heart leaped high at the thought and he bent to the oar with new strength.

So he sailed on, until, upon the hundredth day of his voyage, he woke to find the sky grey with mists and a chill rain falling. The wind had ceased, and there was a dead calm—not even a ripple broke the stillness of the leaden sea; but there were whispers and mutterings around him and strange shadowy shapes floated across the murky sky. He furled the useless sail, that hung flapping idly against the mast and bent to his oars, but a dull languour was upon him and Faoilean moved sluggishly and reluctantly through the oily grey waters. Presently, however, he saw before him the rain-washed cliffs of Hy Breasil, looming dark and threatening through the mists. Against their feet the long waves broke with a gurgling sound and swirled back from the rocks in ever widening circles. They caught Faoilean in their eddies and tossed her to and fro, now sucking her towards the black cliffs, and then, as if in scorn, thrusting her back into the fog that grew ever denser. Flann dragged at the oars in vain and at last, dizzy and panting with his efforts, he drew them in and, sitting motionless, let the current carry him whither it would. Then, suddenly, he remembered Oonagh's gift, and drawing the great pearl from his bosom he gazed steadily into its shimmering depths.

For a moment he saw nothing. Then a spot of light became slowly visible; it was as if the mistiness was slowly withdrawn from the surface of the stone and deep in the heart of the jewel a tiny picture showed itself, bright and clear. He saw a stretch of grey, swirling waters at the foot of dark cliffs and a little boat that tossed and labored among them. But he saw more than this. Some twenty feet to the left of where the boat lay he could see a dark opening in the cliff. So low it was that with every return of the sullen waves it was almost hidden from sight. But it was there, and thrusting out his oars, Flann unshipped the mast and turned Faoilean's head towards it. A few swift strokes and he was in line with it. Then a long green roller swung in from the sea and lifting the boat upon its crest swept her forward into the opening. Flann flung himself down just in time. He heard Faoilean's sides grinding against rock and her bows were pressed down until they were almost under water. Then she was through the opening and flying along a narrow passage, past rocks that towered up on either side.

Flann sat up in the boat and looked about him. Far ahead he could see a dim speck of light that grew brighter as he gazed, but all about him was thick with shadows. Faoilean moved among them swiftly and silently, the water closing behind her without even a ripple. But gradually they thickened, pressing closer in upon her.

He lay with his head on Queen Fedelma's lap.

Her speed diminished. Flann felt the thrust of invisible hands stretched out to bar her way and a clamor of voices was in his ears, bidding him return ere it was too late. He seized Iasgaire's spear from the deck where it lay and struck blindly into the darkness again and yet again. There should be no going back for him now—he would clasp the sword of Lir or fall in the trial.

His thrusts seemed to encounter only the air, yet when he drew back the spearhead it was dripping red; the darkness grew full of wailings and suddenly the resistance to his progress ceased. Faoilean swept on, the cavern walls widening. Far above him he could see the rough arches of the roof gradually taking shape through the lightening shadows. At last the passage opened out suddenly, and he found himself in a vast lake, the shores of which rose steep and rocky save at one point, where a flight of marble steps led upward from the water's edge. Toward these he turned Faoilean's bows, and having moored her to an iron ring at the foot of the stairway, he took his spear and slowly mounted the steps.

WHEN at last he reached the top, he found himself standing in a great hall, whose walls of living rock were encrusted with rosy shells and sparkling jewels. Upon its floor lay heaped in wild confusion all the treasures the sea had garnered through the ages, and from the arches of the roof a pale green light filtered down upon them, so that they shone and glittered about the lad with a weird unearthly splendor. Here lay purple webs of Tyre; here, the spices and gums of Ophir; here, shining still through the dust of the years that had gathered over them, lay treasures of Carthage and Greece; the spoils of many a Roman trireme and quinquireme lay here; here the golden torque of the Celt and the bronze shields and spears of the wild Firbolg rolled together in confusion. At Flann's feet lay a great leather bag, the cord of which had broken. The jewels with which it was filled had streamed out across the marble floor and the lad stooped and gathered up a handful—huge rubies that trickled over his palm like drops of blood.

As he stood, passing them between his fingers and listening to them as they fell tinkling upon the ground at his feet, he felt a touch upon his shoulder and turning saw, standing by his side, a small man garbed fantastically in shimmering greens and blues, who looked at him with eyes that were bright and changeful as the play of light upon the waves, and spoke in a voice that held a strange lisping sound.

"A thousand welcomes before you, O Flann, son of Eochy. Long have we looked for your coming and it is luck and prosperity that are upon you this day, you to be standing in the treasure halls of Lir, where never before foot of mortal has been."

"It is thanks I am giving you for your welcome, O stranger," answered Flann courteously. "And would you be telling me now where it is that I may find the sword of Lir, since it is for that I have come to Hy Breasil."

The man of the sea laughed shrilly. "The sword of Lir?" he said. "And what would that be to you who have all the riches of the world heaped here at your feet? There are treasures here that many a king would be proud to grasp and they are yours for the taking. Let you be choosing among them now, for honor and power go with the gifts of the sea."

Flann looked about him. Everywhere treasures were piled. They might all be his at a word, and his heart leaped within him at the thought. What could he not do with them? Ease and wealth and pleasure would be at his command. But he remembered his mother, weeping in the hold of the giant, and he turned once more to the man of the sea.

"None of them all do I desire, sea dweller," he said, "but the sword of Lir alone, for with it I will be slaying the Black Bad-tempered Giant, and setting my mother free once more."

"Your mother will not be knowing you when you come to her," the sea-man said, slowly. "It may be that she is dead. At least, she has long lost remembrance of you and is contented in her captivity. And dangers a-many lie before you ere the giant's head shall fall. If you will be wise, you will be taking the treasure that is at your hand and buying for yourself a kingdom that will be yours without time or blood spent. Let you be looking about you now, for there is naught here that is not yours for the asking."

Flann shook his head. "I want only the sword of Lir," he replied, and the sea-dweller's face twisted into an ugly frown.

"That shall never be yours while the children of Lir can guard it," he said and whistled a long note, like the scream of a sea-gull before a storm. "Your blood be upon your own head, O Flann of Dara." The next moment he had disappeared, and the lad stood once more alone within the great hall.

HE waited a moment, looking about him, but no voice or movement broke the stillness and presently he crossed the hall slowly, his feet stumbling as he went over countless wonders, until he came to where a low archway led still further into the heart of the island. Passing through this, he found himself within a small cavern, lighted only by crevices in the rock above. In the midst of this cave rose a tall rock, its four sides carved with twisting serpent forms, with jewelled eyes, that seemed to writhe and undulate in the dim light as he gazed upon them. On the square top of the pillar, that was cut and polished until it was smooth as glass, burned four tall taper-like flames, one at each corner of the rock, and between those fires lay the sword of Lir, the gems in its hilt winking and sparkling in their glow. Flann looked at it with eager eyes, and the long, straight blade, with its inlaid runes of gold, seemed to laugh back at him through the shadows. Save for that pillar with its pale fires, and the sword lying upon it, the chamber was bare, and Flann stepped forward eagerly, to lift the blade from its resting-place. Even as he did so there was a rush of feet through the shadows, wild screaming cries were in his ears and a throng of sea-dwellers were upon him. They struck at him angrily with hands and feet, and short curved knives of bronze, striving to drive him back through the archway into the great hall again. Flann raised his spear and thrust right and left among them, but though with every blow, a foe fell, their number was too great for him and he found himself gradually giving way before them. Hard and fiercely he fought, until a blow from one of their curved, wave-like knives wounded him in the shoulder. He could feel the blood running down his side; he grew faint and weary from the loss of it and the throng pressed him ever more heavily. Yet still he thrust feebly with his spear as he fell slowly back, and still they hesitated to close in upon him. Then all grew dark

(*Continued on page 32*)

The Amiable

A Romance of Old London

By ELEANOR

Illustrated by

"The old Duke looks pleased, doesn't he?"

WHO was it said that bluff is half the game of life? It may be—when luck is with you. Priscilla Warrington and the "Nice Man" were good "bluffers." Luck was not exactly with them all the time. If it had been, there would have been no adventure and, consequently, no story.

Eleanor Hoyt Brainerd, one of the foremost writers of the day, has made "The Amiable Pretenders" an enchanting little tale.

—THE EDITOR.

I'D rather meet a nice man than see the Abbey," Priscilla Warrington admitted to herself, as she whirled down Piccadilly in a hansom and eyed the passers-by.

The sentiment may have indicated low tastes; but it must be urged in extenuation that, during two months on the Continent, Priscilla had met many beautiful cathedrals and no nice men. Not that the men had been unappreciative. From Naples to Berlin, from Budapest to Paris, resplendent officers, roystering students, gallant citizens of many types had invited her smiles; but she had not dared to smile.

"In our country," she explained, when writing to a home friend, "one knows that a man will stop, when one crosses one's fingers and says 'King's X'; but I doubt, I seriously doubt, whether these heavenly angels, in comic-opera clothes, understand the rules of the game."

And so, being a wise young woman, with a wholesome respect for unknown explosives as well as a mighty curiosity concerning them, Miss Warrington, had, while travelling, restricted her smiles to the ranks of bell boys, waiters, and porters, and had eliminated from her calculations all men who could not be tipped. The small coin of the realm, so she found, furnished an excellent line of demarcation. Now, at the end of June, Priscilla was established in England, and was finding difficulty in keeping her smiles from becoming catholic. As she looked from her cab, she reflected that there was something very satisfying about tweeds and bowlers, after a surfeit of uniforms and caps. These big, sturdy men, with the strong mouths and the boyish eyes, reminded her of the dear, safe, comfortable men at home. They looked as though they might know the rules of the game and abide by them.

"But I don't know any of the creatures," sighed Priscilla; then she brightened. Weren't the rest of her party well under way for Windsor? Hadn't she a whole, smiling June day all to herself? Wasn't she wearing her smartest frock and hat in honor of the Clarksons, with whom she was going to have tea, after seeing the Abbey and St. Margaret's?

"Stop at St. Margaret's first," she said blithely to the cabby, as he turned into Westminster; and when he drew up before the church and she stepped out with a frou-frou of chiffons, she signed to him to wait. Extravagance, of course; but this was a day for extravagance.

The slender figure was swallowed by the old gray doorway. Inside the church there was a shadowy quiet, rose perfumed. A few tourists buzzed about, under the eye of a dignified verger, but Priscilla did not join them. She was a mercurial young woman, prone to shifting moods; and now, all of a sudden, she felt distinctly "churchy." The word is her own; but it describes well enough the vague, yearning emotionalism which prompted her to slip into an out-of-the-way pew and drop upon her knees. When she rose the tourists had vanished, but a group of fashionably dressed folk had replaced them, and others were drifting in.

"There's going to be a service," thought Priscilla, still in soulful mood. "I believe I'll stay for it."

She settled back in her seat; but, gradually, she realized that the character of the gathering was scarcely devout. Everybody seemed to know everybody else, and conversation, though subdued, flowed freely. The girl's brain searched and found the answer to the riddle. A wedding! A very swell wedding! All outsiders, save her, had been shooed out of the church; but she had been overlooked. Of course she was an intruder; but leaving now would be in the nature of looking a gift horse in the mouth; so she stayed until the ceremony had been performed, the bridal party had trailed down the aisle, and the crowd was preening itself for flight. Then she passed out into the sunlight, through the ranks to which she did not belong.

Motors and carriages galore were in waiting. One by one, they received their aristocratic freight and rolled away; and, as Priscilla stood watching, a hansom forced its way in between a big Panhard and a luxurious victoria and a smiling Jehu beckoned to her. She stepped into the cab, the driver cracked his whip, and they were off in the wake of the coroneted carriages and the gorgeous cars. The cabman waited for no order, and in her excitement she overlooked the fact that the Abbey was still unseen and that she had not given the Clarksons' address. Not until the procession turned off from Pall Mall and was bowling along past Green Park, did it dawn upon her that she was still attending the wedding. The guests were all going on to the reception, and her driver had taken it for granted that she was one of the elect. Her hand went hastily up toward the little window in the top of the cab, hesitated, stopped short, dropped back into her lap. It would be fun to see where the bride lived. The procession halted. Far down the line guests were leaving their carriages and mounting the steps of a big imposing house. Now was the time for escape—but no; the street was blocked. It would be necessary to stay in line and follow the empty vehicles to the first corner beyond the house. Little by little, the cab jerked its way toward the spot where the awning and the carpet ran down to the curb.

WHY not? A flush came into Priscilla's cheeks, a sparkle into her eyes. Why not? All her traditions, inherited and acquired, rose to offer conclusive answers to the question; but she put them aside. Even the veriest Puritan may have his moment of madness. Priscilla's was upon her. The spirit of adventure had her in its grip, and she flung the proprieties, the decencies, to the wind. In so large a crowd, who would ever know? She had always wanted to do something really shocking. Here was her golden opportunity. The fates had cast it at her feet.

The cab was stopping, a magnificent being in livery was opening the doors, the time for hesitation was past. A young person with the air of a Vere de Vere, paid and dismissed a mildly intoxicated cabman, trailed an unmistakably Parisian frock along the crimson carpet, and ran the gauntlet of more magnificent beings in livery.

"I'd rather meet a nice man than see the Abbey," Priscilla admitted to herself, as she whirled down Picadilly in a hansom.

A moment later she found herself alone in a crowd and awake to her iniquity. Now that she stopped to think, the thing was horrible, an offence against every law of good breeding. She must escape. Panic descended upon her, she started toward the door; and just at that moment, a pleasant masculine voice drawled into her ear, "Awful crush, isn't it?"

Priscilla gave a little gasp of terror. Guilt was written upon every line of her face, but the man with the admiring eyes did not seem to notice her dismay.

"Lady Mary makes an attractive bride," he was saying when the culprit regained her self-possession sufficiently to listen. "They say the old Duke has been very keen about this match. He does look pleased, doesn't he? Do you know, you are looking a bit fagged. Can I get you anything?"

"Fagged!" Prostrated was the adequate word; and yet—and yet—a returning joy of life was making itself felt in Priscilla's heart. Had she not said she would rather meet a nice man than see the Abbey? Well, she had not seen the Abbey; but here was a man and indications pointed to his being "nice." Priscilla's spirits rose. He seemed like a direct answer to prayer; and, though undeserving, one need not be unappreciative. And so she smiled at him, deliberately, radiantly, fully realizing that he was not bell boy nor waiter nor porter, quite convinced that she would not be allowed to tip him for service rendered. He caught the smile and exchanged another for it.

"So hungry as that?" he asked.

"Famished."

He took possession of her, steered her through the crowd, found a seat for her in a little morning room out of the confusion, and left her there while he went on forage. She nestled back comfortably among the cushions and watched him hurrying down the hall. Even his back was likable, such a fine, straight, broad-shouldered, capable sort of a back. There was a man who would get the best of whatever lay beyond the dining-room doors. And yet there was a theory that the way of the transgressor was hard! Priscilla shook her head. The way of the transgressor, like the descent to Avernus, was easy; and, so it seemed, joyous, withal.

The Nice Man was back in a few moments, bearing plunder that justified belief in him.

"The best I could do short of felling scores of England's noblest and reaching the buffet over their bodies," he said gaily.

"It looks delicious," Priscilla murmured, but, unexpectedly, a scruple had come out from under the anaesthetic which had overwhelmed it, with all of its kind, and was assuring the hungry young woman that she couldn't possibly eat the food of hosts who did not even know her. When it came to the breaking of bread—well, having swallowed a camel, one ought not to strain at a gnat; but every wrongdoer draws a line somewhere. Now, the Nice Man was different. He hadn't actually been provided by the Duke. There would be no mortal sin against the laws of hospitality in appropriating him, so long as he himself was willing.

APPARENTLY, the Nice Man had no curiosity in regard to the girl's name or home or friends. That she had brown eyes, with golden lights in them, and brown hair with distracting ripples through it, and a piquant, provocative face, and a sudden illuminating smile that brought lurking dimples into view, seemed to content him; and, though he talked of himself, man-wise, the talk was only of his tastes, his beliefs, his dreams, and held no hint of his name or occupation or rank.

"Funny how little one knows what an hour will bring!" said the Nice Man, quite as earnestly as though he had not been evolving a hopeless commonplace.

He was apparently addressing a paper cutter which he had taken from the writing desk and was fingering.

"A man goes along doing stupid things; and then, some day, he starts out to do what promises to be more than ordinarily stupid and finds the meaning of life waiting for him just around the corner."

It wasn't profound and the paper cutter was not impressed; but the man's voice was earnest and there was a seriousness about his mouth and the eyes he lifted suddenly to Priscilla had a look in them that was not prescribed by the manual of polite flirtation. The girl beside him felt a sensation that was novel even in a day prodigal of sensations. He was nice. Oh, he was very nice; and, if she were a real guest—but she wasn't. She was an IMPOSTOR! If he knew how she happened to be there he would despise her. Englishmen were such sticklers for the proprieties—in their women folk—and he was probably a lord or something else just as sticklerish. Not for worlds would she have him know—but, if he didn't know, she would never see him again.

He was looking at her again, and his eyes—well, they really were remarkable eyes. She wasn't used to men with eyes like those—such terribly serious eyes, full of all sorts of disconcerting questions. They made her feel dreadfully all-overish, happy and unhappy and cold and hot and wishful and afraid.

"I wonder," the man began, and left the sentence hanging there for a moment. "I wonder—"

She wondered, too; but she did not dare satisfy her wonder by waiting to hear what he was wondering about. Once again panic swooped down upon her.

"Are there any ices?" she asked, leaving his problem helplessly adrift.

The matter-of-fact tone and question jarred him rudely out of dreams into reality.

Pretenders

Prior to the Great War

HOYT BRAINERD

George D'Arcy Chadwick

"I—I fancy so," he stammered. There was reproach in his face, but Priscilla was ruthless and the instinct of self-preservation was strong within her.

"Would it bother you too much to get me one?" she asked, sweetly polite, but wrapped in conventionality as a garment. "Strawberry, if they have it. The rooms are so hot, aren't they? It's a shame to send you into that melee again."

"Not at all. I'm delighted."

He was civil but perplexed. The change had come so suddenly. She had seemed so kind. What had he said? What had he done? Nothing; but perhaps in another moment he would have—and what right had he? A sudden thankfulness illumined his face and, as he turned away, it was Priscilla who was puzzled.

Why should he look so relieved? It was odious of him. She almost wished she had allowed him to go on. She was half tempted to stay and see what he could be induced to say, but—a vision of confession and its consequences rose before her. No; she must escape while she could. She sprang to her feet and moved swiftly toward the door, but stopped suddenly. A pretty, elaborately gowned woman, with a gray-haired, distinguished-looking man by her side, was coming slowly along the hall, absorbed in her companion, talking volubly, vivaciously, in a voice unmistakably American. Priscilla stared at her compatriot for an infinitesimal fraction of a second, recognition flooding her eyes and consternation following close behind. Then, turning, she sought refuge in a window alcove, partly drawing the heavy curtain behind her.

That Betty Allison should arise out of her past to block the road to safety! Betty Allison, who would know her at a glance, and whose curiosity was sure to have outlived her marriage into the British nobility. There would be no escaping Betty without giving a detailed explanation of her presence in London and at the wedding. Priscilla could actually hear the rapid fire of questions, Where are you staying? With whom are you travelling? Who brought you here?

FROM behind the friendly shelter of the curtain the girl peered out, waiting nervously for the propitious moment. At any time the Nice Man might come back with the strawberry ices and then it would be too late to run away.

The high American voice sounded more and more clearly, the figures of the woman and man appeared outside the wide open doors of the morning room. In another moment they would have passed; but during that moment, Lady Betty perceived a divan ranged against the wall directly opposite the open doors and paused before it, with a laughing word to her companion who, nothing loath, sank upon the low seat beside her.

Lady Betty's voice had sunk to a murmur. It gave place now to the lower, deeper murmur of a man's voice, a voice much too fervent for mere society nothings. Really, Lord Kilrose should look after Betty. The voice suddenly achieved nonchalant lightness. Some one must be coming down the hall. Priscilla's prophetic soul announced the Nice Man; and when she looked out, cautiously, there he stood in the doorway, his eyes searching the empty room, his face an eloquent study in disappointment.

The couple on the divan were watching him idly.

Priscilla debated the situation. She could not stay there in the alcove indefinitely. She certainly could not go out and meet Betty. Perhaps, if they grasped the idea that there was a tete-a-tete scheduled for the morning room, a fellow feeling or a desire for privacy might make the intruders move on. The Nice Man had come into the room and was standing beside the chair in which Pricsilla had been sitting when he left her, his expression still one of surprise, tingled deeply with annoyance and regret.

Priscilla moved so that he could see her, though her face was hidden from the woman on the divan.

"I'm here," she said in a nervous little voice. "It was so warm. There is a little more air here by the window."

The man's face cleared miraculously and he joined her.

"I was in a beastly funk, you know—afraid you had gone. You're not feeling faint, are you? I'll open the window."

He suited the action to the words; and, as she looked out into the garden, Priscilla's longing for flight swelled to monumental proportions.

"I wonder whether one could get out, that way," she said.

"Out where?"

"To the street."

"I suppose so; but who wants to get out to the street?"

Truth rushed to her lips.

"I do," she said with fervor.

He stared blankly at her.

"But, if you want to go away—" he began, somewhat stiffly.

An overwhelming desire to cry came upon her. If anything could make the situation worse, tears would do it; but she felt them coming. The lump in her throat was swelling, swelling, her self-control crumpling up little by little.

"If you want to go—" repeated the offended young man at her side.

"Oh, I do, I do!" she urged. The quiver in her voice caught his ear; and, as he looked down at her, he saw something glistening on her eyelashes. His bewilderment deepened. She was not snubbing him. She was appealing to him. He did not understand, but his manhood rose to meet the appeal.

Betty Allison, who arose out of her past to block the road to safety.

"There's some one I want to avoid," she explained. "Someone it would be dreadfully embarrassing for me to meet; and if I could go out quietly, through the garden—Do you think it is possible? Do you truly?"

Her voice was tremulously eager. The man stepped out through the long French window and looked about him.

"The area entrance is around the other side; but we couldn't go out there anyway. That would look jolly queer. There must be a garden door somewhere in the wall. I've an idea it's around the corner of the shrubbery down there. Shall we try for it?"

"If anyone should see us?"

"We are passionately fond of gardens. There's probably a door somewhere through which one could walk out into this particular garden without exciting comment. Even if the balcony scene has an audience, it will probably be credited to whim—or sentiment; and I don't imagine anyone will see us."

He was using the first person plural freely and Priscilla found it comforting. She was no longer alone in her adventure. Gathering her trailing skirts around her, she stepped out through the window.

"There are some steps here; but they are rickety. Be careful." The man turned to lend the girl a hand. For a moment their eyes were on a level, his face was very close to hers, and something in the eyes, in the whole face, made her step carelessly, stumble, fall. He caught her, held her in his arms only a second longer than necessity demanded, and set her on her feet on the brick walk, with a scrupulously formal, "You're not hurt, I hope?"

"Oh, no, thank you. It was no fall at all."

THE girl replied with a conventional civility even more pronounced than the man's; but in her fast-thumping heart she felt she had fallen far, fallen fathoms deep into something—a something to which she refused to give a name. For the time being they had forgotten they were trespassers; but, rounding the shrubbery corner, they came upon a gardener busy with rose cuttings. Priscilla stopped short with a little exclamation of dismay; but the Nice Man demonstrated the superiority of his sex by a cheerful serenity. He even stood watching the gardener nonchalantly for a few minutes before he said in a matter-of-course tone:

"My man, there's a street door somewhere along here, isn't there? We'll go out that way to our cab and avoid the crowd."

The gardener rose, wiping his hands.

"Yes, sir. Just beyond the pear trees. I'll unlock it for you, sir."

He led the way, unlocked the door and stood respectfully aside. A coin changed hands.

"Thank you, sir. You'll be coming back. I'll leave the door unlocked, sir."

Priscilla drew a long, exultant breath. She had escaped. The worst was over!—but was it? She looked dubiously at the Nice Man and her exultation ebbed. They would have to say goodbye now. He was signalling for a hansom; but there was a puzzled expression on his face.

"Now, why was he so sure I'd be coming back that way?" he said reflectively. Priscilla's glance travelled up past the handsome honest face with its boyish eyes, to the mop of blond hair which the wind had ruffled untidily.

"Your hat," she suggested.

"Oh, I say!"

A cloud of distress swept over his face, accenting the boyishness.

"What's the matter?" she asked. "Don't you want to go back?"

"Well, hardly—hardly. Stupid ass to forget that hat!"

"Why not go and get it?"

"It won't look well, you know—if anyone should see me—climbing in a side window."

"But even if some one should see you and stop you, you'd only have to tell who you are and send word to one of the family."

"That's just it," the man began—and stopped. "That's the last thing I could do."

Rounding the shrubbery they came upon a gardener busy with rose cuttings.

Once more he checked himself and stood looking down miserably into the questioning eyes. At last he squared his shoulders resolutely.

"There's no use in dodging it. I may as well explain that I don't want to be dragged into the limelight. It wouldn't do me any good to send my name to the family. They wouldn't know it. They've never heard of me. I don't belong in there. I wasn't invited."

"What!"

Priscilla's exclamation was a subdued shriek, pregnant with feeling. The man read the feeling as horror.

"Yes, I know," he said wretchedly. "I ought to have told you. It's rather a dirty business, breaking into a man's home, but we can't always choose, and I never thought very much about it before. It was all off color to speak to you—caddish trick; but you looked so—you were so—you know one does things without stopping to think, sometimes."

"One does," admitted Priscilla with conviction. Her brain was in a whirl. What was the man? He talked like a burglar, and yet surely no burglar ever had eyes like the honest, unhappy pair looking into hers.

"And I hated to have it all come to an end."

There was no antecedent for the "it," but Priscilla seemed to understand.

"Why did you go?" she asked. "It wasn't your cabman?"

He looked surprised.

"Cabman! Oh, no. I walked. The Old Man sent me, you see."

"The Old Man?"

"YES; our editor. He got word that Z— was coming over from Paris for the wedding and going back on the two o'clock train—incog., and all that sort of thing, you know. So he sent me up to see if I could squeeze a word out of the old chap on his latest Eastern entanglement. The Duke's down on newspaper men—froths at the mouth if he meets one; so there was no use asking for the interview. Had to break in as one of the guests and watch for my chance. Beastly business. Don't know why any decent fellow does it; but some way or other the thing seems different when it's for your paper. I managed to duck the receiving line and was looking around for Z— when I saw you, and—Oh, well, I fell down on the story, but I knew there was another man waiting at the train, and he'd get the interview some way or other. I meant to look up my man; but it didn't seem worth while. Nothing seemed worth while except—There weren't any strawberry ices, all apricot," he ended lamely.

"You're a newspaper man?" Priscilla asked, breathlessly.

"Yes."

"Not a lord or an earl or anything?"

He gloomily disowned the whole British Peerage.

The girl laughed!—a hysterical little laugh, full of smiles and tears, and relief and nerves—a laugh so complex that the man altogether failed to analyze it.

"Oh, it's too absurd! It's too perfectly absurd," she said, as she turned and climbed into the waiting hansom. The Man stood, staring after her, his eyes stormy, his jaw set in an ugly fashion.

She leaned forward, entreaty in her eyes.

"You'll have to get in. I can't tell you, with the cabman watching us."

"Into the cab?" He was amazed, incredulous.

"Oh, yes; do ,please. I'm like the Ancient Mariner. I simply have to tell my story—but if I don't do it very soon, I won't have the courage to do it at all. Do get in."

He sprang into the cab. An interested eye peered through the aperture in the top and a beery voice asked, "Where to?"

The Man looked at Priscilla. (*Continued on page 31*)

Let's Go Camping This September!

A Camping Trip to Algonquin Park---A Real Holiday for the Out-of-Doors Lover

By MABEL CREWS RINGLAND

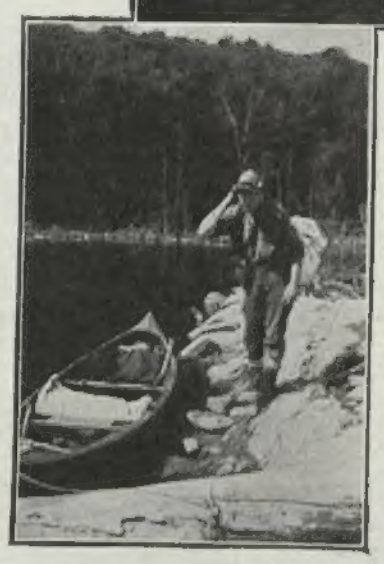
ARE you one of those people who have always longed to do something different on your summer vacation, but not knowing just how to go about it, have ended up each year in the inevitable summer resort? There are scores of men and women who hear every summer the call of the woods and feel the lure of the wilds in their blood, and who never really satisfy that inner longing because they do not know where or how to go, or because they fancy that camping is an expensive luxury requiring a great deal of elaborate equipment. This is a mistaken idea, for there is no more economical way of spending a holiday, especially in war-time, than by taking a real camping trip. The "where" and the "how" to go are of course very important items to consider and require a good deal of forethought, but once you get together a suitable outfit you can use it year after year without additional expense.

The question of "where" should not be hard for any Canadian to settle, when there are so many beautiful wooded districts in our Northland—Muskoka, the Kawartha Lakes, Georgian Bay, all of which are well known. But there is an absolutely unparalleled country, as yet familiar only to a favored few, which offers a veritable paradise to the camper, real satisfaction to the fisherman, and health and happiness to all who love life in the open. That country is the Algonquin Provincial Park of Ontario and for those who have never visited it there is indeed a treat in store. It is so absolutely unspoiled as a camping and fishing ground that one trip does not begin to exhaust its fascinations and leaves the lucky victim eager for another plunge into its vast stretch of almost two million acres of woodland and over a thousand lakes.

At least that was the way we felt after our two weeks' canoe trip in Algonquin Park, and we want to pass on our experience for the benefit of those who sigh for the one REAL kind of a holiday that leaves you contented, refreshed and thoroughly rested—ready for the hard grind again. To have before you the free, open country dotted with endless lakes and rivers, to be able to paddle or fish or just loaf to your hearts' content, to cook your meals in the open under the trees, with an appetite like a lad of ten or twelve, and to lie down to sleep at night on fragrant balsam boughs with nothing but a piece of canvas between you and the stars—that, to our way of thinking, is LIVING. If it doesn't appeal to you in the same way, maybe you would not think much of our camping trip, but if it does—well, you will probably be interested in knowing just how we planned it, and all the rest.

In the first place we arranged to take everything with us from Toronto, with the exception of a canoe and a guide, which we figured on securing after we reached the Park. The guide, however, did not materialize, so with the aid of a good blue-print map of the country which we secured from the hotel for one dollar, we managed to find our way about without any difficulty, and would not hesitate again to go anywhere in the Park without a guide, unless one were needed to assist in carrying the packs over the portages. Our tent, blankets, cooking utensils and food we bought and packed carefully at home, constantly remembering that the load must be as light as possible and put together for ease in carrying, which is an art in itself. Everything was rolled into bundles or packs and tied firmly with the ropes of the tump-lines, with which the packs were carried on the trails. We then sewed the packs up in burlap so that they could be checked on the train without being damaged. It was indeed a satisfaction to us to be able to say when we started for home, that we had had everything we could possibly have needed, and yet had not brought one unnecessary article. As Horace Kephard says in his "Camp Cookery," an excellent little volume that any camper would do well to study beforehand, "Ideal outfitting is to have what we want, when we want it, and never to be bothered with anything else."

TO begin with, the roof that was to cover our heads—we bought a waterproof canvas wall tent seven by seven feet, without poles or pegs, for these are bulky to carry and can be had for the cutting in the woods. An oiled silk tent is lighter in weight, but costs considerably more. A square of canvas with brass eyelet holes around the edges was one of the finest things we had, for it made an excellent pack cloth in which to roll up blankets, cooking utensils and the like, on the trip, and, stretched between trees, served as a canopy over our dining-table when we made camp. Many a time when it rained, we would have been driven into the tent had it not been for this welcome shelter, and we always had a dry place to eat our meals. For a screen for the tent doorway to keep out mosquitoes and flies, we stitched together pieces of mosquito netting and sewed dome fasteners to the tent flap to hold this securely in place. Cheesecloth can be used in the same way, or you can buy netting in pieces to fit the tent doorway.



Camping and its attendant pleasures in Algonquin Park. Scenes that beckon one from the heat of the city

CLOSE up your desk! Pack away your worries—as well as a few odds and ends as prescribed in this article—and go camping, this September.

Canada has countless beauty spots to offer for a sojourn next to nature. Algonquin Park is but one of them.

—THE EDITOR.

As for bedding—two things are absolutely necessary for comfort and health: good heavy woollen blankets over you and a waterproof pack-cloth, rubber sheet or pancho under you. There are a great many sleeping contrivances shown in the camp outfitter's catalogue that are simply a nuisance on this sort of a trip. We found that balsam boughs placed tips up in the ground, and covered with a rubber sheet and blanket made a very comfortable bed. (We made a slit in the middle of our rubber sheet and bound the edges of the opening with adhesive tape, so that it could also be used as a rain-cape or pancho.) With harness safety-pins we pinned our blankets into the form of a sleeping bag, and were glad of their weight and close weave, for, on account of the altitude, the nights in Algonquin Park are refreshingly cool. For pillows we made grey flannel bags with tape draw strings and stuffed them with our clothes, which was a double convenience, as we always knew where all our garments were. An air pillow is a handy thing to have, and does not take up much space, but it is far from comfortable to sleep on. For all the little odds and ends that one needs to keep on hand in the tent, I made a wall pocket which is very much like an apron with many pockets of various sizes, and keeps these little things from being lost.

What sort of clothes did we take? As much all wool as we could, especially in the stockings and underwear, for when living outdoors, you stand chances of sudden wetting, when the warmth of wool is most welcome and necessary. The outer garments are not so important; they may be khaki, or better still, moleskin if you can get it, but above all, avoid corduroy, as it soaks up water unmercifully. Besides this, we each had a flannel shirt, a wool jersey, a sweater, an old felt hat, and for footwear, high waterproof shoe packs and running shoes for a change. Heavy boots with hobnails are an abomination in a canoe, and slippery on rocks. Our city clothes we left behind in suit cases at the hotel where our canoe dipped water, but we met campers who were burdened with these things all along the way and blessing their own foolishness.

OUR cooking and eating utensils were of the simplest kind, but they proved to be all that we needed. Elaborate aluminum outfits can be obtained, but they are expensive and no more efficient than one you can get together yourself. We purchased four nesting tin pails with covers and handles (four quart, three, two and one in size), two tin plates, two nesting cups, enamel or aluminum, though the latter burn the lips, aluminum knives, forks and spoons, a butcher knife, aluminum salt and pepper shakers, a medium sized steel frying pan, a wire broiler or toaster, and a folding reflector oven, with galvanized baking pan to fit it. With this simple outfit we cooked a variety of foods, and even baked bread, biscuit and pie. As bread will not keep long in the woods, it is much wiser to do your own baking in this splendid little oven which is to my mind a necessity. It folds up neatly to about an inch in thickness, and a number of small things can be packed inside the pan, so that it is really not bulky in comparison with its usefulness. We would never go on a camping trip without one.

For food, we chose the most nutritious in point of weight and variety. We did not see the need of carrying foods that had a large percentage of water when there was better water to be obtained in these northern lakes. So, for instance, instead of buying canned peaches, which are eighty eight per cent. water and weigh about two and a half pounds per can, we carried dried peaches and sugar, an equal weight of which would go much farther than the can of fruit. So in other things, we eliminated foods that were largely water, those that contained a great deal of waste, and those that were hard to digest, and yet we had as good a variety as anyone could wish for.

To hold the food, I made muslin bags with tape drawstrings for each article, and printed the name on with indelible ink. These we took to the grocery store and had them filled with the various things, omitting the paper bags which become damp and fall to pieces. All these small bags were packed into a large waterproof canvas bag with tump line attached, and during the entire trip nothing was spoiled by moisture or insects. The butter was packed in a tin pail with a pry-up top and kept beautifully fresh sunk in the ground in a cool, shady place and covered with ferns. Tea and coffee were carried in tin cans, and salt in a wooden mailing tube, where it kept pretty dry. Everything was plainly labelled and a record kept for future use of anything that was left over at the end of the trip.

Two very useful things in our culinary outfit were wax paper and adhesive tape. The wax paper found unnumerable uses in wrapping left-over food and keeping things fresh, while the surgeon's tape kept corks in bottles and lids on cans when moving, stopped leaks and mended rents.

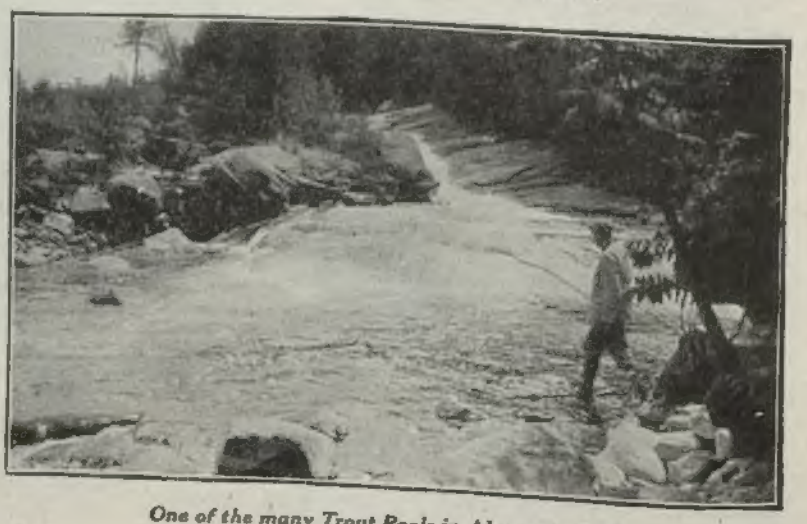
A LIST of the amount of food required for two people for two weeks can only be suggestive, as so much depends on the place, the season of year, the amount of game or fish to be obtained and so on, but the following is what we took with us to Algonquin Park, and which was abundance, as we caught all the fish we could possibly eat.

Estimate of Food for Two, for Two Weeks

4 lbs. boneless bacon	4 lbs. onions
2 boxes Oxo cubes	1 peck potatoes

(*Continued on page 36*)

Starting out on a Canoe Trip at Algonquin Park



One of the many Trout Pools in Algonquin Park

"MY LADY CAPRICE"

By JEFFERY FARNOL

Illustrated by T. V. McCARTHY

(Copyright, Paget Newspaper Service, New York)

New Readers Begin Here

SIX months' respite is demanded by Aunt Agatha before Dick Brent shall declare his love for Lisbeth. Aunt Agatha, meanwhile, exiles the girl to Fane Court in the hope of wedding her to Horace Selwyn, a richer man. Dick follows, meets Lisbeth and wins the goodwill of her small nephew, the Imp. Through the machinations of the Imp he becomes entangled in an altercation with Mr. Selwyn, coming off with flying colors. Later, Mr. Selwyn fails to keep his engagement to take Lisbeth upon the water and is supplanted by Dick. Lisbeth attends a ball, and the Imp, incarcerated for his misdeeds, sends to Dick a plea for rescue. This is effected, and Dick and the Imp enter by stealth the grounds where the ball is taking place, where they meet Lisbeth.

"DICK," she said, "I must go back at once—before they miss me."

"Go back!" I repeated, "never—that is, not yet."

"But suppose any one saw us!" she said, with a hairpin in her mouth.

"They shan't," I answered; "you will see to that, won't you, Imp?"

"'Course I will, Uncle Dick!"

"Then go you, Sir Knight, and keep faithful ward behind yon apple tree, and let no base varlet hither come; that is, if you see any one, be sure to tell me." The Imp saluted and promptly disappeared behind the apple tree in question, while I stood watching Lisbeth's dexterous fingers and striving to remember a line from Keats descriptive of a beautiful woman in the moonlight. Before I could call it to mind, Lisbeth interrupted me.

"Don't you think you might pick up my shawl instead of staring at me as if I was—"

"The most beautiful woman in the world!" I put in.

"Who is catching her death of cold," she laughed, yet for all her light tone her eyes drooped before mine as I obediently wrapped the shawl about her, in the doing of which, my arm being round her, very naturally stayed there, and—wonder of wonders, was not repulsed. And at this very moment, from the shadowy trees behind us, came the rich, clear song of a nightingale.

Oh! most certainly the air was full of magic to-night!

"Dick," said Lisbeth very softly, as the trilling notes died away, "I thought one could only dream such a night as this is."

"And yet life might hold many such for you and me, if you would only let it, Lisbeth," I reminded her. She did not answer.

"Not far from the village of Down, in Kent," I began.

"There stands a house," she put in, staring up at the moon with dreamy eyes.

"Yes"

"A very old house, with twisted Tudor chimneys and pointed gables—you see I have it all by heart, Dick—a house with wide stairways and long panelled chambers—"

"Very empty and desolate at present," I added. "And amongst other things, there is a rose-garden—they call it My Lady's Garden, Lisbeth, though no lady has trod its winding paths for years and years. But I have dreamed, many and many a time, that we stood among the roses, she and I, upon just such another night as this is. So I keep the old house ready and the gardens freshly trimmed, ready for my lady's coming; must I wait much longer, Lisbeth?" As I ended the nightingale took up the story, pleading my cause for me, filling the air with a melody now appealing, now commanding, until it gradually died away in one long note of passionate entreaty.

Lisbeth sighed and turned towards me, but as she did so I felt a tug at my coat, and, looking round, beheld the Imp.

"Uncle Dick," he said, his eyes studiously averted, doubtless on account of the position of my arm, "here's Mr. Selwyn!"

With a sudden exclamation Lisbeth started from me and gathered up her skirts to run.

"Whereaway, my Imp?"

"Coming across the lawn."

"Reginald," I said solemnly, "listen to me; you must sally out upon him with lance in rest, tell him you are a Knight-errant, wishful to uphold the glory of that faire ladye, your Auntie Lisbeth, and whatever happens you must manage to keep him away from here, do you understand?"

"Yes, only I do wish I'd brought my trusty sword, you know," he sighed.

"Never mind that now, Imp."

"Will Auntie Lisbeth be quite—"

"She will be all right."

"I suppose if you put your arm—"

"Never mind my arm, Imp, go!"

"Then fare thee well!" said he, and with a melodramatic flourish of his lance, trotted off.

"What did he mean about your arm, Dick?"

"Probably this!" I answered, slipping it around her again.

"But you must get away at once," whispered Lisbeth; "if Mr. Selwyn should see you—"

"I intend that he shall. Oh, it will be quite simple; while he is talking to me you can get back to the—"

"Hush!" she whispered, laying her fingers on my lips; listen!"

"Hallo, Mr. Selwyn!" came in the Imp's familiar tones.

"Why, good Heavens!" exclaimed another voice, much too near to be pleasant, "what on earth are you doing here—and at this time of night?"

"Looking for base varlets!"

"Don't you know that all little boys—all nice little boys—should have been in bed hours ago?"

"But I'm not a nice little boy; I'm a Knight-errant; would you like to get a lance, Mr. Selwyn, an' break it with me to the glory of my Auntie Lisbeth?"

"The question is, what has become of her?" said Mr. Selwyn. We waited almost breathlessly for the answer.

"Oh! I 'specks she's somewhere looking at the moon; everybody looks at the moon, you know; Betty does, an' the lady with the man with a funny name, 'bout being bald, an'—"

"I think you had better come up to the house," said Mr. Selwyn.

"Do you think you could get me an ice cream if I did?" asked the Imp, persuasively; "nice an' pink, you know, with—"

"An ice!" repeated Mr. Selwyn; "I wonder how many you have had already to-night?"

The time for action was come.

"LISBETH," I said, "we must go; such happiness as this could not last; how should it? I think it is given us to dream over in less happy days. For me it will be memory to treasure always, and yet there might be one thing more—a little thing, Lisbeth—can you guess?" She did not speak, but I saw the dimple come and go at the corner of her mouth, so I stooped and kissed her. For a moment, all too brief, we stood thus, with the glory of the moonlight about us; then I was hurrying acorss the lawn after Selwyn and the Imp.

"Ah, Mr. Selwyn!" I said as I overtook them, "so you have found him, have you?" Mr. Selwyn turned to regard me, surprise writ large upon him, from the points of his immaculate, patent-leather shoes, to the parting of his no less immaculate hair.

"So very good of you," I continued; "you see he is such a difficult object to recover when once he gets mislaid; really, I'm awfully obliged." Mr. Selwyn's attitude was politely formal. He bowed.

"What is it to-night," he inquired, "pirates?"

"Hardly as bad as that," I returned; "to-night the air is full of the clash of armor and the ring of steel; if you do not hear it that is not our fault."

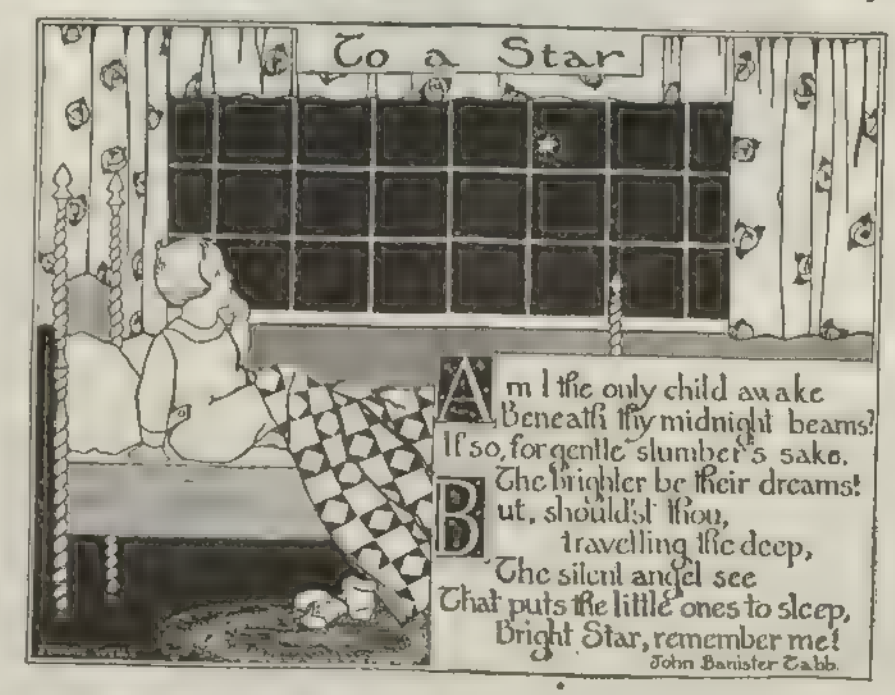
"An' the woods are full of caddish barons and caitiff knaves, you know, aren't they, Uncle Dick?"

"Certainly," I nodded, "with lance and spear-point twinkling through the gloom; but in the silver glory of the moon, Mr. Selwyn, walk errant damozels and ladyes faire, and again, if you don't see them, the loss is yours." As I spoke, away upon the terrace a grey shadow paused a moment ere it was swallowed in the brilliance of the ball-room; seeing which I did not mind the slightly superior smile that curved Mr. Selwyn's very precise moustache; after all, my rhapsody had not been altogether thrown away.

As I ended, the opening bars of a waltz floated out to us. Mr. Selwyn glanced back over his shoulder.

"Ah! I suppose you can find your way out?" he inquired.

"Oh, yes, thanks."


To a Star
Am I the only child awake
Beneath thy midnight beams?
If so, for gentle slumber's sake,
The brighter be their dreams!
But, should'st thou,
travelling the deep,
The silent angel see
That puts the little ones to sleep,
Bright Star, remember me!
John Banister Tabb.

"Then if you will excuse me, I think I'll leave you to—ah—to do it; the next dance is beginning, and—ah—"

"Certainly," I said, "of course—good-night, and much obliged, really!" Mr. Selwyn bowed, and, turning away, left us to our own resources.

"I should have liked another ice, Uncle Dick," sighed the Imp, regretfully.

"Knights never ate ice cream!" I said, as we set off along the nearest path.

"Uncle Dick," said the Imp suddenly, "do you s'pose Mr. Selwyn wants to put his arm round Auntie Lis—"

"Possibly!"

"An' do you s'pose that Auntie Lisbeth wants Mr. Selwyn to—"

"I don't know—of course not—er—kindly shut up, will you, Imp?"

"I only wanted to know, you know," he murmured.

Therewith we walked on in silence and I fell to dreaming of Lisbeth again, of how she had sighed, of the look in her eyes as she turned to me with her answer trembling on her lips—the answer which the Imp had inadvertently cut short.

In this frame of mind I drew near to that corner of the garden where she had stood with me, that quiet shady corner, which henceforth would remain enshrined within my memory for her sake, which—

I stopped suddenly short at the sight of two figures—one in the cap and apron of a waiting maid and the other in the gorgeous plush and gold braid of a footman; and they were standing upon the very spot where Lisbeth and I had stood, and in almost the exact attitude—it was desecration.

I stood stock still despite the Imp's frantic tugs at my coat, all other feelings swallowed up in one of half-amused resentment. Thus the resplendent footman happened to turn his head, presently espied me, and removing his plush-clad arm from the waist of the trim maid-servant, and doubling his fists, strode towards us with a truly terrible mien.

"And w'ot might your game be?" he inquired, with that supercilious air inseparable to plush and gold braid; "oh, I know your kind, I do—I know yer!"

"Then, fellow," quoth I, "I know not thee, by Thor, I swear it, and Og the Terrible, King of Bashan!"

"'Ogs is it?" said he indignantly, "don't get trying to come over me with yer 'ogs; no, nor yet yer fellers! The question is, wo't are you 'anging round 'ere for?" Now, possibly deceived by my pacific attitude, or inspired by the bright eyes of the trim maid-servant, he seized me, none too gently, by the collar, to the horrified dismay of the Imp.

"Nay, but I will give thee moneys—"

"You are a-going to come up to the 'ouse with me, and no blooming nonsense, either, d'ye 'ear?"

"Then must I needs smite thee for a barbarous dog—hence—base slave—begone!" Wherewith I delivered what is technically known in "sporting" circles as a "right hook to the ear," followed by a "left swing to the chin," and my assailant immediately disappeared behind a bush, with a flash of pink silk calves and buckled shoes. Then, while the trim maid-servant filled the air with her lamentations, the Imp and I ran hot-foot for the wall, over which I bundled him neck and crop, and we set off pell-mell along the river-path.

"Oh, Uncle Dick," he panted, "how—how fine you are! you knocked yon footman—I mean, varlet—from his saddle like—like anything. Oh, I do wish you would play like this every night!"

"Heaven forbid!" I exclaimed fervently.

Coming at last to the shrubbery gate, we paused awhile to regain our breath.

"Uncle Dick," said the Imp, regarding me with a thoughtful eye, "did you see his arm—I mean before you smote him 'hip and thigh'?"

"I did."

"It was round her waist."

"Imp, it was."

"Just like Peter's."

"Yes."

"An the man with the funny name?"

"Archibald's, yes."

"And mine," I put in, seeing he paused.

"Uncle Dick—why?"

"Ah! who knows, Imp—perhaps it was the Moon-magic. And now by my troth! 'tis full time all good knights were snoring, so hey for bed and the Slumber-world!"

The ladder was dragged from its hiding place, and the Imp, having mounted, watched me from his window as I returned it to the laurels for very obvious reasons.

"We didn't see any fairies, did we, Uncle Dick?"

"Well, I think I did, Imp, just for a moment; I may have been mistaken, of course, but anyhow, it has been a very wonderful night all the same. And so—God rest you, fair Knight!"

CHAPTER V.

The Episode of the Indian's Aunt

THE sun blazed down, as any truly self-respecting sun should, on a fine August afternoon; yet its heat was tempered by a soft, cool breeze that just stirred the leaves about my head.

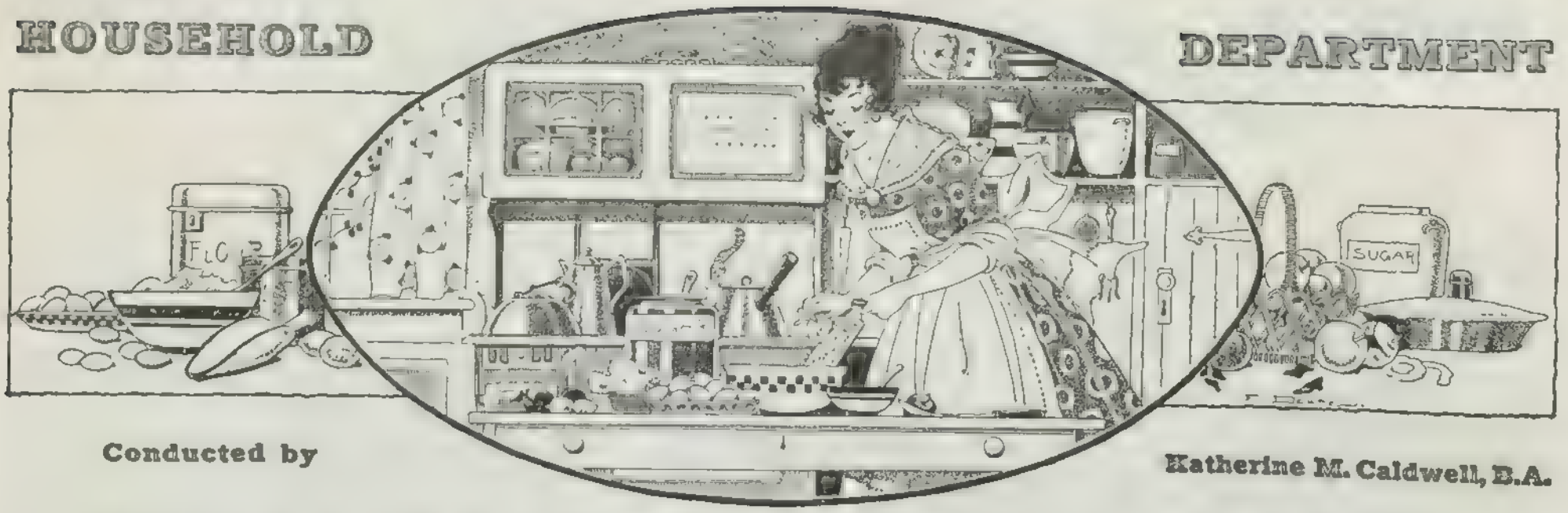
The river was busy whispering many things to the reeds, things which, had I been wise enough to understand, might have helped me to write many wonderful books, for, as it is so very old, and has both seen and heard so much, it is naturally very wise. But alas! being ignorant of the language of rivers, I had to content myself with my own dreams, and the large, speckled frog, that sat beside me, watching the flow of the river with his big, gold-rimmed eyes.

He was happy enough I was sure. There was a complacent satisfaction in every line of his fat, mottled body.

And as I watched him my mind very naturally reverted to the "Pickwick Papers," and I repeated Mrs. Lyon-Hunter's deathless ode, beginning:—

Can I see thee panting, dying,
On a log,
Expiring frog!

(To be continued)



Conducted by **Katherine M. Caldwell, B.A.**

Storing the Garden for Winter's Meals

Our Food Board Urges Us to Carry On

WE have gone through the Spring and Summer stages of planting, tending, and eating the products of, our war gardens; and Those-Who-Know tell us that we have helped tremendously. The statistician is ready to quote whole columns of figures to prove that the sum total of this year's garden products is something to be regarded with true respect and admiration. But reducing the sum again to its Lowest Common Garden Plots, each one of us knows the share of the family catering that has been taken care of by even our own tiny two-by-fours. Perhaps our bills do not seem to have been any smaller, but if we put the grocer's or the pedlar's value on every bunch of tender young carrots, every measure of wax beans or tomatoes, it soon becomes obvious that big as our bills are, they would have been *bigger*, without the garden's quiet contributions. And as every food sum, no matter what it starts out to do, eventually gets into terms of wheat and beef and other overseas needs—so with this one; for if we had eaten less of the fresh, succulent garden offerings, we'd have eaten more of the foods we are always striving to save.

But we are not through yet. Those-Who-Know have still another word for us. It is this: Seventy-five per cent, of all the garden's products can be successfully stored for winter use.

So we know that, unless we are to slacken at the height of our serving time, we must look into this matter of storing away every bit of the garden that doesn't find its way to the table, the canning outfit or the drying rack. Incidentally, patriotism and our personal welfare once more go hand in hand—for nothing will tend to our good health and well-being in winter, more than a goodly proportion of vegetables and fruit in our diet. They are essential; If we don't eat them, whether we realize it or not, we suffer from the lack.

It is to the cellar that we usually turn for a storage room. A corner that keeps the furnace at a respectful distance, is best. A rough, board partition will exclude the heat from the furnace, if it is covered with felt paper on both sides. A few planks, acting as a false floor, should be laid over part of the storage room floor, and some slats nailed against the wall.

For the disposal of the products, you will want a few bins at one side of the room, some hooks screwed into the ceiling, and a few wooden boxes and bags. Some builders' sand should be put in one of the bins—and you are ready for anything storable.

A splendid little booklet recently issued by the Canada Food Board, on the canning, drying and storing of fruit and vegetables, gives the following "factors in successful cellar storage:"

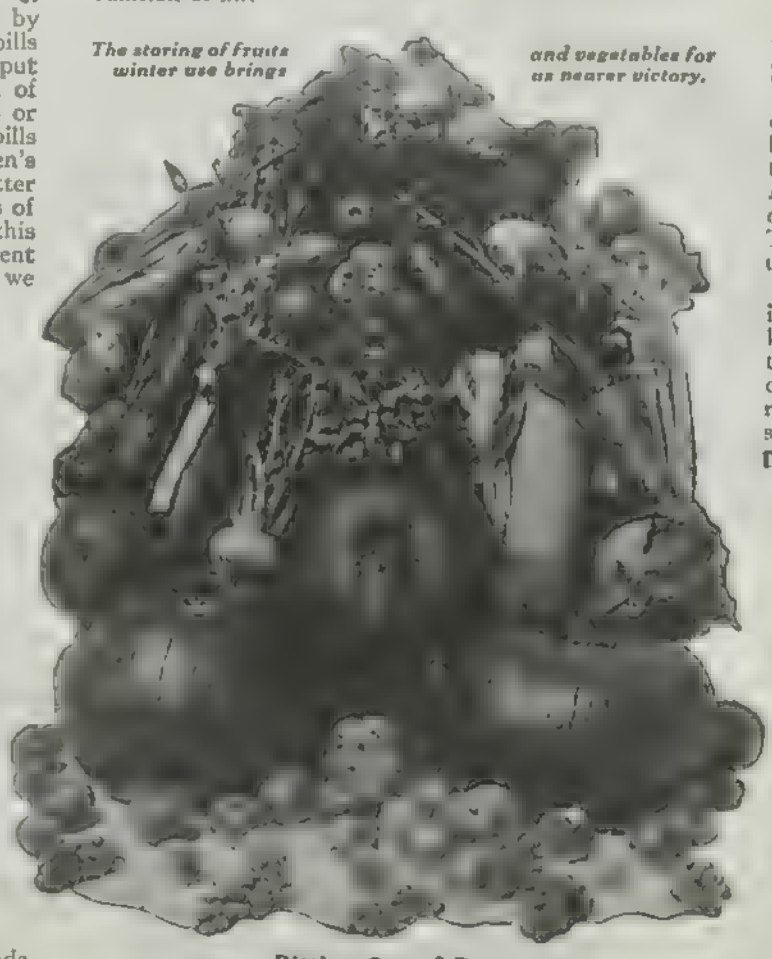
TEMPERATURE.—The ideal temperature is one ranging from 35 to 40 degrees F. The temperature which drops a few degrees lower, will seldom injure the stored crops provided they are stored where rapid changes in temperature are not possible. If the temperature is 32 degrees at night and 40 degrees in the day, for example, more injury will result than if it drops to 32 degrees and remains so for a few days, and then gradually rises through several more days to the right temperature.

HUMIDITY.—Humidity is the second important factor in successful storage. The less moisture there is in the air the quicker stored products will dry out. This results in a serious deterioration and shrinkage. The air should be slightly moist. Without a special partition it is difficult to keep the air of the ordinary city cellar, containing a furnace, moist enough. Moulds are due to excessive dampness. Better ventilation will reduce the dampness. Rapid changes of temperature also produce damp conditions.

SAND, SOIL, ETC., FOR COVERING.—Many of the roots, like carrots and beets, will keep better in cellar storage if covered with sand or dry soil. Builders' sand is ideal. In some cases it is better to have it slightly moist (not wet). If the cellar is very dry and not too hot, and the roots are stored on a cement floor it may be found necessary to moisten it occasionally. On earth floors which give off some moisture this would be less necessary. If the earth floor is very damp a slatted floor about two inches from the earth should be provided.

VENTILATION.—Good ventilation, as suggested, is extremely important, and every means should be adopted to promote the circulation of the cellar air in and around or amongst the stored crops. The large losses which occur every year from insufficient ventilation, especially of the potato crop are very serious. Even in moderate quantities the saving of the produce would more than offset the cost of installing a very simple ventilation system. This may be provided by means of upright square troughs placed in the heaps, or by nailing slats to the walls so that the air can circulate around the heaps. When root crops are stored in boxes they should be of the crate type, with space between the slats to allow a circulation of air.

The storing of fruits and vegetables for winter use brings us nearer victory.



Pitting Out of Doors

THE same authority gives directions for preparing a pit in the garden, for the storage of surplus products. The method is as follows:

Select a well-drained spot in the garden and in sandy or gravelly soil. Mark off an area five feet wide and any desired length. Dig out the soil from this to a depth of about eight inches, placing it well back from the edge of the space. In this shallow trench place a layer of straw and on this pack the roots so that they will come to a neat pile about four feet high. Different kinds of vegetables may be placed in the same pit if necessary, but should be separated by a thin partition of straw. Cover the pile with several inches of coarse straw and then on the top invert a "V"-shaped trough, which should protrude from each end of the pit to provide ventilation, then cover the whole heap with about three inches of loose earth. Later on in the fall, about the end of November, either add another covering of straw and another covering of earth, or increase the covering of earth to about eight inches, or even ten inches. It may be advisable, in exposed places, to give a third covering of straw and earth. Alternate layers of straw and earth provide better insulation than the solid earth covering.

Vegetables in Detail

POTATOES—1. Condition—If dug on a fine day and left on the ground for a short time they will be in ideal condition. Brought into the cellar in a wet condition the keeping quality will be impaired, and often serious loss from rotting results from the same cause.

2. Darkness—Store in a dark part of the room. Light adversely affects quality.

3. Temperature—The ideal temperature is from 33 to 35 degrees F.

4. Ventilation—Place the potatoes on the false floor and against the wall on which you tacked the slats. Large piles of potatoes should have upright ventilators every few feet. Make these by nailing three six inch boards together to form a "V"-shaped trough, and sink them into the pile.

5. Sort over occasionally for decayed tubers. In the spring break off all sprouts except from those reserved for seed. They will keep until June.

CABBAGE.—Part or complete outside storage for cabbage is the more successful way. They should not be brought in a warm cellar in the early autumn.

Method—Place in piles in the garden and cover with dry leaves. Early in the winter take in and pile in the bins or on shelves. Sometimes they will keep well if tied in bunches of three and suspended from the ceiling. Another method is to stack and cover with a larger quantity of leaves. Keep in this way until needed. The pitting method is also successful. They will keep until March.

CELERY.—Celery may be kept outside in trenches or inside in boxes with the roots covered with soil. When kept inside it is important to keep the roots moist and the leaves dry. If the foliage is wetted it succumbs to disease. Take up before it is injured by frost. Leave the roots on and place upright in shallow boxes containing several inches of moist sand. Keep in an airy, but dark, part of the room.

In outside storage trenches are made about the depth of the celery and a foot to sixteen inches wide. The trenches should be made on a side hill or a well-drained spot. Stand the plants upright in the trench and leave until the leaves are touched by an early frost. This reduces their moisture content. Then cover with leaves. Leave one end of the trench open in order to get at the celery as it is required for use. When brought into the house place in cold water to bring out the frost. It will then freshen up. Celery will keep until January.

BEETS, TURNIPS, CARROTS, PARSNIPS and SALSIFY.—These roots may be stored similar to potatoes. They may be kept, however, in better condition by covering with sand. Conditions of the place of storage and of the roots themselves should determine whether to use the sand dry or slightly moist. If they start to shrink, moisten the sand. When boxes are used a little damp sand should be placed in the bottom of the boxes, then alternate layers of vegetables and sand. When piled on the floor a covering with sand is generally sufficient. In drying beets the tops should be twisted off and not cut off with a knife, as this will cause "bleeding," loss of color and very often decay. They will keep until May.

ONIONS.—Store in the attic. They should be dry and thoroughly well cured outside before they are placed in storage. Dampness causes decay. They will keep well in slat boxes or shallow trays as late as May.

SQUASH, PUMPKIN.—These are more difficult to store. They require a slightly warmer temperature. Placed in barrels or boxes and packed in straw or excelsior and in a part of the cellar near to the furnace they may keep for some time. They should be carefully handled so as to avoid bruising. Sort over frequently for spoiled ones. Others may be placed in the attic as a temperature of about 50 degrees is better for them. They will keep until January.

TOMATOES.—One of the best and most recent methods of ripening green tomatoes in the late autumn is to wrap each fruit in paper and place in a closed box or drawer located in a warm room. Another method is to pull the vine before any signs of injury from frost, and suspend from the ceiling of a warm room or the cellar. In some cases, if conditions are suitable, the fruit will go on ripening until Christmas. A dark place is preferable and a temperature of 50 to 65 degrees suitable.

APPLES.—One of the essential points in successful apple storing is to see that the fruit reaches the cold storage, or storage cellar, in the most favorable condition. If this is done the apples will keep for a very much longer period than if placed in storage after they have been left to heat up in piles in the orchard, or have been otherwise injured by improper handling. Only apples of good keeping quality should be selected for winter storage. The fruit should be

(Continued on page 41)

Ready-made Menus for the Busy Housewife

By MARJORIE DALE

THE busy housewife earns a respite now and then from the routine of menu-making. Consequently, she will welcome the accompanying ready-made suggestions.

Blueberry Cornstarch Mould

ONE pint blueberries, ½ pint milk, butter substitute size of an egg, ½ tablespoonful cornstarch, 2 tablespoonfuls sugar, a few grains salt.

Mash blueberries, sweeeten to taste. Put on milk to heat in double boiler. When heated add sugar, salt, butter and cornstarch, and when it begins to thicken half the quantity of berries. When cornstarch is cooked, turn into mold or individual glasses and chill. Serve with remaining berries.

Boiled Halibut, Egg Sauce

PIECE halibut 2 to 2½ pounds, ½ cupful milk, ½ cupful water, 1 to 2 eggs hard boiled, salt, pepper, 1 tablespoonful butter substitute, 1 tablespoonful cornstarch.

Wash halibut, put piece on in salted cold water, boil till tender, remove skin, serve piece whole, pour over each, serving the following sauce:—

In a double boiler mix milk and water, bring to boiling point, add cornstarch. When begins to thicken add butter. Season to taste and add finely chopped eggs.

Baked Potatoes in Half Shell

LARGE potatoes, number required, butter substitute milk, salt, paprika.

Bake potatoes till soft. With a sharp knife cut in half lengthwise, scoop out potato with spoon, cream with butter and milk, season with salt and paprika, re-fill cases, return to oven and brown. Serve immediately.

Joplin Tomato Salad

TOMATOES, ½ cream cheese, 2 chopped pimentos or six olives, 1 tablespoonful finely chopped parsley, 1 tablespoonful chopped tomato pulp, ¼ teaspoonful of dry mustard.

Wipe and skin tomatoes, cut a piece from stem end of each and scrape out soft inside, mash cream cheese, add either the pimento or olives, parsley and tomato pulp, then mix with the mustard which has been moistened with French dressing. Fill tomatoes with mixture, arrange on crisp lettuce leaves and serve with mayonnaise dressing.

Peach Ice

ONE cupful corn syrup, 2 cupfuls peach pulp and juice, 1 cupful water, 2 tablespoonfuls lemon juice.

Peel and cut peaches with silver knife and soak ten hours in a little water, cook till soft, put through colander, mix well with ingredients, and when thoroughly cold freeze

Baked Cheese and Tomato

TOMATOES, cream cheese, pimentos, salt, chopped parsley, pepper,

Select firm tomatoes, remove soft contents, add pimentos and chopped parsley to cream cheese, season to taste, and mix thoroughly; fill tomato with this mixture, and bake in a moderate oven till tomatoes are tender—about from 20 minutes to half an hour.

Jellied Vegetable Ring

ONE tablespoonful gelatine, ¼ cupful cold water, 1 cupful boiling water, ¼ cupful sugar, ¼ cupful vinegar, 2 tablespoonfuls lemon juice, 1 teaspoonful salt, 1½ cupfuls shredded cabbage, ½ cupful small cucumber cubes, either half cupful shredded carrots or ½ cupful pimentos cut into pieces.

Soak gelatine in cold water and dissolve in the boiling water, add sugar, vinegar, lemon juice and salt, strain and cool. When begins to stiffen add vegetables and turn into a ring mold.

Baked Cucumbers Stuffed with Tomatoes

PARE and cut in half number of cucumbers required, remove seeds, cover with salt, let stand half hour, then wash off and dry with clean towel. Take any left over fish, season, add chopped tomato and a little onion juice, fill cucumbers, dot with butter substitute and bake in moderate oven till tender.

Coffee Spanish Cream

ONE and a half cupfuls coffee infusion (left from breakfast), ½ cupful milk, 1/3 cupful sugar, 1 tablespoonful gelatine, 3 eggs, ¼ teaspoonful salt, 1 teaspoonful vanilla.

Mix coffee with milk, sugar, and gelatine, beat in double boiler. Beat yolks of eggs till light, beat hot mixture into them, return to double boiler till it begins to thicken. Remove from range and add egg whites beaten to stiff froth, and vanilla. Mold, chill and serve with milk or thin cream.

Cream of Corn Soup

ONE can of corn, or 8 large ears, 1 quart milk, butter substitute, 1 tablespoonful cornstarch, salt, pepper.

If fresh corn is used cut corn from ears and put on to boil in very little water. Watch carefully, cook till tender. If canned corn is used put on to heat. Put either used through a sieve, add milk, butter substitute, salt and pepper, cornstarch diluted in water, bring to a boil and serve.

Menus for a Week in September

BREAKFAST
Stewed Rhubarb
Uncooked Cereal Top Milk
Coffee for adults Milk for children

LUNCHEON
Lettuce and Salmon Sandwiches
Steamed Corn
Blueberry Cornstarch Mold Iced Tea

DINNER
Boiled Halibut, Egg Sauce
Baked Potatoes in Half Shell Joplin Tomato Salad
Peach Ice

BREAKFAST
Blackberries
Eggs Poached in Milk Rye Bread and Butter
Coffee Milk

LUNCHEON
Baked Cheese and Tomato
Watercress French Dressing Wafers
Iced Tea

DINNER
Iced Tomato Bouillon
Cold Sliced Tongue Horseradish Sauce
Jellied Vegetable Ring Coffee Spanish Cream

BREAKFAST
Fruit Boiled Rice Top Milk
Cornmeal Muffins Coffee

LUNCHEON
Baked Cucumbers Stuffed with Tomato and any
Left Over Fish Corn Cake Jam
Iced Fruit Juice from Canned Fruit

DINNER
Cream of Corn Soup
Green Peas in Patty Cases Potatoes au Gratin
Sliced Tomatoes Frozen Custard
War Time Ginger Bread

BREAKFAST
Bananas
Creamed Fish Flakes Rye Bread and Butter
Coffee Milk

LUNCHEON
Corn Chowder
Fruit Salad Tea Wafers

DINNER
Stewed Chicken with Onions
New Potatoes Sliced Tomatoes
Blueberry Milk Sherbet

BREAKFAST
Blackberries Omelet Bread and Butter
Iced Cocoa

LUNCHEON
Left Over Creamed Chicken
String Beans Iced Junket Lettuce

DINNER
Molded Salmon
Lettuce and Green Pea Salad Mayonnaise Dressing
Peach Short Cake

BREAKFAST
Melon
Shirred Eggs Corn Muffins Iced Coffee

LUNCHEON
Baked Potatoes Broiled Tomatoes
Lettuce, French Dressing
Berries War Cake

DINNER
Pot Roast Dumplings Stuffed Tomatoes
Lemon Jelly Cream
Oatmeal Macaroons

BREAKFAST
Blueberries
Scrambled Eggs Coffee Potato Cake

DINNER
Mock Sweetbreads Tomato Sauce Watercress
Lettuce Tea Cake

TEA
Baked Stuffed Tomatoes
Baked Potato Rye Bread Sandwich
Sauted Pears Chocolate Sauce

Potatoes au Gratin

TWO cupfuls boiled cubed potatoes, 1/3 cupful grated cheese, 1½ cupful white sauce, ¾ cupful buttered cracker crumbs.

Cut potatoes into half inch cubes, mix cheese with white sauce and add to potatoes. Put into buttered baking dish and cover with cracker crumbs. Bake until crumbs are brown.

Corn Chowder

ONE and a half inch cube salt pork, 1 slice onion, 4 cupfuls cubed potatoes, 2 cupfuls boiling water, 1 can corn, 4 cupfuls scalded milk, 3 tablespoonfuls butter substitute, 8 crackers soaked in cold milk, salt, pepper.

Cut pork and try out, add onion, cook five minutes, strain fat into stew pan, parboil potatoes, 5 minutes, drain, add potatoes to fat, then add boiling water, cook till potatoes are soft, add corn, scalded milk, season, add butter and crackers, serve.

Stewed Chicken with Onions

ONE boiling chicken, 15 small onions, 3 tablespoonfuls butter substitute, 4 tablespoonfuls flour, ½ cupful cream, salt, pepper, lemon juice.

Prepare chicken. Cook in water to cover with onions until chicken is tender. Remove chicken; reduce stock to 1½ cupfuls, drain onions from stock, melt butter add flour and the stock. Bring to boiling point, add cream, season and add a little lemon juice. Add onions and chicken. Bring to boiling point and serve.

Blueberry Milk Sherbet

ONE quart milk, ½ cupful blueberry juice and pulp, ¾ cupful sugar, 1 tablespoonful lemon juice.

Put sugar and fruit juice into a bowl, stir until sugar is dissolved. Put milk into a freezer that has been packed in ice and salt (3 parts ice, one part salt) then add fruit juice and lemon juice. Serve at once.

Peach Short Cake

TWO tablespoonfuls shortening, 1¾ cups flour, ¾ cupful white cornmeal flour, 1 teaspoonful salt, 2 tablespoonfuls sugar, ¾ cupful cold milk, 4 teaspoonfuls baking powder, ½ cupful whipped cream, 3 to 4 cupfuls peach pulp and juice.

Sift the dry ingredients, add shortening, and rub through lightly, add milk slowly, mixing with silver knife, turn dough out on floured board and roll 1 inch thick. Brush top with milk and bake 25 minutes in hot oven, split open and spread between peaches peeled, crushed and sweetened, put layer on top and let stand until fruit penetrates. Top with whipped cream and freshly cut peaches before serving.

Iced Junket

ONE quart milk, 3 tablespoonfuls sugar, 1 junket tablet, ½ teaspoonful vanilla.

Heat milk until warm—blood heat test by dropping a little on pulse and if you cannot feel it either hot or cold it is right degree—add sugar and flavoring, and junket tablet which has been dissolved in two tablespoonfuls cold water, stir once, pour into sherbet glasses, do not move till congealed, set on ice. Serve with crushed fruit.

Mock Sweetbreads

ONE pound veal, 2/3 cupfuls breadcrumbs, 2 ounces chopped fat pork, 2 eggs, 2/3 cupful flour, ½ teaspoonful salt, ½ cupful milk, ⅛ teaspoonful pepper, ¾ cupful stock.

Chop veal and chopped pork, work till well blended, then add bread crumbs, eggs, flour, milk, salt and pepper. Form into 8 pieces, dot over with butter, pour over stock, cover and bake one hour basting every ten minutes. Pour around white or tomato sauce.

Baked Stuffed Tomatoes

FIRM, round tomatoes, 1 large onion, savory, salt, pepper, 2 cupfuls bread crumbs, 1 egg.

Cut top off tomato. Peel and remove seeds. Peel and chop onion very fine, add to bread crumbs, with salt, pepper, savory and egg, mix thoroughly, add a little water, fill tomato cavity with mixture, dot each with butter substitute and bake 20 minutes.

Sauted Pears, Chocolate Sauce

FOUR pears, 1 tablespoonful sugar, 2 ounces sweet chocolate, 1¼ cupful milk, 1 teaspoonful arrowroot, ¼ cupful cream, 1½ tablespoonfuls butter substitute, ¼ cupful sugar.

Pare pears, cut in fourths and saute in butter substitute. Pour over chocolate sauce prepared as follows:

Melt chocolate, add sugar and milk, cook 5 minutes, add arrowroot which has been mixed with cream and cook together, ten minutes. Melt butter substitute and add sugar. Cook until caramelized and combine mixture.

Do You Wonder Why Women Like The "Movies"?

Real (!) Men Who Enact Life's Comedies and Tragedies Before Millions of Admirers The World Over

Arranged by C. I. DILLABAUGH

Thos. Meighan, (above) who is, —they say—a real man; the sort you might (?) want for a pal, a friend—a husband.

Photoplays in which Sessue Hayakawa (above) stars help one to be broad-minded, at least where Eastern peoples are concerned.

When your lad pleads hardest for that dime, you can be pretty sure the reason is Bill Hart (above) in his latest.

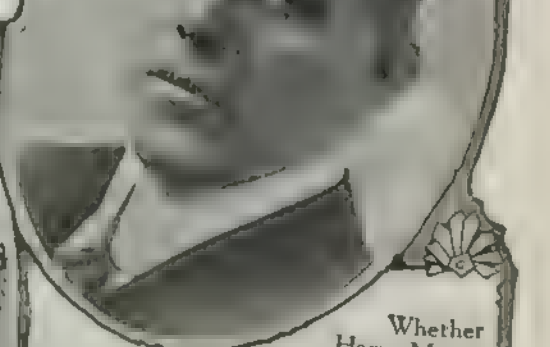
Being Irish, Tom Moore (above) is altogether charming. Alice Joyce's husband and Mary Pickford's brother-in-law.

The attractive Prince of Futuria or some such "ia," in love with the beautiful girl, probably American, who threatens to break up the kingdom if she can't be his Princess — John Bowers (above to the left).

The only one who can make Father leave the easy chair and his paper is Douglas Fairbanks (above). Besides "doing his bit" this way, he worked in the Liberty Loan Campaign.

When you're a little girl, you dream of the dark-eyed knight who should kill the inevitable dragon for you. He looks like Antonio Moreno (above to the right) doesn't he? Well, he's one of 'em! Born in Spain!

When Wallace Reid (above) smiles, he looks like that boy who used to put the apples on your desk at school. Yet you would not have called him a "boy" in "Joan The Woman," would you?

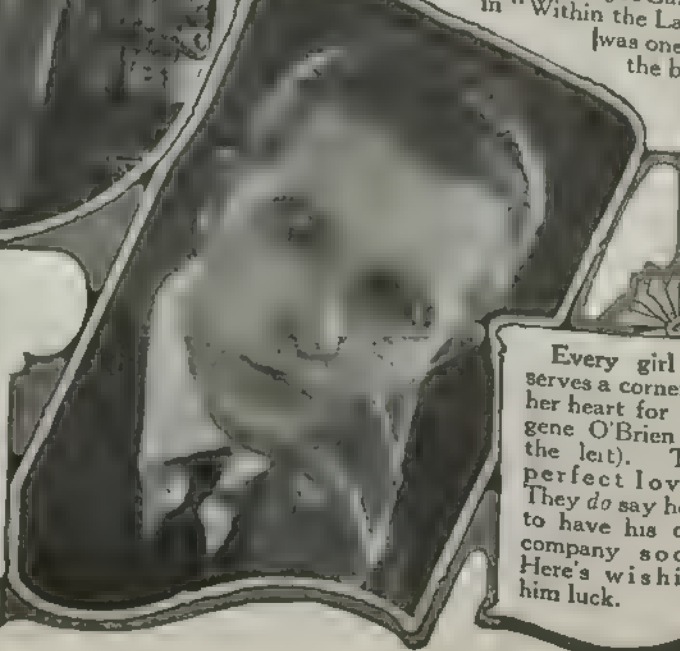


Whether Harry Morey (above) plays the villain or the hero he's pleasing—a man all the way through. His portrayal of Joe Garson in "Within the Law" was one of the best.

The ideal aristocrat, poor, but oh, the family name! He must marry money! Elliot Dexter (to the right) makes a charming dinner partner. Married to that winsome Marie Doro.

Remember the good old days when Earle Williams (above) played with Clara Kimball Young and Edith Storey? He is typical business man hero—though when he was on the stage, several years ago, they gave him villain parts.

Every mother likes to think her son is just like Charles Ray (above) and we don't blame her a bit. He's a thoroughly wholesome chap who makes you want to see some more of him.



Every girl reserves a corner in her heart for Eugene O'Brien (to the left). The perfect lover. They *do* say he is to have his own company soon. Here's wishing him luck.

Another Hero of the Great War

The Achievements of Squadron Commander Kerby, D.S.C.

NOT until the days of reckoning come—the real days of reckoning, when the guns will have ceased to roar and the flowers will have begun to bloom again in that part of France where there is to-day but bloodshed and desolation; not until the men will have come home, can Canadians—those of us who have remained behind—expect to know or begin to know the things they have accomplished "Over there." Occasionally a press exchange chronicles some daring feat for which some hero has been decorated and only occasionally, too, are there ever chronicled the thousand and one heroic achievements that these men have considered as a part of the day's work. There are, also, a number of Canadians abroad who have somewhat lost their identity. They have enlisted with the Imperial Forces or elsewhere, and any recognition they may receive does no credit, even indirectly, to Canada. Indeed, in many cases, it is a happy day for Canadian news reporters abroad when they discover that some hero about whom the populace, in that section of the world at least, is exclaiming, is really a Canadian.

Such was the case when the news finally reached Canada of the experience of Spencer Kerby, son of Rev. Dr. George Kerby, President of Mount Royal College, Calgary. Alta. At the time of writing, he enjoys the title, Squad. Commander Spencer Kerby, D.S.C., the latter being a special Naval decoration conferred before the amalgamation of the Royal Flying Corps and the Royal Naval Air Service into one unit, known as the Royal Air Force.

Squad. Com. Spencer Kerby, D.S.C.

He graduated in Mechanical Engineering from Toronto University in 1914, shortly after which he received his appointment as Hydrographer for the Dominion Government in the Calgary District, but it came to him that he must go overseas. Going to his father, he said, "Father, I must go for two reasons—first, I will never be satisfied if I do not; second, the air service is along my line of training and it calls to me."

So he went to the old country to enlist. At that time, there was no enlistment in Canada for the R.N.A.S. He presented himself before the Admiralty, and was given permission to try his exams, although no promise was held out that he would be accepted if successful. Much to his surprise, he passed, and was congratulated by the Admiralty as the first Canadian at that time accepted. He was one of the few who blazed the trail for Canadians in the Air Service.

After six week's training at Hendon, he was given his pilot's license and sent to Chingford as one of the guard against Zeppelin raids, and as a staff officer in the Naval Air Station there.

Four or five weeks later, he was sent to the Dardanelles where he remained all through that awful campaign. He was shot while in the air and fell into the sea where he was picked up by a trawler and brought to a barren island where no food could be procured. He developed enteric fever and was in a very low condition when taken to a Malta hospital. The verdict was, when he arrived there, that he could not last until morning. But he pulled through and was sent to a hospital in Gosport, England. When he was partially recuperated, he was honorably discharged and sent back to Canada in April, 1916.

He judged it would take him a considerable length of time to regain his health, and in order to effect a sure recovery, he went to Peace River district and spent two or three months surveying.

In September of the same year, he returned to England, was accepted again for service and sent to the Cramwell Naval Air Station in Lincolnshire.

Following this, he fought for six and a half months on the Somme without respite, accounting during that time, for the destruction of many Hun machines. At the termination of the six and a half months, he was given ten days leave in London, together with five others—the only survivors of their squadron. The King and Prince of Wales sent for and congratulated them. In the official photograph taken of the event, Spencer Kerby may be seen shaking hands with His Majesty. Later, they dined with the King.

Squad. Commander Kerby's next move was to the Naval Air Station at Walmer on the Coast of Kent, where Hun raids were in progress. He was officer in command of this action. In the first raid, he encountered nine enemy planes. In the course of action, one of these fell into the sea. The Canadian air-man's heroism on this occasion is a tale that has oft been told, and which will always bear further repetition.

He saw a Hun pilot hanging on to the tail of his machine and sinking with it. He flew very low and dropped his own life belt to his enemy. That life belt was the only protection he himself had in the event of his being incapacitated. He then gave the signal to a British destroyer which picked the Hun up.

He received a special wire from the Admiralty congratulating him on the feat. Later, in December, he was summoned to Bucking ham Palace, where the King personally congratulated him. The act of heroism was the inspiration of several artists in the Old Country, and he was depicted in the act of saving his enemy's life in many of the large publications and art journals there, but there was no word given out that he was a Canadian.

Four days after, in another raid, he brought down a three-seated German Gotha, which fell 300 yards from Margate. Thousands saw the fight. It was the first Gotha the British had an opportunity to photograph. He remained as officer in command at this station until November of last year, when he was given a month's leave in Canada. He reached London again after his leave, on New Year's Day of this year, when he was made Flight-Commander and ordered within three days to the fighting line in France. This order, however, was changed and instead, he was sent as special instructor to the Naval Aerdrome at Cramwell, where he was in charge of training air men for the warships. On the same staff with him was the King's son, Prince Henry.

IN April last, he was promoted to Squadron Commander and was placed in charge of the airdrome at Fleeshton, on the Lincolnshire coast.

This was a special airdrome for training in aerial gunnery, and for the finishing touches which must be put upon airmen before they are sent to the front. When last heard from, he was still stationed there.

All these achievements were accomplished by Mr. Kerby before he attained his 24th year—on May 14th, 1918—all of which would make one believe that the brunt of things is being borne over there by Canada's youth and that the nation of to-morrow will be composed of stalwarts who have been forged in the fire of experience and have come forth ready to bear the heaviest burden of citizenship.

EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD is getting with each successive issue closer and closer to the heart of the Canadian people. The key note of its existence is Service. Canadianism has been its outstanding feature.

The October issue of Everywoman's World will be just a little better than past issues. It will present a combination of national ideals of interest to the women of Canada at the moment. It will contain good fiction, the newest fashions and articles of compelling interest.

Don't miss the October number. Renew your subscription now so that its delivery will be insured.

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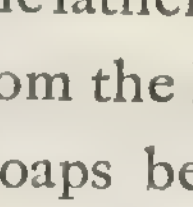

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For Canada

By MADGE MACBETH

Miss Janet Carnochan

Lady Fraser and Her Young Son

Miss Queenie Fairchild

NOTE.—"By their works ye shall know them," applies absolutely to the women whose photographs appear on our page this month. Neither for themselves, for an organization, nor even for a community are their efforts expended. FOR CANADA, past, present and future, are they working. For scope, depth and breadth, as far as results are concerned, we have not published their equal. We want more photographs of this kind, and we look to you, our readers, to supply them. Write me, enclosing a stamped envelope for reply, and let us talk over the outstanding examples you know, who have broad sight.

Yours faithfully,
MADGE MACBETH.

Miss Janet Carnochan

ONE turns to the work of Lady Fraser with feelings of awe and reverence for the scope of her ability as well as the depth of her sympathy and the breadth of her kindliness. Associated with her husband in his work for the blind, she has devoted the greater part of her life to this cause. She said once to a friend, "You know our School life is our home life." Born in Nova Scotia of Scotch-Canadian parentage, Lady Fraser was educated at Mount St. Vincent Academy and at twenty-two she took up the work for the blind, joining the staff of the School for the Blind at Halifax. Fate awaited her there, and after fifteen years of interesting, absorbing work, she became the wife of Sir Frederick, the founder of the school. His tribute to her, untouched by hyperbole or artificiality of presentment serves to show in a small measure what this noble woman has done for Canada in the past, is doing at the present and what her work will mean to the future. Sir Frederick says, "Her co-operation and intelligent grasp of the work has smoothed away many difficulties for me, and notwithstanding the constant demands upon her time, she has since the awful explosion, done the greater part of my secretarial work, and that for three months—with scarcely a let-up. Our home at Farraline, Bedford, where we spend our summer months, is a delight to us both, and my wife who delights in flowers and shrubs, poultry and birds, finds ample scope for her untiring energy and her devotion to all life, animal or plant. I might easily write a volume on how my wife has helped me in my work for the blind and in my home life, but I think I have said enough to prove that I have been blessed with a whole-souled, efficient and enthusiastic helpmeet and a woman who is untiring in whatever she undertakes." Sir Frederick Fraser is, as everybody knows, blind himself.

NO one, I think, will challenge the statement that what Miss Carnochan has done for Canada by means of the Historical Society can hardly be estimated. A lover of history from early childhood, the historic setting of Niagara and the story of its vicissitudes had a share in shaping the trend of her ambitions toward the result of which we are so proud. Then too, Miss Carnochan was a member of the Lundy's Lane Historical Society and she saw no reason why a similar organization should not be formed in Niagara. Following a short notice in the local paper, about a dozen interested people met and the Society was formed in 1895. To-day some two hundred and fifty enthusiasts are enrolled, scattered throughout the Dominion and away beyond its shores. Collecting articles of interest relating to our early history was begun, and before long the room on the third floor of the Court House became so crowded that the audacious idea of erecting a building of their own, popped into Miss Carnochan's head. Interviews with the Dominion and Provincial Governments resulted in the acquiring of grants, and private subscriptions added to these sums until finally the proud day dawned when a $6,000.00 building was opened. This building is remarkable in that it is the only one erected by an Historical Society for their purpose.

Miss Fairchild

"TO preserve the memories of the past," the happy memories, one must add, is also part of the mission of Miss Queenie Fairchild, of Quebec. As a little twig, Miss Fairchild was bent in a historical direction, her English and French ancestors having made much Canadian history since 1667. She received an extra twist from such men as Sir James Le Moine and Sir Gilbert Parker, close friends of her father, to whom the proof sheets of "The Seats of the Mighty" were sent, that their historical correctness might be judged. Miss Fairchild loves nothing better than delving in the Archives among

(Continued on page 15)

Attention!--You Women Who Motor

Are You Interested in the Money Spent on the Family Car?

Manufacturers Say Not

$25.00—In Prizes for the Best Answers—$25.00

MOTORING'S a great thing! Nothing like it, is there? Just to step into the family car or, indeed, your very own car—press the starting button, slip in your gear, and glide away along the ribboned road! *There* is joy unsurpassed when things go right.

But suppose the starter doesn't start, the ignition rags rather than runs, the engine engineers some unexpected feat, or the tires—aye, there's the rub—the tires show a desire to puncture, blow out, or just go flat and give a back-ache job to the man at the wheel—what then?

If you are driving your own car, do you hail the handiest male for assistance; do you leave it to the mercies of a garage man, or do you take sufficient interest in the car which you regard as indispensable, to find out what ails it—why it is giving trouble—and (if it is tire trouble) if you are using the kind of tires which would do most to avoid these unpleasant and expensive mishaps.

If, on the other hand, you don't drive the car—only enjoy its comfort with the rest of the family, do you sit calmly by when tire troubles, bent axles, and the rest are being discussed without even a conjecture at the cost of all this repair? We think not. But manufacturers say you do.

We know you wouldn't let an upholsterer repair an upholstered chair with a cheap rattan seat and return it with a war-time bill and the assurance that it's "just as good," will wear as well, and is worth just as much as a leathern seat. We know you wouldn't rely on a druggist, who tried to sell you Dr. Quack's Own Something or Other for the baby's cold.

Similarly, we think that every cent expended either by yourself or by the male members of your family, on the family car, is a matter of vital importance to you. We feel that you realize it is a big item in the ever-present Family Budget. It may mean one Fall gown less, or the sacrifice of a new hat. But, to quote the mother of a family who expressed her views on this subject recently: "The extra gown won't get me any place—the car will! "Our car means a whole lot to me, and I always join in when the men (her husband and two sons), are discussing the bigger upkeep expenses such as tire purchases, overhauling and heavy repairs."

Now here's the point on which we want light from you women who drive or ride in the family cars.

A leading tire manufacturer, who has a reputation for being particularly broad minded and far sighted, decided some time ago that it was a mistake to leave women uneducated to the importance of a proper choice of tires for the family car. Good tires mean so much in the reduction of upkeep expense, freedom from trouble when driving, continuous use of the car, and greater style and comfort, that he felt it would be wise to advertise and tell Canadian women all about his tires, so that they would bring their influence to bear to see that the best tires were bought to replace those worn, and even to see that the new car when bought had those tires that would last longest before needing replacement.

And we, as publishers of EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD, were confirmed in the opinion that most women took a very lively interest in all the important family expenditures, whether for the car or anything else, and being the real holders of the family purse strings, would try their best to make every dollar spent on the car go as far as possible.

Now, however, other opinions have come to light. There are folks who think that women are entirely uninterested in the kind of tires that go on their cars, and that even if they were convinced that the family car should have a particular make of tire, their opinion would count for little unless the man of the family actually favored that same tire too.

So we want to know from you women who motor whether you are or are not interested in the kind of tires that go on your cars, and whether you would or would not bring every influence to bear to see that your men folk buy only the kind of tires that you believe will give the best value and the longest service.

For the best letter of either personal experience or opinion on this subject, EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD will award the following prizes:

$5.00 for the best letter received.
$3.00 for the next three.
$1.00 for the next 11 letters used.

All letters must be addressed "Editor, Car Repair Contest, EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD, Toronto.

Entries must bear post mark not later than October 10th, 1918.

The Real Test

THE only real test of a piano is time—if it continues to give complete satisfaction after many years of use it must be a good piano. The first Heintzman & Co. piano was made 65 years ago. From that first piano to the ones being turned out by our factory today every one of the many thousands made has been built to last a life time. No smallest detail of material and construction is too small to receive the most careful and painstaking attention. The proof of this is the thousands of Heintzman & Co. pianos which are today the valued possessions of people who bought them years, and in many cases, a generation ago. Ask your friends who own a Heintzman what their opinion is. Their answer will be our best advertisement.

"STYLE IONIC"

Many Beautiful Styles and Finishes

In these days of many different styles of furniture and interior decoration the piano must be in harmony with its surroundings. To meet these conditions we have designed many different styles and finishes—a piano to suit any surroundings. We would like to send you our handsomely illustrated catalogue A giving views and descriptions as well as particulars as to the many exclusive construction features of this great Canadian instrument—features which have earned for it the proud title—

"World's Best Piano"

A USED PIANO BARGAIN

Heintzman & Co. Cabinet Grand Upright, case re-varnished, attractive appearance, 7 1-3 octaves, modern overstrung scale, evenly balanced tone, dependable inside construction, famous Wessell, Nickle and Gross Action. A used piano, carefully overhauled. Special Price - - $285.00
TERMS: $15 Cash and $7 per month.

Ye Olde Firme
Heintzman & Co.
Limited
Heintzman Hall
193-5-7 Yonge Street, Toronto

MAIL THIS COUPON

Please mail me illustrated catalogue A and complete list of used piano bargains as per ad. in Everywoman's World, September, 1918.

Name.....

Address.....

For Canada

(*Continued from page 14*)

musty old volumes or MSS. and she has written considerably, using Old Quebec as a setting for her stories. In "My French Canadian Neighbours and Other Sketches" she has given an admirable pen picture of the good habitant stock of Quebec among whom she grew up in her picturesque home on the high shore of the St. Lawrence. This place, "Ravenscliffe" well known to older residents, and the scene of many a notable gathering, overlooks historic Cap Rouge, where Jacques Cartier first wintered in Canada.

Miss Muir of the Archives

IT would be difficult to name a woman who is doing more for Canada than Miss Muir—the "chief surgeon," in fact, the only one in charge of the Map Hospital of the Dominion Archives. Miss Muir has never taken a degree, she practices without a license, and she operates without anaesthetic on maps, manuscript and pictures of incalculable value. One might say that she has "never lost a patient," because her expert treatment is always successful. Her experience now covers a period of about ten years. She had no apprenticeship unless bookbinding can be considered as such. Miss

Miss Muir of the Archives

Muir did a good deal of this type of work, having a class of her own and at the same time binding books in the Archives Bindery. From there, however, she went straight to the Map Room, and during the first year ministered to 1800 invalid maps! "Some doctor!" observed a young college man upon learning this. Words will hardly describe the marvel of her operations, and with a handful of implements, consisting of a pot of glue, an iron, a pair of scissors, tracing paper and fine linen. She also uses colored pencils at times to fill in lost or faded lines. Tissue-paper maps, the most difficult to repair, come to her so ragged that patching them is very much like working out a jig-saw puzzle; maps with whole pieces missing have under her expert treatment been mounted with a wonderful semblance of unity. She insists that her work at first was far from good, a fact one is inclined to doubt, but that her teachers, Common Sense and Experience, have helped her greatly, and that now "patients" from all over Canada are brought to her with the confidence that she will heal them. She is the only woman in the Dominion engaged in this sort of work.

Miss Minnie M. Hind, Alberta

MISS HIND'S home is in Hagersville, Ontario. She is a graduate of the Toronto School of Expression, and for two years after graduation she taught elocution and physical culture in the Hamilton Conservatory of music.

She is both an A.T.C.M. and an A.C.S.E. and many tempting positions offered themselves at home. But a love of playing the "uplift game" had been strong in her from childhood, inculcated, she says, by her mother, who constantly read stories of sacrifice and heroism to her, and held before her mind the need of work among people who have not had a fair chance in the world.

Says Miss Hind, "The story of the little street girl who tried to see the circus and could not, because she was too short, and who kept crying out, 'Lift me up, so I can see!' followed me from childhood, and it echoed and re-echoed in my ears, until I resolved to break into the 'uplift game' somehow, and lift up others so they could see."

(*Continued on page 41*)

E·B·EDDY TALKS

Don't Pay Taxes on Cheap Matches

THE war-tax has practically doubled the price of the best grades of matches, and has more than doubled the price of the cheaper kinds. You pay no more on

EDDY'S MATCHES

than on inferior grades, which are unreliable and sometimes dangerous.

It is a positive economy to insist upon EDDY'S. You get more and better sure lights for your money, with less danger from flying heads and afterglow. You cannot light your fire with the tax, yet you must pay it anyway, and must pay as much on a poor match as on a good one.

Insist upon Eddy's Matches, and see that the name is on the box.

65 Years of Service

Also makers of Indurated Pails, Tubs, Washboards, etc., and Eddy's Paper Specialties.

The E. B. Eddy Co.,
Limited
HULL, CANADA

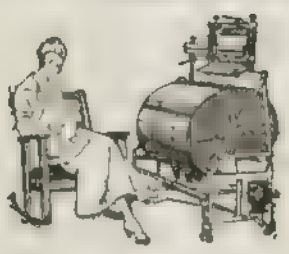
KEEP YOUR STOVE BRIGHT

BLACK KNIGHT
STOVE POLISH

A few minutes with a cloth,

and Black Knight makes your stove look bright and attractive. Can be used on either warm or cold stove. Black Knight will not burn —and is dustless.

THE F.F DALLEY CORPORATIONS Ltd. HAMILTON, CANADA



Wash by Electricity!

IN many homes where help is employed, the maids who refused to do the washing the old way are willing to look after it the "1900" Electric way. In other homes where a laundress was formerly employed, or where the clothes were sent outside to be washed, the housewife is now doing her own washing—so easily operated is the "1900" Cataract Washer.

The "1900" Cataract Washer was awarded the gold medal at the Panama Pacific Exposition in competition with all the well-known washers. The frame is made of steel, with heavy iron base—the tub of heavy copper, plated on the inside and polished and lacquered. The most scientific of all washers in construction, the "1900" Washer keeps all the clothes in all the water all the time. The swing wringer permits of wringing and washing at the same time.

It costs JUST TWO CENTS A WEEK TO DO THE WASHING for an ordinary sized family with the "1900" Cataract Washer. This washer will pay for itself in a very few months—just think what it will save you.

The "1900" line includes washers operated by Hand, Engine Power, Water or Electric Motor. State which style interests you.

Write for full particulars of our trial plan.

We would be glad to have you visit us at Toronto Exhibition Manufacturers' Annex No. 2 under the Grand Stand—or at London or Ottawa Fall Fairs.

Address me personally—
O. E. MORRIS, "1900" Washer Company, 357 Yonge Street, Toronto

BOOKS PARENTS NEED

LIFE'S STORY, A Book for Girls. By Jeanette Winter Hall

THE great truth of life, told in a simple, beautiful and comprehensive way, as only one who has been a mother can tell it. The story of our being is explained—all the workings of Nature are told in a wholesome, simplified, direct and unusual manner—and just such information is given as is needful and helpful for the young maturing girl. Every mother will find this little booklet is just the assistance she is looking for to help her in telling this wonderful story to her daughter. Price 25c. by mail.

The foregoing and all other books obtainable at lowest published prices through

Home Library Association of Canada, Toronto, Ontario

Women Who Do Things are Choosing Goodyears

To her women, Canada must acknowledge her mighty debt.

In a time of vital need, they have shouldered the home burden laid down by our fighting men. And they have done more than their share to keep at top speed those activities which are so essential to victory.

More! They have made conservation their slogan and have turned their thrifty instinct in many directions.

The need for speed and efficiency has induced the women of Canada to use the family motor car in city and country.

The need for *thrift* turns these same women to investigation of automobile values and upkeep costs.

Whether actually buying tires or influencing the purchase, a great majority of women believe in the economy of Goodyear Tires.

Woman's intuition tells her that the tire which has the largest sale in the world must have proved lowest cost per mile. And woman's thrift recognizes that cost per mile rather than price per tire must guide the selection. Her supervision of the family budget has taught her to compare the year's income with the year's cost of living rather than the monthly salary with the month's payments.

For greater mileage and greater comfort, have Goodyear Tires on your car.

The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co. of Canada, Limited

GOODYEAR

MADE IN CANADA

Fall Suggests Myriad Dainty Things

Vogues and Vagaries for September

By HELEN CORNELIUS

WHATSOEVER things in your wardrobe are of serge; whatsoever things are of jersey, whatsoever things are of cheviot; whatsoever things are of oxford; whatsoever things are of velvet; whatsoever things are of velour, if there be any wool in them, think on these things, for according to "who's who," and "what's what" in the early fall fashion field, they are worth their weight in wool, ten times

ten. She who possesses any of these fabrics, in the piece or as part of a gown, be it ever so little, is indeed counted among the fortunate.

All style creators and couturiers of France have been urged to forego exercising too much originality in the basis of designs for the season's newest creations, and stick to the old styles, which means using a smaller quantity of wool. The civilian consumption of this material will have to be reduced and in order that present and future supplies may be used to the greatest advantage, it is essential that garments be made from as little cloth as practical, it was pointed out.

The tendency towards longer garments and possibly fuller ones that has been whispered o'er the land must be discouraged and the styles confined to the same lines that have prevailed the last six months, the Government requested.

Oh, war! what wonders have been wrought in your name!

Perhaps even now, in just that little foregoing paragraph is the first step on the steep climb to "Utopia," the land of unchanged lines and designs, where Dame Fashion rests content after a long hard life on a restless sea, buffetted here and there by the slightest whim—the land that every woman dreams of either in secret or abroad. We are truly living in the "land of promise!" A good practical war time dress is the heart's desire of most women, and to all intents and purposes, it seems to be coming their way.

Merchants and manufacturers who still flaunt the caption, "All Wool Garments," are justified in doing so, and their attitude is perfectly logical and just, for in many instances merchandise and clothing in their hands to-day were made under an earlier regime, when all wool goods were made without restrictions. Once wool has been converted from its original raw state, it must remain so, and until this merchandise has been marketed, there is still a chance for the woman who was born with a "silver spoon in her mouth" to purchase it. But the manufacturers give fair warning that a skirt costing less than fifteen dollars or a coat less than thirty dollars is bound to contain more cotton than wool.

So it's a wise woman who takes an inventory of her cast-offs of ante bellum days to ascertain her prospects for a woolless winter wardrobe, without the necessity of losing her feminine ideals of fashion.

A CONCENSUS of opinion gathered from a coterie of prominent women, all of whom have the right and the privilege of displaying service flags, and who stand shoulder to shoulder in patriotic work, is just to the point and to the effect that, more than ever before, women should make it a duty to bring men beauty and gladness to compensate for the sorrow and suffering they have endured or will endure. Women are keeping up with their wardrobes, they want no makeshifts, but well cut clothes to present a well groomed appearance to the world, but they are buying with greater discrimination and appreciation of values, than ever before.

The feminine type of costume, in all its sheer loveliness has superseded all attempts of le militaire and severe sports lines, a fact not to be wondered at when women who are not wearing any of the numerous uniforms of service, are those playing the part of "silent, watchful waiting," after the manner of their mothers or grandmothers, who prayed for earlier wars to end.

A strictly tailored fall season has been ushered in, with suits well in the lead, and the prophecies of a coat and dress siege to follow. There is every reason for looking forward to the season with confidence, providing women practise a sensible, practical kind of economy in their efforts to keep the wheels of industry spinning with uninterrupted impetus.

The refined attractiveness of style simplicity is the keynote of the new models. The majority of suits are cut on semi-fitted lines, with seams affecting the mannish tuxedo lines or of riding habit suasion, illustrated in accompanying sketch. Belts, which have played a prominent part marking the circumference of waists for several seasons past, have lost their position, judging from the prelude of the winter's first fashions, with rare exceptions.

Oxford, that "friendly material" as it has been aptly termed, is with us again in a particularly flattering field, forming a close ally to serge. In a model of stitched inverted pleats across the back of the bodice of a coat with riding habit waist line, and the skirt section slightly rippled at either side of a centre inverted pleat, Oxford has been used to form a most attractive costume.

Narrow box pleats lend their charm to the back of the bodice of another Oxford suit, and not satisfied to remain there, they enter the skirt section again and break up into combined wide and narrow ones. This coat, like many others, is almost knee length.

HORIZONTAL groupings of cord tucks which extend from the neck line to the bottom of front and back panels on a damson colored velour suit adhere to the straightness of the skirt section which is without flare, doing its bit to emphasize this feature. Following the mutations of the master fashion builders, this model adopted the discarded belt, slit pockets and seal skin collar, and the latter, in spite of the fact that the pros. predict little or no fur trimmings on suits, except at prohibitive prices on ready-mades.

However, the raccoon scarf-like collar on a velour coat, belted in front only, gave the tout ensemble its chic, and on a double breasted similar garment in tan silverstone, a collar of Hudson seal sublimely reposed.

Fullness makes itself seen in the skirt sections of the newest top coats, either in the manner of shirring, rolling pleats or smocking.

Many women are of the opinion that they can get far more and better service out of a voluminous coat and a couple of dresses in the winter time than from any other garment, and in the face of Canada's days and nights of frozen toes and noses, it is not an anomaly.

As though extracted from the ancient family "Photograph" album, came the quaint old leg o' mutton sleeves, the ultra fashionable mode of the moment, of a full length coat. It just breathes of 1860, side curls and hoop skirts.

Another touch of the quaint past is emphasized by the cape that forms a portion of the collar on some coats.

The warm colors, such as a variety of browns ranging from sand to earth, suggesting the tones of autumn, lie in wait with military blue and dark geranium red for the ommipresent top coat.

Novelty and originality being synonymous with the Parisien, to see these characteristics centred in foreign frocks is just part of the program. Since the war, these virtues have been divided among so many pressing needs, that one forms the

impression they have become rather thinned out when they reach their inimitable fashions, but commonplaceness is an unknown quantity in the newest designs.

UNLIKE England and France, Canada and the United States have adhered to the sombre color note, not necessarily black, but dark blues, browns and grays in their costumery. This fact is not attributed to the war, for it existed to some extent prior to the conflagration, but again the French love for the feminine bit of color contrast asserts itself in an effort to offset the sombre note.

Just to bear out the statement of one of the best designers in the country, that "there will be no change in fashions until after the war" on the strength that no woman wishes to become conspicuous by wearing gowns in advance of the minute, the Russian blouse, long or short and modified by numerous deviations, forms the fundamental basis and inspiration upon which many fall styles will be built.

From the short mid-day arrangement to the full length reaching almost to the hem of the skirt, this style, whose origin can only be traced back to that turbulent land across the sea, comes to clothe us without a trace of the Bolsheviki.

Braiding, silk yarn, beading, fringe and rope silks adapt themselves well to the will and skill of the designer as trimming for this garment and are copiously used to artistic effect.

While the Russian blouse will serve as a basis for one's frock plans the result will not always be the same, for the privilege has been granted to swerve off in an uneven line, into panels or in a straight long line unfettered by even a girdle or a

(*Continued on page 31*)

Everywoman's Make-Over Department

Ques.—I have a three cornered black llama lace shawl, equally three yards long from point to point, and would like a suggestion to utilize this for a suitable gown to be worn at my daughter's wedding. It will be a home wedding in the evening. I also have a few yards of black jet fringe. I am five feet seven inches tall, about forty-two inch bust and forty three hip. My hair is gray.—Mrs. McTavish, Winnipeg

Ans.—You are indeed wise to have chosen black lace for your gown on this auspicious occasion. Nothing is quite so lovely with gray hair. There are several ways in which your shawl might be used; however, silver tissue, white or black satin suggest themselves for the foundation, either of which you may have in an old gown, which would answer the purpose nicely as a lining. Of course a cheaper material such as china silk, or habutai could be used, but they are not so apt to set off the beauty of the lace.

A layer of black net, as similar in mesh to that of your lace as possible, would make a soft back ground for the shawl and also tend to tone down the lining.

Trains are voted in again, and a very swagger one might be formed of the two long ends, with the centre point of the shawl covering the front of the bodice. Soft folds of the black net would make the back of the bodice, and graceful small sleeves if so desired A narrow ribbon girdle two inches wide of delph or Alice blue velvet, encircling the waist belt and tying gracefully at the left hip, with loops and ends hanging down on the skirt, would look well finished with a small cluster of silver rose buds or those lovely dull French rose roses, thus dabbing on the touch of color that means Paris to a "Made in Canada" frock.

Over a net train falling from the shoulders and finished with the jet fringe, the shawl would look well with the centre point dropped to the hem in the front of the skirt, while the remaining two ends could be arranged in a butterfly bow at the back of the waist line. This scheme would permit the straight edge of the shawl to form the entire bodice with sleeves and straps over the shoulders excepted. Black net would again play its part for the latter or black ribbon velvet straps. If an all black costume is desired, this ribbon velvet would solve the girdle problem.

Another charming way of draping the shawl might be realized by making the train of the centre point, while one long end came across the front of the figure, finishing at the left shoulder, and the latter end made to swathe the figure, following the lower edge of the first and finishing near the hem at the right side.

The Acme of Charm in a Well-Cut Frock

Pattern 1578.—Ladies' Dress. Sizes 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 3¼ yards 44-inch material with ⅝ yard 36-inch white georgette. Price 20 cents. Emb. 14589. Price 20 cents.

Pattern 1308.—Ladies' Dress. Sizes 34, 36, 38 and 40 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 6⅞ yards 36-inch material with 1 7/8 yard fringe. Price 20 cents.

Pattern 1633.—Ladies' Dress. Size 36, 38, 40, 42, and 44 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 5¾ yards 36-inch material with ⅝ yard 30 inch white material and 8¼ yards braid. Price 20 cents.

Pattern 9766.—Ladies' Set of Fancy Bags. Consists of four different styles. Cut in one size only. The bag here illustrated requires ½ yard 18-inch material with ⅜ yard 18-inch lining and 1½ yards of ribbon. Price 20 cents.

Pattern 1692.—Ladies' Waist. Sizes 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. Price 20 cents.

Pattern 1714.—Ladies' and Misses' Tunic. Sizes 16 years 26, 30 and 34 inches waist measure. Price 20 cents.

Pattern 1244.—Ladies' Foundation Skirt. Sizes 24, 26, 28, 30, 32 and 34 inches waist measure. Price 20 cents.

Costume in size 36 bust and 26 waist requires 4¾ yards 36-inch plain material with 2⅝ yards 44-inch [illegible] material and ¼ yard 36-inch for collar and shield.

Pattern 1570.—Ladies' Dress. Sizes 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 4¼ yards 36-inch material with 1⅛ yards 36-inch black satin. Price 20 cents.

Pattern 1038.—Misses' and Ladies' Military Cape. Sizes 32, 36, 40 and 44 inch bust measure. Size 36 requires 3⅞ yards 54-inch material. Price 20 cents.

Pattern 1591.—Ladies' Two Gored Skirt. Sizes 24, 26, 28, 30 and 32 inches waist measure. Size 26 requires 2 yards 36-inch material. Skirt measures 1¼ yards at lower edge. Price 20 cents.

Pattern 9262.—Ladies' and Misses' Single-breasted Coat. Sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 3¼ yards 42-inch material. Price 20 cents.

Pattern 1601.—Ladies' Two-gored Skirt. Sizes 24, 26, 28, 30 and 32 inches waist measure. Size 26 requires 2½ yards 44-inch material. Price 20 cents.

Pattern 1287.—Child's Coat. Sizes 2, 4, 6, 8, and 10 years. Size 8 requires 2¼ yards 44 inch material and leather belt. Price 20 cents.

Pattern 1456.—Ladies' Tunic Blouse. Sizes 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. Price 20 cents. Emb. 14844. Price 20 cents.

Pattern 1244.—Ladies' Foundation Skirt. Sizes 24, 26, 28, 30, 32 and 34 inches waist measure. Price 20 cents.

Costume in size 36 bust and 26 waist requires 3 yards 54-inch material with 3 7/8 yards 36-inch black satin and 3/8 yard 27-inch all-over lace with 1 1/8 yard edging.

TO supplement our Fashion Service as presented on this page, we issue quarterly for the benefit of our subscribers—"Everywoman's Needlecraft Companion"—a symposium of all that is new and practical in Needlework. The four issues are available to subscribers *only*, with every new or renewal subscription—$1.50—plus 25 cents to cover the cost of the year's packing and mailing. Mail us your order TO-DAY.

The price of each pattern is 20 cents, this includes prepayment of postage. We guarantee safe delivery. Send money by Dominion Express Order or any way that is convenient to you—the mails are safe. Home patterns are the easiest of all to use, and the styles are always up-to-date. Every pattern is guaranteed to fit perfectly and a guide chart accompanies each pattern. Orders are filled the same day as they are received. When ordering, it is important that you write very plainly, that you give your name and address, the number and size of pattern wanted, and enclose 20 cents for each. Patterns for any design illustrated on this page may be obtained from any dealer handling Home Patterns and from our Pattern Department, EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD, 355 Spadina Ave., Toronto, Ont.

As a Gown is Simple so it is Chic

Pattern 1538.—Ladies'. Sizes 26, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 5 3/8 yards 36-inch material with 1¼ yards 36-inch black satin and 1/8 yard 18-inch for collar. Price 20 cents.

Pattern 1540.—Ladies' One-Piece Dress. Sizes 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 3½ yards 36-inch material with 1¾ yards 40-inch georgette for guimpe. Price 20 cents. Emb. 14873. Price 20 cents.

Pattern 1586.—Ladies' Dress. Sizes 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 4 7/8 yards 36-inch material with 5/8 yard 18-inch for front facing. Price 20 cents.

Pattern 1507.—Ladies' Dress. Sizes 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 2 5/8 yards 36-inch material with 2¾ yards 36-inch black satin. Price 20 cents.

Pattern 1487.—Ladies' Tunic Blouse. Sizes 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. Price 20 cents. Emb. 13631. Price 20 cents.

Pattern 1663.—Ladies' Two-Gored Skirt. Sizes 24, 26, 28, 30 and 32 inches waist measure. Price 20 cents.

Costume in size 36 bust and 26 waist requires 6¼ yards 36-inch material with ⅜ yard 24-inch contrasting material for collar and 2 yards ribbon.

Pattern 1572.—Ladies'. Sizes 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 4 3/8 yards 44-inch material with ⅜ yard 24-inch contrasting material for collar and 2 yards 5-inch fur banding and 1 yard 2-inch fur banding. Price 20 cents.

Pattern 1177.—Ladies' Semi-Fitted Coat. Sizes 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. Price 20 cents.

Pattern 1721.—Ladies' Two-Gored Skirt. Sizes 24, 26, 28, 30, 32, 34 and 36 inches waist measure. Price 20 cents.

Suit in size 36 bust and 26 waist requires 4¼ yards 54-inch material and 10 yards braid.

Pattern 1154.—Ladies' Semi-Fitted Coat. Sizes 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. Price 20 cents.

Pattern 1577.—Ladies' Skirt. Sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42inches waist measure. Price 20 cents.

Suit in size 42 bust and 32 waist requires 5 5/8 yards 44-inch material with ⅜ yard 20-inch for collar. This suit is especially becoming to the stout woman.

Pattern 1610.—Ladies' Over-Dress. Sizes 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. Price 20 cents.

Pattern 1244.—Ladies' Foundation Skirt. Sizes 24, 26, 28, 30, 32 and 34 inches waist measure. Price 20 cents.

Costume in size 36 bust and 26 waist requires 7¾ yards 44-inch material with 1 yard 36-inch white organdie.

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Dainty Lingerie—Refreshingly New in Line and Detail

Pattern 1688.—Ladies' One-Piece Negligee. Sizes 36, 40 and 44 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 6¼ yards 27 inch material with 2¼ yards banding.

The negligee is here developed in cotton crepe. Price 20 cents. Embroidery 14506. Price 20c.

Pattern 1272.—Ladies' Matinee and Cap. Sizes 34, 38 and 42 inches bust measure. Size 38 requires 2 3/8 yards 36-inch or 40-inch material for cap and matinee. Price 20 cents. Embroidery 12277. Price 20 cents. Scallop 14262. Price 20 cents.

Pattern 9014.—Ladies' Three-piece Petticoat. Sizes 22, 24, 26, 28, 30, 32, 34 and 36 inches waist measure. Size 26 requires 4 1/8 yards 36-inch material. Petticoat with circular, gathered or plaited flounce. Price 20 cents.

Pattern 1311.—Ladies' and Misses' Pajamas. Sizes 16 and 18 years 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 5 7/8 yards 30-inch material with ½ yard 27-inch contrasting material. Price 20 cents.

Pattern 9125.—Ladies' and Misses' Japanese Kimono. Sizes 32, 36, 40 and 44 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 6¼ yards 30-inch material with 2 1/8 yards 21-inch contrasting material. Kimono may be made with or without skirt gusset. Price 20 cents.

Pattern 1474.—Ladies' Combination Camisole and Two-piece Petticoat. Sizes 36, 40 and 44 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 2 3/8 yards 36-inch material, with 3½ yards insertion and 1 yard ribbon. Price 20 cents. Embroidery 14687. Price 20 cents.

Pattern 1646.—Ladies' Corset Cover. To be slipped on over the head and buttons on shoulder. Sizes 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. Price 20 cents.

Pattern 1648.—Ladies' Closed Drawers. Sizes 26, 28, 30, 32, 34 and 36 inches waist measure. Price 20 cents. Embroidery 14119. Price 20 cents.

The camisole and drawers in size 36 bust and 26 waist requires 3 yards 40-inch material with 5½ yards edging. Price 20 cents. Embroidery 14119. Price 20 cents.

Pattern 1389.—Ladies' Bath Robe. Sizes 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46 and 48 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 5 3/8 yards 36-inch material with 1 cord girdle. Slipper requires 5/8 yard 36-inch material and 1 yard ribbon. Price 20 cents.

Pattern 1459.—Ladies' Combination and Open Drawers. Sizes 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46 and 48 inch bust measure. Size 36 requires 2 3/8 yards 36-inch material with 5½ yards lace edging. The closing is at back. Price 20 cents.

Pattern 9488.—Ladies' Set of Boudoir Caps and Motor Bonnets. Cut in one size only. The cap here illustrated requires ¾ yard 24-inch material with 1¼ yards ribbon. The pattern provides seven entirely different styles of caps. Price 20 cents.

Pattern 1330.—Ladies and Misses" One-piece Night-gown. Sizes 16, 18 years, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 3 3/8 yards 36-inch material and 2 yards ribbon. Price 20 cents. Embroidery 12865. Price 20 cents.

Pattern 9812.—Ladies' Pajamas or Lounging Robe. Sizes 34, 38 and 42 inches bust measure. Size 38 requires 4¼ yards 36-inch material. To be made with or without kimona sleeves. Price 20 cents.

Pattern 1273.—Ladies' and Misses' Set of Boudoir Caps. Cut in one size only. Consisting of six different styles. Two of which are illustrated on this page. For material requirements of these caps, see pattern envelope. Price 20 cents.

Pattern 9679.—Ladies' One-piece Negligee. Sizes 36, 40 and 44 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 6 5/8 yards 27-inch, 36-inch or 40-inch material with 2¾ yard ball fringe or 3 yards lace for neck ruffle. Price 20 cents.

Pattern 1689.—Corded Round Pillow and Pillow Case. Cut in one size only and requires 1¾ yards 36-inch material for pillow cover and 1 yard 36-inch material for pillow case. Price 15 cents.

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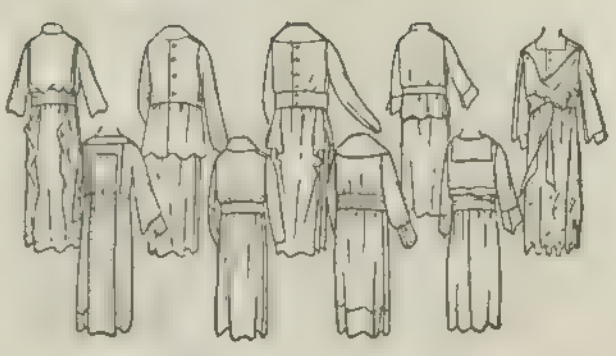
Easily Made Dresses That Combine Charm and Utility

Pattern 1392.—Misses' or Small Women's Dress. Sizes 16, 18 and 20 years. Size 16 requires 4 3/8 yards 44-inch material with ½ yard 36-inch contrasting material and 5/8 yard 36-inch lining. Skirt measures 1 7/8 yards at lower edge. Price 20 cents. Emb. 14589. Price 20 cents.

Pattern 1394.—Misses' or Small Women's Dress. Sizes 16, 18 and 20 years. Size 16 requires 3¾ yards 44-inch material with 3/8 yard 18-inch all-over lace with 1 yard edging for collar. The skirt is a two-piece gathered model and measures 1 7/8 yards at lower edge. Price 20 cents.

Pattern 1328.—Misses' or Small Women's Dress. Sizes 16, 18, and 20 years. Size 16 requires 3 7/8 yards 44-inch materia' with 7/8 yards 36-inch contrasting material. This dainty and attractive dress closes at back underneath plastron. The skirt is a two-gored model and measures 2 yards at lower edge. Price 20 cents.

Pattern 1630.—Misses' or Small Women's Dress. Sizes 14, 16, 18 and 20 years. Size 16 requires 3¾ yards 44-inch material with 2½ yards ribbon. The two-piece skirt is gathered and forms a panel which extends above waistline, and measures 2 yards at lower edge. Price 20 cents.



Pattern 1325.—Misses' and Small Women's Dress. Sizes 16, 18 and 20 years. Size 16 requires 5 1/8 yards 36-inch material with ½ yard 36-inch contrasting material. The skirt is a two-gored model with apron front, it is slightly raised at waistline and measures 1 7/8 yards at lower edge. Price 20 cents. Emb. 13634. Price 20 cents.

Ask at the Pattern Counter for

Pattern 1468.—Misses' or Small Women's Dress. Sizes 16, 18 and 20 years. Size 16 requires 4 1/8 yards 44-inch material. A charming design for development in wool jersey, serge or taffeta. The skirt is cut in two gores and measures 1¾ yards at lower edge. Price 20 cents.

Pattern 1547.—Misses' or Small Women's Dress. Sizes 16, 18, and 20 years. Size 16 requires 4¼ yards 36-inch material with 1 5/8 yards 40-inch Georgette. Dress closes at back, with bib front extending into sash which is tied at back. Skirt measures 2 yards at lower edge. Price 20 cents.

Pattern 1115.—Misses' or Small Women's One-piece Dress. Sizes 14, 16, 18 and 20 years. Size 16 requires 3 1/8 yards 54-inch material, with 2 yards 2-inch fur banding and 2 3/8 yards 5-inch fur banding. Width at lower edge of skirt is 2 3/8 yards. Price 20 cents. Emb. 14812. Price 20 cents.

Pattern 1681.—Misses' or Small Women's Bolero Dress. Sizes 16, 18 and 20 years. Size 16 requires 4 1/8 yards 36-inch material for dress with 3/8 yard 18-inch material for collar and 1 1/8 yards 4-inch ribbon for girdle. Allowing three inches at lower edge of skirt for hem, or if desired, underface. Price 20 cents.

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From Her Second Birthday to Her Twelfth She May Be Cleverly Frocked

Pattern 1557.—Girls' Dress. Sizes 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. Size 8 requires 2 1/8 yards 44-inch material with ¼ yard 22-inch contrasting material and ½ yard 36-inch lining. Dress with back closing and one-piece straight gathered skirt. Price 20 cents.

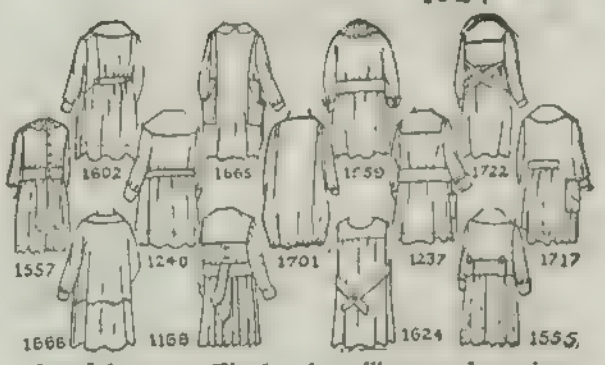
Pattern 1602.—Girls' Dress. Sizes 6, 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. Size 8 requires 2¾ yards 27-inch material with ½ yard 36-inch contrasting material. Dress to be slipped on over the head and closing at left shoulder. Price 20 cents.

Pattern 1240.—Girls' One-Piece Dress. Sizes 6, 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. Size 8 requires 2¾ yards 36-inch material with 3/8 yards 36-inch for collar and cuffs and 2 yards ribbon. Dress slips on over the head. Price 20 cents. Emb. 14740. Price 20 cents.

Pattern 1237.—Girls' One-Piece Dress. Sizes 4, 6, 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. Size 8 requires 2 7/8 yards 36-inch material or 2 5/8 yards 44-inch material and a leather belt. This dress is especially adapted for development in linen, if washable material is desired, or to the ever popular serge. Price 20 cents.

Pattern 1717.—Girls' Dress. Sizes 6, 8, 10 and 12 years. Size 8 requires 2¼ yards 44-inch material with ½ yard 36-inch contrasting material. This little frock is easy to make and is practical for a school dress. Price 20 cents.

Pattern 1642.—Girls' Set of Caps. Sizes 2 and 4 years. The hat here illustrated requires ¾ yards 18-inch material and 1½ yards ribbon for any size. Price 20 cents.



Pattern 1666.—Girl's Dress. Sizes 4, 6, 8 and 10 years. Size 4 requires 1 yard 36-inch plaid material with 1 yard 36-inch white material. This is one of the little slip-on dresses that are so easy to make. Price 20 cents.

Pattern 1665.—Girls' One-Piece Dress. Sizes 4, 6, 8 and 10 years. Size 8 requires 1 7/8 yards 36-inch material for dress with 1 1/8 yards 36-inch contrasting material for guimpe. The dress slips on over the head, having separate guimpe. Price 20 cents. Emb. 14731. Price 20 cents.

Pattern 1168.—Girls' Dress. Sizes 6, 8, 10 and 12 years. Size 8 requires 3 1/8 yards 36-inch material with 1 yard 27-inch contrasting material. Dress closes at back, having one-piece straight gathered skirt. Price 20 cents.

Pattern 1559.—Children's One-Piece Dress. Sizes 2, 4, 6, 8 and 10 years. Size 8 requires 2¼ yards 44-inch material and 1¾ yards ribbon. The simplicity of this frock renders it especially easy to make. The dress slips on over the head. Price 20 cents.

Pattern 1722.—Girls' Dress. Sizes 6, 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. Size 8 requires 2¾ yards 36-inch material with 1¼ yards 36-inch plaid material and 3/8 yards 27-inch material for collar and cuffs. Price 20 cents.

Pattern 1701.—Girls' Slip-on Dress. Sizes 4, 6, 8 and 10 years. Size 8 requires 1¾ yards 36-inch material for dress with 1 1/8 yards 36-inch contrasting material for guimpe. The guimpe closes at back having long sleeves that are perforated for shorter length. Price 20 cents.

Pattern 1624.—Children's Apron. Sizes 2, 4, 6 and 8 years. Size 4 requires 1 5/8 yards 27-inch material with 3¾ yards binding. Here is a very pretty and practical apron that the little tot is sure to delight in wearing. Price 20 cents.

Pattern 1555.—Girls' Long-waisted Dress. Sizes 6, 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. Size 8 requires 2¾ yards 36-inch material with ½ yard 24-inch material for collar and 8 yards braid. Dress with one-piece straight skirt. Price 20 cents.

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How Are YOU Furnishing YOUR House—on Cash or Credit?

The Advantages and Disadvantages of the Charge System

By J. SKELTON

In the matter of house furniture and draperies a bride likes nice things.

THE happy little June bride, excited, eager and proud, fluttering down to earth out of her seventh heaven to set up housekeeping among us, is confronted at once with the toughest kind of problems in expenditure.

Take the matter of house furniture and draperies, for example. A bride likes nice home things, she desires them intensely; her soul longs for them—thirsts—cries out for them. Furnishings costly—No, no, "not expressed in fancy!"—as her husband's purse can buy are hers by custom and by right; and, "By Jove!" says her George, out of the goodness of his mellow heart and his colossal ignorance, "She shall have them! Here's a hundred bucks" or a thousand, or a signed blank cheque, as the case may be—"go to it, little girl. Carte blanche!" She may be depended upon, ordinarily, to exact the uttermost value for that money and to eke it out to the uttermost limit, but what of it? Prices have soared so high that only one bride out of a great many so provided can go forth and buy and pay spot cash for all that she needs. So, having experienced that fact, she and her sympathetic husband, perhaps neither of them very very wise, may avail themselves of some form of credit system. But that way lies danger. Because modern shopping conveniences—the deposit account, the credit account, and the deferred (instalments) account—while vastly helpful to some buyers are a snare to the feet of a good many others. The case stands somewhat like this: Of old time, when it used to be hard to get credit, it was a problem how to shop wisely; but now that there is little or no difficulty in getting credit, when, in fact, it is hard for the salaried man to dodge it, wisdom must yet more abound. Just when to take advantage of this credit so as to get something one needs or fancies, and where to draw the line, is a question which any bride, June or September, may well consider, before setting out upon what is really one of the big spending sprees of her lifetime.

"Yes, Ma'am," remarks the suave salesman in charge of the great carpets and rugs display, "These are genuine Persian, Afghan and Beluchistan weaves, purchased before the outbreak of the war. As you know, the importation of Oriental rugs has now practically ceased. What you see here is our whole available supply. And, as we are going to quit stocking rugs for the present, we have cut prices to make a clean sweep of them. This Kermanshaw, now—by the way, what size is your room?"

Little wife is impressed with the unusual design and beauty of a wonderful square which is being displayed. Almost involuntarily—"It's 13.5 x 11.4," she replies, only to color in confusion at being trapped into such an admission. "But I told you," she hastens to add, "that we are not going to buy; we were only looking at them. We can not afford—"

"Just so! just so!" agrees the other easily, as he proceeds to spread before them a Malabar of wonderful color, and of the exact size, "still, a cheap rug wears no time and it never looks well. A good article, on the other hand, although it costs a bit more, keeps its color while there is a rag of it left, and it wears four times as long. So that it is really much the cheaper. Now, there is real distinction to this rug. Notice the—"

"Are those reductions genuine?" asks George, who has been examining some of the price tickets.

"Absolutely," avers the salesman.

"Well, it's a bargain, all right," George delivers judgment.

"Oh, I'm sure it is!" agrees the wifie. "But we can't possibly afford it, can we, dear?"

"To-day's price only $95, regular price $165," chants the salesman significantly.

"It just matches our sitting room portieres," observes the little woman, "but,"—with a covetous wee sigh—"we've already spent so much on that room—"

THE salesman has been watching intently the expression upon George's face. Now, for some reason, he hastens to play his trump card. "If the gentleman wishes," he casually observes, "he is at liberty to take advantage of our deferred payments plan of purchase. A deposit upon account secures the rug, and it is delivered to your home to use. The balance is divided into a number of equal sums which are made payable monthly or as may be convenient to you. In this case the amount—"

A woman's soul cries out for artistic oddities.

"But I won't have a collector calling at my house!" breaks in the little woman, detrisively.

"No necessity," the polite attendant earnestly assures them. "You mail your cheque, or you can hand it in here at the desk."

"And what are the interest charges?" enquires George.

"There is no interest charge," smiles the other affably. "There is no extra charge whatever—nothing added to the cash price—bargains the same."

The wife looks towards her husband. Their eyes meet in silent consultation. Then, "We shall take the rug," says she.

Husband and wife are agreed, usually, that they want their home comfortably furnished—the accent on the comfort, so far as the man is concerned. The woman hopes for some degree of elegance in at least the sitting room. And rugs are an example of the few articles of house-furnishings regarding which the average thrifty housewife feels that she may stretch a point, because, as the salesman said, there is real advantage in purchasing a superior weave.

The credit system illustrated above is that followed, with variations, of course, in some of the larger stores. A little camouflage is commonly employed by giving it a name in which the word "Club" has a prominent place. And in some stores the cash customer and the one who pays up within thirty days get a discount upon the marked price, usually ten per cent.

When the newly-weds "went into debt"—as George's rather panicky little wife put it—for their parlor rug, she registered the vow, Never Again!

"Because, George," said she—and her words they were plain—"that money has to be paid, even although we have a little time in which to get it. And, just think! what a dreadful thing it would be if anything happened to you, or if I took sick or met with an accident, so we couldn't meet the payments. I've been looking over our copy of that awful agreement which we signed without ever hardly looking at it, and it reads just like a mortgage. They could take away the rug if we missed even one payment, and they could take us into court and sue us. And those bailiff men might be so horrid! And—and my washwoman was telling—was telling me that—that—" her voice trailed away in tears.

George naturally concluded—as a young husband is naturally expected to do!—that he had been somehow to blame, and that it was up to him to kiss away those tears. This being successfully accomplished, they mutually and severally once again renewed their vow—"Never Again!" No, indeed! Never again!!

So, had they been able to see themselves as others see, they might have wondered to observe themselves some weeks later in a piano store, spellbound, listening "like a three-years child" to the siren song of a star salesman. In those dear, dead courtship days, before George led her from her father's house, many an evening of exquisite pleasure had the two young people spent together, she at the piano and he with his violin. Now—they had no piano, and there was no music in the new house, for George refused to play solos. A part of this information the piano man gleaned from casual conversation and part he guessed. Deftly he led them to make further admissions, until they had revealed to him all the pathos of their longings. Then, skilfully, almost cruelly sure, he played, as it were, upon their very heart strings.

IN a surprisingly short space of time the curtain was ready to ring down upon the little drama. The salesman invited the wife to try the tone of a particularly fine instrument. She gladly did so, surrendering herself to the influence of the music for she knew not how long. When, as she arose, George saw the tremble in those sensitive dear lips, his heart was as water. He drew the man apart for a quiet chat. And when they rejoined her the deed had been done.

"The piano is yours, Madam," announced the salesman.

"But, George!" she breathed, in a frightened whisper, a sense of abysmal debt succeeding the first tumultous surge of delight—"George, we can't! We can't! We can't afford it!"

"Now, dearie,"—George resolutely takes hold of the situaton—"listen! Listen carefully to me. I have been doing some figuring. How much are you going to spend for clothing this year? Nothing; because you already have everything complete. The same with me: I don't need one thing. Think of that saving! Think of it—we won't have to lay out a dollar for at least a whole twelve months for your dresses or hats or boots or my suits or shirts. Everything we have is brand new and in style, and we have lots, so we don't have to buy a single thing. Think of that big saving! Well, this gentleman and I have figured it out carefully, and we find that what we save in this way will buy that piano. So I've—"

"No, George, we mustn't."

"But, dear—"

"Pardon me, Madam," the salesman comes to George's assistance, "but you should regard a piano as an investment. Consider this: you have already spent—or your parents have spent it—a very considerable amount for your training, and you have given years of your life to the study of the piano. Are you prepared to throw all this lightly aside? You need—must have—the instrument to save that investment and make it permanent. And a piano will help you save money, because a large proportion of the moneys which otherwise you would spend in various pleasures will be diverted into paying for the piano and will thus be saved. Then, there are other considerations. Your husband plays the violin, and he—"

"Darling!" George breaks in, all enthusiasm, "I'll get out the violin, and we'll sort over the music, and we'll play all the old stuff this very night—every night, just as we used to do! You'll—turning to the other man—Could you, you could get it up for us right away? So we can play to-night?"

The salesman assures them that he can and will. And—well, about this time the lights come on. In other words, the contract is signed which makes the young couple custodians of a handsome and rather expensive piano, the payments upon which will nibble quite appreciably at George's income for many a moon.

Their's, however, are rather exceptional circumstances, and if George keeps his health and his good job the chances are that all will turn out well. What was said regarding the investment feature has force; George, probably, will not for years be in a better position than he is now to take on the expense. The salesman might have added—although he wouldn't, under the circumstances—that it is the part of wisdom to plan to have the piano ready for the children as they grow up, so they can learn to play when young. Then is the only time!

A DRAWBACK to the credit systems of purchase is the fatal opportunity they give the enthusiastic person to over-mortgage his future. It's a poor thing to have every dollar in that little pay envelope spoken for before one gets his hands on it. It grows irksome in time. There's a wonderful pleasure in "just spending" even a very little real money. Then, Heaven from all creatures hides the book of the future. No one knows what or when some unforeseen circumstance may arise which requires extra expenditure. It may be the chance to take a longed-for trip or a sudden call for extra clothes, or any one of a thousand things. It is sometimes a desperate disappointment—maybe a tragedy! not to be able to finance these exigencies. The sore shin and the rainy day belong to the same dead certain class of probabilities as death and taxes.

George and his bride subsequently purchased their dining room suite and their electric washer also on the time basis. As George had suggested, they provided for the payments on these by setting aside that proportion of his salary which under normal circumstances would be required for their clothes. And each article which they secured—the piano, the dining room suite, the sitting room rug, and the electric washer—was a permanent investment which had peculiar claims to recommend it for immediate purchase. Beyond a few articles of this class there is grave reason to question whether a young couple would be well-advised to buy goods on the instalment plan.

Somewhat akin to the instalment system are the deposit account and the charge account. The deposit account is mainly a simple convenience, (*Continued on page 33*)

Sit down in a Gossard and realize its superior comfort and style.

What

GOSSARD

Corsets

The Original Front-Lacing Corsets

mean to the health and the efficiency of patriotic women

ALL women are working today. With tireless devotion they have willingly accepted the strenuous war-time tasks in the house, in the office, in the factory, in the Red Cross rooms, in the war gardens.

They are accomplishing miracles. But the human element must be considered and woman's efficiency in these difficult tasks depends upon her health.

And her health depends largely upon her corset. The Gossard Corset is worn by women who are doing their part for the Great Cause and who have found that corsets have become indispensable to those women who would give their best to the Great Cause.

The health, comfort, service and style found in every Gossard Corset will never be found in any other corset and least of all in those attempted imitations of the Gossard principles of front lacing.

Insist upon the genuine Gossard. The name *Gossard* on the inside of the corset means inimitable Gossard designing that gives to every type of figure an unequalled style value together with soft, pliable materials, lightly and scientifically boned, that insure perfect comfort whether standing, sitting or bending.

The Gossard front, that eliminates all appearance of fat or thickness, offers an abdominal support that insures the health. The perfect Gossard back gives a complete support that prevents the back muscles tiring, even under the most unaccustomed strain. In a Gossard will never be known that terror of the busy woman—three o'clock fatigue.

Remember, every woman can attain ideal proportions in a Gossard. This offers the opportunity for a pleasing dress economy by enhancing the style and beauty of the most inexpensive frock or suit. And a further economy will be found in the wearing service of every Gossard that alone is worth the price paid, whether it be $2.00, $2.50, $2.75, $3.00, $3.50, $4.00, $5.50 or more.

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Wear Gossard CORSETS *They Lace In Front*

Worn with Health and Comfort by Women the World Over

Laugh-Time Tales

"Life Without Laughing is a Dreary Blank"

Aesthetic

TWO fair munition workers were discussing their personal affairs.

"Got a chap yet, Liz?" enquired one.

"Yes; and he's a regular toff. He's manager at —"

"You don't say so! Why, they tell me he's real refined."

"Rather! Why, he took me to a restaurant last week, and when we had coffee he poured it into a saucer to cool it, but he didn't blow it like common people would—he fanned it with his hat."

An Eccentric!

A CERTAIN learned Queen's counsel was arguing a commercial case before a learned judge. In doing so he had occasion to speak repeatedly of an "eccentric," and the judge at length asked him what an eccentric was. The magistrate said he was familiar with the term as applied to individuals, but not to things. The Queen's counsel at once replied, "An eccentric," he said, "is a circular disc whose centre is not in the middle."

A Question of Speed

"NOW, boss, I's ready to go anywhere dey wants to send me," said a dusky citizen in a Southern city on Registration Day, after performing his patriotic duty. "Boss, jes' anywhere! But I ask jes' one thing and 'at is don't put me in NO cavalry."

"Why do you draw the line on the cavalry?" asked the registrar.

"It's jes' like dis. When I's told to retreat, I don't want to be bothered with NO hoss."

All Not in Sight

ONE day, as Pat halted at the top of the river bank a man famous for his inquisitive mind stopped and hailed him:

"How long have you hauled water for the village, my good man?"

"Ten years, sor."

"Ah, how many loads do you take in a day?"

"From tin to fifteen, sor."

"Ah, yes! Now I have a problem for you. How much water at this rate have you hauled in all?"

The driver of the watering-cart jerked his thumb backward toward the river and replied:

"All the water yez don't see there now, sor."

Fair Warning

THE following appeared as an advertisement in the Adams (Ga.) Enterprise:

The next cow of mine that's killed by an automobile won't die alone. I've just bought a new shotgun.—J. Wilks.

Losing Count

TOMMY: Half of 'em we got with machine-gun fire, half of 'em with the rifle, then we fixed bayonets and killed another half of 'em!

Funny Man: And what happened to the rest?

Tommy: Oh, we took 'em prisoners!

A Real Sherlock

THE creator of Sherlock Holmes tells an amusing story against himself.

During a lecture tour through the United States he arrived one day in Boston and was considerably astonished when a cabman accosted him and addressed him by name.

"How did you know who I was?" said Sir Conan Doyle, much interested, and not a little flattered by the recognition.

"If you'll excuse me saying so," said the cabman, "the lapels of your coat look as if they had been grabbed by New York reporters, your hair looks as if it had been cut in Philadelphia, your hat looks as if you had had to stand your ground in Chicago, and your right shoe has evident Buffalo mud under the instep, and—and—"

"And what?" queried Sir Arthur.

"Well," replied the cabman, "I saw 'Conan Doyle' in big white letters on your trunk!"

Thoughtless!

BILL SMITH, like many another hero, had been "out there" and done his bit, with the result that he was now sitting up in bed in a Blighty hospital ward, with his head bandaged. He had had numerous visitors who had put many foolish questions to him, and he began to "get the wind up' when another lady drew near and remarked sympathetically:

"And have you been wounded?"

"Oh, no!" Bill answered, "I was leaning against a barrage, when it lifted!"

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"It's a long way to Tipperary"

This great picture, reproduced from the famous painting, in full colors, on high art paper with deep Mat Border, size 15x12, all ready for framing, is yours for the asking.

To secure this picture, send me the names and addresses of 10 boys or girls in your town—boys and girls who want to fill their pockets with money, as well as win many handsome prizes. I have an exceptional opportunity for them, an opportunity that every father and mother will encourage them to take advantage of.

I want to get the names of these boys and girls, so that I can tell them all about this big money proposition. I am willing to pay you at the rate of 10 cents for each name. The picture I am offering you is valued at $1.00.

Remember, this is no mail order proposition. I have no task for the boys and girls. What I have to offer them is something that will pay them well and will be a big factor in training them to become useful citizens.

Send the names and addresses of 10 boys or girls to-day, and the beautiful picture will be mailed to you immediately. Remember, it is costing you only a 3 cent stamp to get a dollar's worth of value. This is easy for you. The proposition for the boys and girls is just as easy. Send your names to-day, to

BOYS' & GIRLS' DEPT.
Everywoman's World
259 Spadina Avenue, Toronto

The front lace corset combines grace and convenience.

The Art of Proper Corseting

By

HELEN CORNELIUS

THE exacting scientific mind is satisfied that women have always worn corsets—not because they wanted to, but because they needed to—but never in the history of corsets, which dates back to and even before the days of the iron torturous confiners that queens and peasants alike aspired to, have comfort in a corset, its durability and lengthy wearing properties been of greater importance than to-day to the women of the "Hour," who have thrown themselves into every activity that men are heir to. There's the nursing sister, the ambulance driver, the "Waacs," the farmerette, the munition maker, the aviatrice, the elevator operator, etc., and last but not least, the "hand that rocks the cradle," who has come down through the centuries and taken her place in the front rank of the women behind the men, behind the guns! The majority of these soldierettes behind the lines and those "keeping the home fires burning," the guns filled with ammunition, are wearing uniforms and a smart, trim, neat appearance, and upright military bearing are essential.

Both the English Ministry of Munitions and the United States Health Board recognize the vital importance of corsets in war work from the standpoint of health as well as comfort and appearance. In England an attempt was made to design garments for women munition workers that would dispense with the wearing of the corset, an attempt that met with utter failure. It was satisfactorily proven that women, working in whatsoever industry or calling, need the support of the modern corset and this conclusion set at naught whatever doubt may have existed in the minds of the so called "unlearned" whether the manufacture of corsets was an essential industry or not.

Steel has been requisitioned to some extent for aeroplane manufacture, and of course there is no substitute for steel as a corset boning, but very little of the restricted material is needed to supply a very large industry, and therefore the corset industry is placed in a position well up on the priority list in getting certain raw materials and fuel.

The investigator of the United States Health Bureau stated in his report regarding the posture of the garment workers of New York City that it was evident that defective postures were not so frequent among women as men, and the modern corset had proven to be a decided aid in the prevention of very bad postures. Secondly, consciousness of the personal appearance is a far more powerful influence in females than in males, and in as much as, until very recently, the prevailing styles and the type of corset used are not becoming unless the posture assumed by the wearer be more or less correct, women have a powerful incentive to good postures.

In England, the Ministry of Munitions, who are the largest employers of female labor, have found that women can do far more work with a corset than without one. In line with the consideration of physical perfection, an eminent physician was recently heard to remark that the noticably improved health of many women during the past few years, women too, who have been subjected to many untoward conditions consequent upon their inception in lines of work allotted to men only for ages past, was due for the most part, to better and more intensive thinking and more sensible dressing. The latter includes the smart but sane, moderately heeled shoes now in vogue, and the freedom loving, unconfining, but correct corsets—those which feature safeguarding health propensities and ensure perfect freedom of the diaphragm, though never permitting an accumulation of flesh. It is not necessary to hold a figure in close restraint in order to secure perfection of line.

Some of the advance designs that will commend themselves to the discriminating.

When one-third of the worldly wise women of to-day trips out of her limousine and interviews her modiste on the prospects of a new wardrobe, the other third runs her eye over the latest fashion page in search of a suitable model to rebuild her last year's "perfectly good blue serge," and the latter third stops at the fifteen cent pattern counter and in joyful anticipation, runs home with a few yards of "this" and some of "that" to go with it, tucked under her arm, "perfectly wonderful bargains, you know,"—there's a mental picture lodged at the back of the mind of each called "The Finished Product," perfect in every detail of coloring, line and charm. Invisible to the eye of the initiated, but clearly perceptible to the feminine connoisseur is the key note—the corset—upon which rests the success or failure of the tout ensemble. It plays the part of friend in need, and does its bit to uphold the morale of the allied army of soldier-sisters.

THE forecasts for Autumn's fashion openings are again of a patriotic turn of mind in so far as the conservation of material is concerned, more particularly wool, which must needs be the basis of one's winter frock or suit. This means scant skirts, and, generally speaking, a mode of dress that all but boasts of revealing the outline of the figure, sans camouflage.

It naturally follows that the corset which combines grace, ease, comfort, and encourages the popular and approved military bearing, will be the most desirable.

A summary glance at the early Autumn corsets shows no radical change from the styles of last year, but every type of figure from that of the school girl of ten years, sans curves, to the modern grandmother whose back needs supporting, has been given consideration. Any woman may realize the ideal proportions of her particular type and the youthfulness of outline that makes possible the wearing of the prevailing frocks and fancies of fashion, without the tedium and expense of alterations. Generally speaking, corsets will be quite long, coming down almost to the knees, in the extreme, and low in the bust, with here and there variations to meet the demands of stout and thin, and lightly boned. One model is designed for the needs of the heavy and medium figures that will distribute the flesh so as to mold the entire figure to slighter lines and give the appearance of greatly reduced weight. It is of medium height, of sufficient fullness at the top to support the well developed bust and confine the heavy flesh at the back. Imagine this triumph for the larger ladies, whose flights of fancy reach the heights of Venus de Milo.

The importance of "holding the line" at the critical point—the back, in the matter of correct corseting is an achievement, the precedent of which was established some years ago by one particular type of corset, and despite the diversity of fashions the "inoffensive offensive" of bouffants and bustles, pleats and placquets, that line still holds, is unbroken and of greater strength and importance to-day than ever before. While the stout figure cannot be correctly fitted in the model made only for slim sisters, many a portly matron owes her svelte silhouette to this superior make.

The simplicity of style and straight silhouette, the prevailing mode of a world at war, makes the corset that features the advantage of the uninterrupted back line, with front line lacings, a veritable boon to womenkind.

The woman who attempts to play some part in this world-drama, and there are very few who are not devoting the greater part of their days to the winning of the war, finds very little time for the proverbial forty winks lolling in the lap of luxury on downy cushions in a fluff of a negligee while the sun sprinkles the world with gold. But a snatched nap without the necessity of discarding one's street attire or uniform completely is a

(*Continued on page 27*)

"—now on a hot day try this inviting and economical dish" says Mrs. Knox

Fruit Salad Supreme

Soak one envelope Knox Sparkling Gelatine in one-half cup cold water and add two cups boiling water, one half cup mild vinegar and one-half cup sugar. Strain and when mixt to begin to thicken add three cups fresh fruit, being careful, oranges, bananas or other soft fruits, to cut fine and not mash. Turn into wet moulds first dipped in cold water, and keep in move from mold to rest of crisp ice and when set unmold and accompany with mayonnaise or boiled salad dressing.

THIS is just a sample of the many delightful and nutritious summer dishes that you can make from the odds and ends of meat, fish, vegetables and fruit that are often thrown away, if you realize the real food conservation possibilities of Knox Sparkling Gelatine. You will find other equally attractive and inexpensive recipes in Mrs. Knox's "Food Economy" booklet—all of them bearing the approval of the Food Administrators. Send for a free copy. Mention your dealer's name and address.

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In the Realm of Books

What's What in the Newest Literature

By NORAH M. HOLLAND

The Flying Teuton

By Alice Brown
The MacMillan Co. of Canada
Price $1.50

THIS is a volume of short stories from the pen of Alice Brown, one of the most popular of the American Short Story writers. The tales are varied in style and theme, but each and all of them show the skill of the practised writer. "The Flying Teuton," from which the book takes its name, is a re-embodiment of the old legend of the Flying Dutchman.

The Flag

By Chas. P. Band and Emilie L. Stovel
Musson Book Co.
Price 25c.

THIS little booklet gives a concise and interesting history of the gradual development of our national ensign, from the days when only the Cross of St. George was emblazoned upon its folds, to the present time.

This work is succinctly and clearly written and is embellished by pictures showing the various stages of growth until the evolution of our modern Union Jack. It should be a useful reference book and all citizens of Canada should find more than usual interest in its perusal, just now when so many of our noblest are fighting beneath its folds.

Deductions from the World War

By Baron von Freytag-Loringhoven
McClelland, Goodchild & Stewart
Price $1.25.

BARON Von Freytag-Loringhoven, the author of this book, is the most distinguished soldier writer of Prussia. The present work was written for German consumption and its export from Germany was prohibited, in spite of which fact several copies have found their way to outside countries. The book is interesting as an attempt to lay the foundations of history—from the German point of view.

Twenty Poems from Rudyard Kipling

The MacMillan Co. of Canada
Price 30c.

THE poems in this bijou collection were selected for the purpose by Mr. Kipling himself. Sixteen of them have already appeared in book form, but the remaining four have not hitherto been printed in any of Mr. Kipling's books. This is an unusual Kipling offering and very attractive at the price.

Sister Carrie

By Theodore Dreisser
Musson Book Co.
Price, $1.50

DEAR little Sister Carrie knew
That gold and gayety should be
Her lot. She meant to have them too,
But wouldn't work for them, you see.
She met a drummer in the street,
And wept and told him all her woes,
He gave her dainty things to eat,
And dollar bills, and pretty clothes.
He took a flat and lived with her,
And Carrie found him very kind;
He was her ardent worshipper,
But oh, he was so unrefined.
Then Hurstwood came into her life,
With more of wealth and greater wit,
Also two children and a wife—
Which Carrie did not mind a bit.
But Hurstwood made a great mistake,
(He really wasn't in her class)
He stole some money for her sake,
Then lost it all—the silly ass!
She bore with him until he put
His final shekel up the spout,
And then she knew he was a brute,
And very properly, got out.
So then she went upon the stage
As she had long ago decided,
She was the wonder of the age—
And Hurstwood promptly suicided.
Now she has clothes and wealth in store
And eats, and fun, and loads of glory,
But still she's crying out for more
And always will. So ends the story.

Northcliffe, Britain's Man of Power

By W. P. Carson
Geo. J. McLeod, Ltd.
Price $2.00

THE old proverb, "No man is a hero to his valet," if for "valet" you read "employe," finds a signal refutation in the pages of this volume by Mr. W. E. Carson, who was formerly American correspondent of the Northcliffe papers. The 456 pages of the volume contain one long paean of praise. To Mr. Carson, "The King can do no wrong." He says of his subject: "Modern history contains no such character as this forceful man, who holds no public office, and yet is able to make or unmake governments by welding millions of supporters together in carrying out his great enterprises for his country's welfare. Through his extraordinary genius and ability, as the facts have shown, he has unified British democracy, which, under his guidance, has transformed Great Britain into a single-minded, purposeful nation whose constant aim is efficiency."

The Bible at a Single View

By Richard G. Moulton
MacMillan Co. of Canada
Price, $1.00

DR. MOULTON, in this book, has endeavored to present a concise and clear view of the Bible as a whole, in order to prepare for a more detailed study later. He insists very strongly on the literary form of the Bible, pointing out several errors into which people have fallen through failure to realize the importance of this. In an appendix he offers a course in Bible reading, calculated to save time and energy, and to bring better results than disorganized reading.

Outwitting the Hun

By Lieut. Pat O'Brien
Musson Book Co.
Price $1.50

LIEUT. O'BRIEN was a young American Irishman who joined the Canadian Flying Corps in 1916 and in May 1917 left for overseas. Of his squadron he says: "Every man jack of us who had met the enemy in France, with one exception, has appeared on the casualty list." He himself, after being shot down while 8,000 feet in the air, was taken prisoner by the Germans, and by a daring leap from a train, regained his freedom, and after many hairbreadth adventures and escapes, finally succeeded in reaching the Dutch frontier and safety. The book is an interesting and exciting one and should have a wide circulation among those interested in the war.

Canadian Men of Action—Brock

By Hugh S. Eayrs
MacMillan Co. of Canada
Price 50c.

THIS volume is the first of a new and important series of books, intended to do for Canada what the "English Men of Action" series has done for English history; that is, record the growth and development of the country by means of short sketches of its important men. Mr. Eayrs, the author of "Brock," is already known to the reading public of Canada as the writer, in collaboration with T. B. Costain, of a war novel of some merit, "The Amateur Diplomat."

The Lost Naval Papers

By Bennet Copplestone
Thomas Allen
Price $1.50

THIS is a series of spy-stories, bound into a consecutive narrative by the figure of Dawson, a detective of an entirely new type, who succeeds in outwitting the German agents by a combination of audacity, and ingenuity. The character of Dawson is well sketched and the adventures through which he passes are vividly and interestingly set forth. Mr. Copplestone has succeeded in writing a very readable chronicle of the Secret Service.

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The Art of Proper Corseting

(Continued from page 25)

luxury that finds a welcome niche in a world of busy women. One of the chief charms of this season's new corsets is the ease with which it may be adjusted by its front lacing facilities, thereby making the nap in mid-day a possibility without removing one's most closely allied garments. The same lines you had when these styles were new may be retained in your oldest pair through this simple adjustment which is best operated when standing before one's mirror seeing and adjusting the lacings to obtain a flat abdomen, a curve under the bust and perfect freedom above the waist line.

Corsets, unlike many other essentials of the modern wardrobe cannot always be judged by their face value as it were, for it is in the actual wearing of this garment that its merits or demerits mak themselves known and felt. It is therefore wise to devote a little time and thought to the matter, and to the best of one's ability be guided by individuality. Upon approaching one's corsetiere, stipulate your requirements, enumerate your defects if there are any, and then be guided as much as possible by what your corset "doctor" advises, with deep consideration expended upon the features of each model and make she may advise.

One oft-tried-and-never-found-wanting make of corset emphasizes the black rubber covered boning and flexible topped clasps as specially essential features of their corset. They also guarantee a natural figure curve, eliminating the heretofore boxy effect above the waist line, and a more slender appearance, doing away with the broad back below the waist.

FOR the woman of medium figure is designed the perfect topless corset. It is of satin weave broche, finished with satin ribbon and lace frill. For the figure slightly fuller and in need of higher bust lines, the mercerized, brocaded model is an assurance of flat back and freedom above the waist line. For general or evening wear this corset would be suitable.

ters this season. Its charm is in the color and girlish line, but its most commendable feature is the fact that it can either be cleaned with gasoline or washed.

One of the daintiest models that will appeal to the woman of light or medium build is fashioned of fancy silk batiste in white and pink. This transparent but utilitarian piece of milady's wearing apparel is not only charming to look at but offers the new silhouette in the most complete detail.

For the bride's fluffy cloud puff trousseau there is a model made of soft silk brocade enriched with a wild rose design on a background of tricot pattern. Of course it is white and finished with little pleatings of white net top and bottom. It is lightly boned and altogether ideal in detail.

For the large hipped figure a special model comes, made of a firm beautiful silk broche, with close scientific boning that confines and reduces the thighs and perfects the hip line by distributing the flesh to better proportions.

ANOTHER model which meets the demand for a corset that will accent fashion's decree for flat hip and back lines is chiefly desirable because of the straight lines below the waist and ample fulness at top of the corset which takes care of the flesh above the waist line and supports the figure to the delightful silhouette. Pekin striped coutil, in pink, was selected for this style.

The daintiness of youth is reflected in another model made of silk batiste, and lightly boned, which accents the waist just slightly and is most suitable for the slight and medium figure.

Figured mercerized broche in pink and white, a material utilitarian and generally suitable, fashions a model of long skirt and decidedly flat lines, and ample fulness at the top, which curves upward to obviate the fulness through the diaphragm.

A corset of mercerized batiste, mercerized coutil, or figured mercerized broche, of medium length and height

REWARD

The Continental Publishing Company, Limited will pay

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If the holder of this number will return her or his copy to this office by registered mail, the above amount will be immediately paid. Address as follows:—Reward: EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD, Continental Building. Toronto, Ontario.

The woman who is a bit full in the diaphragm and casts a longing eye in the direction of slim lines, will be well pleased with a new model of this season which is equipped with a wide band of elastic sewn to the inside of the corset under the arms. This slips through little slits at each side of the front, and is fastened together with snappers at the middle of the figure, holding the diaphragm comfortably and firmly without, any unpleasant restraint. It is lightly but firmly boned, high enough to support the bust and quite long over the hips. For the woman who sings, makes patriotic speeches or indulges in any other activity that requires diaphragm action, this corset is ideal.

The double skirt corset for war work, so named because constructed of double cloth, double boning and double wearing strength, is an innovation of the season. It is made of durable, washable coutil or batiste, inexpensive and rust-proof, ready to face the erstwhile ravages of good, hard wear and hold its ground without a break.

The field service corset, made of khaki colored Grecian treco with coutil section front and back, is the corset of the moment. It is low in the bust with medium length skirt and lightly boned. It clasps in front, and above the front clasp are two hooks, a feature which adds to the comfort of movement when assuming different positions in work or recreation. Two little pockets with flap fasteners large enough to hold the average sized bill holder or cardcase, on either side of the front, finish this corset.

The very antithesis to this latter model is the dainty affair of pink satin, short of waist, long of hip and light of bone, which has received a fair share of adoption by the younger matrons and their dainty daughmeets the demands of the woman of moderate means, whose eye is trained to economy and comfort. For those with an extra penny to spend and where the need demands, the range of corsets is sufficient extensive and diversified to meet the requirements of everywoman, everywhere!

As incomparable in fit, materials and originality of design as some of these new corsets, are the new brassieres, one of which is illustrated on this page. They are designed for the average figure and made to suit the taste of the eternal feminine in a combination of flesh satin and filet lace. Batiste, linen, khaki-colored Grecian treco, all over embroidery, Venetian cloth or all lace, and with or without boning, are the material employed in the making of many of these brassieres.

The cost of cotton goods, steel, trimmings, hose supporters and other items used in corset construction has reached an unbelievable point to those unfamiliar with this market. A shortage of these materials has asserted itself too, necessitating a slight increase in the cost of the average corset, but this is not so ominous that the woman in moderate or reduced circumstances cannot afford to retain her figure.

As corset manufacturers have patriotically pledged themselves to co-operate with the Government in every way, it means new economies and reduction of the number of styles shown, the elimination of some novelties and uncertain styles.

While the production of corsets may be curtailed as a war necessity, greater thought and care has been given to the quality of the goods produced, for the simple reason that they will be called upon for a greater amount of wear and service. The corsets that are featured to-day give the greatest value for a reasonable amount of money.

How 12,000 Women Learned to Make Their Own Clothes

By Elizabeth June Christie

I RECENTLY had an experience so interesting that I believe every reader of Everywoman's World will be glad to know about it. One day not long ago in Montreal I met a very dear friend of mine whom I had not seen since early last Spring. She was wearing such a perfectly charming dress that I simply had to express my admiration. "Maybe if I could afford to patronize the exclusive shops," I ventured, and I fear just a bit enviously, "I could have a gown as wonderfully stylish and becoming as that."

And then Grace looked at me and smiled. "Would you really like to meet the modiste who designed and made this dress—every stitch and seam of it?" she said. "Then gaze upon her. I made it all myself."

My lessons are clear and complete. I told my husband I had invested a small sum of money that was bringing me a gold mine. At first I kept my course a secret but decided the best way to repay you was to show others my work. This I am doing.
Mrs. Hortense F. Severy,
16 Ryde Park Ave.
Hamilton, Ont.

"Why, my dear," I exclaimed, "I never knew you did any sewing at all."

"I never did until a few months ago. But in those few months I've learned to make all my own clothes — not merely just to make them but to make them as dresses are made in the best shops. I've learned to draft from my own measurements patterns that fit perfectly—or to adapt any tissue pattern — I've learned to really develop style in a garment—and to individualize it—to copy a garment I see on the street, in a shop window, or in a fashion magazine and yet put in those little touches that are meant just for me.

"Then I've learned every step of fitting, making, trimming, finishing—everything. My dear, not a hand but mine touched this dress from the day I selected the materials until I put it on just as you see it now. And here's something more. I know you well enough to tell you that this dress, which would be priced at least $30 in a shop, cost me just exactly $9.50!"

"But, tell me," I said still puzzled, "Where did you go to learn it all? How did you find the time?"

"I went to school," she answered, "on my own front porch and in that sunny back sitting room—I went whenever I had an hour or even a few minutes to spare. My teacher I have never seen, although I feel that she is one of my warmest friends. I learned it all, my dear Elizabeth, through the Woman's Institute. And if you want to give your readers some news that will win their everlasting gratitude in these days of soaring prices, tell them the story of what the Woman's Institute is doing for more than 12,000 women."

SO that is how I happened to be sitting three days later, across the table from Mrs. Mary Brooks Picken, listening to the perfectly wonderful story of this great school which has brought happiness, and the joy of having pretty clothes, and savings almost too good to be true, into thousands upon thousands of homes, all over America and in foreign lands! Mrs. Picken is Director of Instruction of the Woman's Institute, a practical expert dressmaker with years of experience, a great heart and a sympathetic understanding of woman's needs and every-day home problems. She is so enthusiastic about the good the Institute is doing that her face fairly beamed as she talked.

"Every woman knows," she was saying, "that she could have many more clothes—for much less money if she could make them herself. But how is a busy housewife to learn dressmaking if she must leave her home to take employment as a dressmaker's apprentice or to attend a resident school? It was that condition of things that led us to develop an entirely new method of teaching dressmaking by which the instruction is given entirely by mail. This means that now any woman, no matter where she may live, may learn everything about dressmaking right in her own home in spare time. Not merely the essentials, but the whole art of dressmaking, designing, cutting, fitting and the construction of garments of every kind.

"It is not necessary that she even know how to make a simple stitch. The instruction begins with stitches and seams and is not finished until the student can design, cut, fit and make with her own hands a gown, suit or dress of any style, no matter how elaborate."

"And do you also teach students how to renovate and remodel their old clothes and hats?" I asked.

"Of course," was her answer, "else our courses would surely be incomplete. We have many reports from students who have been able, with our help, to design and produce new dresses and hats of the very latest styles from those they had never hoped to wear again because they were out of date.

"Our lessons are written in everyday words that even children understand. Then, too, every little step in the instruction is not only fully explained, but is actually shown by means of pictures—so that it is practically impossible for the student to make any mistakes. And every pupil receives personal help and instruction."

We went through the big instruction department and I watched the teachers at their work of examining reports, marking lessons, and dictating letters to students. Then I understood why the method of teaching is so wonderfully successful.

"I am sure," said Mrs. Picken, as we came back to her office, "that the readers of Everywoman's World would be interested in learning about our Canadian students. Nearly a thousand women in all parts of Canada have taken or are now taking our courses. We have been able to help a great many who have been thrown on their own resources as a result of the war."

Then she turned to a great pile of letters on her desk. "They come to us like this every day," she said, and she ran through and picked out several from Canadian women. One was from Mrs. Robertson, out in Nanton, Alberta, who wrote that although she was only half way through her course, she had already earned enough sewing for others to pay for her course twice over.

Another, Mrs. Patton, of Lauzon, Quebec, wrote: "My husband did not want me to take the course because he thought I would not succeed. Now that I am making such a success he is as happy as I am. And I have also convinced him that if I should be left alone with my babies, I should now be independent."

"YOU see," Mrs. Picken went on, "we not only teach a woman to make her own and her children's clothes but we give her so thorough a knowledge of dressmaking that she is able to take it up as a profession if she desires. Hundreds of our students learn dressmaking in spare time while doing other work and then step right into good positions as dressmakers or open their own shops, where they sometimes make two or three times as much money as formerly. One feature about our course is that it enables a woman to make practical, stylish garments while she learns. There are no tedious preliminaries. Almost at once a student starts making garments for herself or others.

"One wonderful thing about our work," she said, "is that we can reach every one. Among our students are women and girls at home, business women, farmer's wives, teachers, school girls, girls employed in offices, stores and factories. And there are, oh, so many mothers who simply pour out their thanks to us for teaching them how to have dainty clothes for their little ones at a mere fraction of what their clothes cost before.

Have been sewing for my little boy. Made all the patterns. Everything turned out fine. Have a tailored suit to make for a friend and a coat and some dresses for myself. If I had to earn my living I would know what to do.
Mrs. W. Stewart,
1038 Cartier St., Montreal, Que.

"Then, too," she said, "we have a course in millinery just as complete, fascinating and practical, by which a woman can quickly learn to make her own hats or qualify to take up millinery as a business.

"And we are now teaching Foods and Cookery—showing how to make your housekeeping easy and pleasant beside saving one-third your grocery, meat and fuel bills, in the same successful way."

"But tell me," I said, "how do you get your students?"

"Largely through the recommendations of our present students," she replied. "Their enthusiasm is contagious and their friends want to learn, too, so they write us. Then we publish three books, entitled 'Dressmaking Made Easy,' 'Millinery Made Easy,' and 'Cooking Made Easy,' which are mailed free on request."

And so, at her suggestion, I have arranged below, for the convenience of my readers, a coupon, which if mailed promptly will bring without any obligation, much more information about the Woman's Institute than I have been able to give here. Please be sure to state which subject interests you most

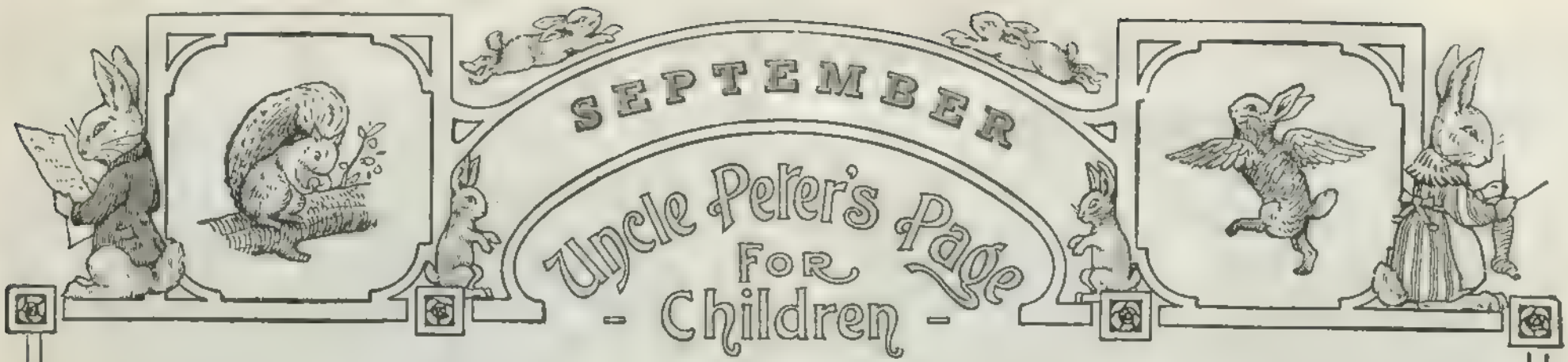
WOMAN'S INSTITUTE
Dept. 6 J, Scranton, Penna.

Please send me one of your booklets and tell me how I can learn the subject marked below:

☐Home Dressmaking ☐Millinery
☐Professional Dressmaking ☐Cooking
☐Teaching Sewing

Name _____
(Please specify whether Mrs. or Miss)

Address _____



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The Bunnies' Exchange

They Make Community Gardening a Success

IN the month of May, as you have read,
The Bunnies made a garden fine;
All summer long they worked it well,
While showers did fall and sun did shine.
The pictures here will make it plain
Their labors have not been in vain.

"What shall we do?" John Bunny asked,
"The best division to obtain?
For some have more and some have less,
And we must share things, that is plain.
Now I have carrots by the score,
While, as for turnips, I need more!"

"We'll bring our vegetables here
Together on a certain day,
And each shall have a special place
Where he beside his own may stay.
On certain values we'll agree,
That all may quite contented be."

The day was fine, the Bunnies met,
And each one brought what he had grown,
And every one contrived to get
The things he most desired to own.
John Bunny smiles, quite pleased, I guess,
To see his plan a great success.

Tomatoes, peas and beans, of course,
The Bunnies thought might well be canned;
Carrots were briskly bargained for,
And Beets were greatly in demand.
Those Bunnies knew well how it pays
To store ahead for winter days.

The day passed by, and at its end
John Bunny on a barrow stood,
Said he, "We've learned this pleasant day
Some lessons that should do us good.
Great profit we may gain, if we
Can with the eyes of others see.

The Bunnies then a council held
This knotty question to decide,
How best the various garden crops
They might with benefit divide.
They talked and wasted many a word;
All talked at once and none were heard.

Now wise John Bunny had a plan
(He feared the talk would never end),
He called for silence, and explained
The plan that he would recommend;
Said he, "We all must do our share
And hold a kind of "Garden Fair."

Four carrots were a cabbage worth,
Cabbage and cauliflowers the same,
Those Bunnies had the best demand
Who with the "Storage Produce" came,
For winter vegetables made
The basis of the Bunnies' trade.

Now Lettuce, Chard and dainty cress
Are very nice to eat, but they
Are not so useful as the rest—
They can't be canned and put away.
They're very welcome while they last,
But soon their usefulness is past.

"For we may trade in many things—
Ideas, and knowledge without end,
And through our daily intercourse
Learn something useful from each friend.
Thus we may study to improve
The little world in which we move."

Now Bunnies all, both great and small,
There is a lesson here for you,
If you have more than you can use
You'll know exactly what to do,
And keep a little, every one
To give to Bunnies who have none.

Nature Lessons

JOHN Bunny, one day in the summer
Took his family out for a walk.
Now what do you say? Shall we go the same way
And listen awhile to their talk?

Said John Bunny, "Observe, my dear children,
The birds as they flit through the trees,
We should all be quite glad if such wings we all had
And could fly through the air with such ease."

Said Benjamin Bunny, "The very idea
Makes me laugh,' and I think you'll agree
That a Bunny with wings would look awfully queer;
Just look at the picture and see.

Said John, "Now observe the poor fishes,
Not much of a life do they get,
They can't run, they can't fly, and however they try
They can't come in out of the wet."

"The owl as he sits on the fence post
Is sleepily nodding his head,
It shows he's no sense when he'll sit on that fence
While he ought to be home in his bed."

"Just look at Tim Squirrel above us,
As he sits on the branch of that tree,
Of nuts he's a store, but he's still getting more
For a wise little fellow is he."

"The frog as he sits in the rushes
Is trying his voice to improve,
But his notes are a joke, he can only just croak,
We would rather prefer he should move."

Said Benjamin Bunny, "These lessons
Are all of them perfectly plain,
We can notice their habits, but we're only rabbits
And rabbits we've got to remain."

The Canadian Y.M.C.A. Abroad

Sidelights and Activity with Our Reflections of Its Men "Over There"

Capt. S. R. Byles, Y.M.C.A. Secy.

THE Canadian Tommy in France is not only an adept at "going over the top," but he can put it over the footlights too, as a number of recent reports from correspondents at the front indicate. There are with the Canadian Army sixteen complete operatic companie who have achieved fame in the Thespian art, and who have learned the profession in intervals between heavy fighting.

It has been left to the Military Service Department of the Canadian Y.M.C.A. to inaugurate one of the most novel features of work on the Western Front, a Dramatic School within firing distance of the Canadian Line.

A hut 60 feet by 25 feet, divided into numerous rooms, constitutes the School proper. At one end a proscenium carefully built with a screen 12 ft. from the front of the footlights, upon which an audience is painted, produces an effective camouflage. Rendering the acquisition of the arts of Thespis much more easy than would otherwise be the case, are such features as the scenic studio where "drops" are prepared to any measurement, a stage carpenter's shop where all the intricate properties that are required in any production from grand opera to musical comedy, from sheer farce to drama, can be manufactured, and a costumiere's work-shop that would create envy in the mind of any lady. Sleeping accommodation for two or three parties is also provided in the same hut, and a quartermaster's stores filled with wigs and costumes and grease paints and a hundred and one things that go to make the equipment of any modern theatrical venture.

The officer in charge "lives, moves and has his being" in a studio specially equipped for the purpose and here the individuals from the various parties are "put through their paces before being allocated to their various tasks.

The method of tuition is probably unique. For instance, a Welshman, having an imperfect knowledge of good Canadian English, is taught the exact English pronunciation of words by means of the gramaphone. The technique of great artists as demonstrated in modern music is also illustrated by means of the same instrument.

A notable instance of this was afforded recently when the concert party attached to the 87th Battalion, Grenadier Guards of Canada, were instructed in the production of Sir Edward Elgar's new song cycle, "The fringes of the Fleet." Gramaphone records produced under Sir Edward's own supervision were obtained from England. The Officer in charge, being au fait with the scenic effects employed at the Coliseum Theatre, was able to have reproduced the necessary scenery. The result justified time and trouble, and to the great delight of thousands of Canadian soldiers a splendid production of the great British master was successfully reproduced at all parts of the line.

The musical director, a good Canadian from Ontario, is a graduate of Leipzig Conservatory of Music and the Royal College of Organiste, London.

The school is the only one of its kind in the world, and its success is assured. The work is carried on under all the difficulties occasioned by being comparatively near the line, and it is no uncommon experience for the three pianos in the school-house to be offering their modicum of noise, for the gramaphones to be instructing in its own peculiar "canned" method, and for the scream and crash of the German shells, joining in the general discord in an attempt to batter down the village, to be heard simultaneously.

Tommy's Favorite Order

"CUP of coffee and a packet of Woodbines (cigarettes) please."

Thus, writes Hebe Spaull in the London Daily Express, does Tommy give his favorite order at the Y.M.C.A. Canteen within the battle area.

The town is being heavily shelled, the German hordes are advancing, and everybody is expecting the place to be evacuated shortly. But there is no panic. It is "Business as usual" at the front. So Tommy gives his order and the Y.M.C.A. worker executes it as if nothing out of the ordinary were happening.

A few minutes later and the crisis comes. Soon it gets wind that fags and biscuits are to be had for the asking up at the hut, and hundreds of men besiege the place. It's an ill wind that blows nobody any good, and the Boche gives many a Tommy some free smokes that day before he goes into battle.

As for the workers of the hut, they "shut up shop," and go out towards the main road. There are the wounded to attend to.

Move On!

A very charming hut, with pretty latticed borders to the little parch of garden in front and duck-boards to the entrance. An altogether homely scene at any other time. Just now, however, it is a very hot spot—too hot to be used by the men.

Hard lines for the men, for they never needed it more than they do now. But, fortunately, when the mountain can't come to Mahomet, Mahomet can come to the mountain, and a trestle table is carried to the main road,

Charing Cross Y.M.C.A. Information Bureau. In the centre is the famous Charing Cross and in the rear the hotel of that name

where wounded and weary men are passing and repassing in a never-ending stream. The free hot drinks and biscuits served out to them nerve them to finish their awful journey.

A shell bursts thirty yards away, then four more almost simultaneously burst around the wayside refreshment "Bar." The workers pick themselves up uninjured from the ground. The Boches are already at too close quarters. The trestle table has to go.

Where the "Y" helps all comers. Red Cross and Red Triangle work hand in hand

Unfortunately, He Must!

ANOTHER hot sector of the line and another Y.M.C.A. hut. The leaping flames from the officers' annexe indicate that the workers have been "shelled out" of their quarters by the Boche.

Of course, shells here are the order of the day—and night—and the men may as well have the benefit of any stores remaining in the main building. Certainly the Boches are near, very near, but even the stoutest heart can face a foe better after a good hot drink. Anyhow, it is worth making the attempt to reach the hut, and two of the workers make it. Half way an officer recognizes and stops them. "You can't go there," he remarks grimly, pointing in the direction of the hut. "The Boche is in it. We've sent a party of our men to turn him out."

Certainly, entertaining Tommy has its difficulties during a German offensive.

Nevertheless, the British soldier's humor does not forsake him even when he goes to meet the advancing German hordes and says good-bye to the last vestige of the civilities of life.

"I wouldn't leave this little wooden hut for years," was the laconic comment of one man, on leaving one for the battle line, "but, unfortunately, I have to.

Seasick? Perhaps, but Not Homesick!

ONE of the five secretaries selected by the Canadian Y.M.C.A. for transport service with our boys going overseas is Captain S. R. Byles, late Assistant Chief of the Y.M.C.A. Staff at Halifax, N.S.

It is interesting to note that more than half of the troops on board the transport, which Captain Byles accompanied, were French-Canadian, most of whom could not understand English. But they could appreciate the universal appeal of the Y.M.C.A. program, and the "stunts" boxing tournaments and deck sports. Likewise, the gramaphone, and its fifty records did not fail in their mission of cheer. If they did, the folding organ, stereopticon and magic lantern, all of which formed a part of Captain Byles' equipment, filled the bill.

During the voyage four religious services were held, two for Protestants and two for Roman Catholics, and in these gatherings the services of the Chaplains on board were gladly given. Two concerts were also held as well as numerous sing-songs. Checker tournaments and other games brightened otherwise dull hours, and many of the officers and men expressed their great appreciation of Captain Byles for his services.

From Mesopotamia

REAR-ADMIRAL D. ST. A. WAKE, of the Persian Gulf and Mesopotamia Squadron, has written to Rev. L. A. Dixon, General Secretary of the Y.M.C.A. in Mesopotamia, as follows:

Rear Admiral's Office,
Basra, 11th March, 1918.

Sir,—

Will you permit me to send you a letter of my thanks and appreciation of all the kindness shown by your Society to men of the Royal Navy serving in Mesopotamia

My duties have not hitherto brought me into contact with the Y.M.C.A., and it is my loss.

Since I came to Mesopotamia, I have been able to realize the good work performed by your Society, and to see what an enormous benefit it is to the men of both services, not only in their personal comfort but still more so in that part of the scheme which appeals to their intellect and gives them to think of matters that will bear fruit after the war, for the benefit of themselves and their country.

I am lost in admiration of the organization and the common-sense ability with which the Y.M.C.A. is managed, and I am sorry only it has been left to me to discover so late in my life what a National Asset your Society is to the country.

My squadron is being greatly reduced in these waters, and I am about to relinquish my command of the Royal Navy in Mesopotamia, but I hope you will allow me to take this opportunity of tendering my most grateful thanks to you and all your fellow-workers for the good work performed by them and more especially by the ladies working under you in so unselfish a manner, in a climate which tries to the utmost the energies and good temper of everyone.

May I suggest that societies such as yours, are a vast help to those concerned in the better government of the Navy.

I have the honor to be,

Sir, Your most obedient servant,

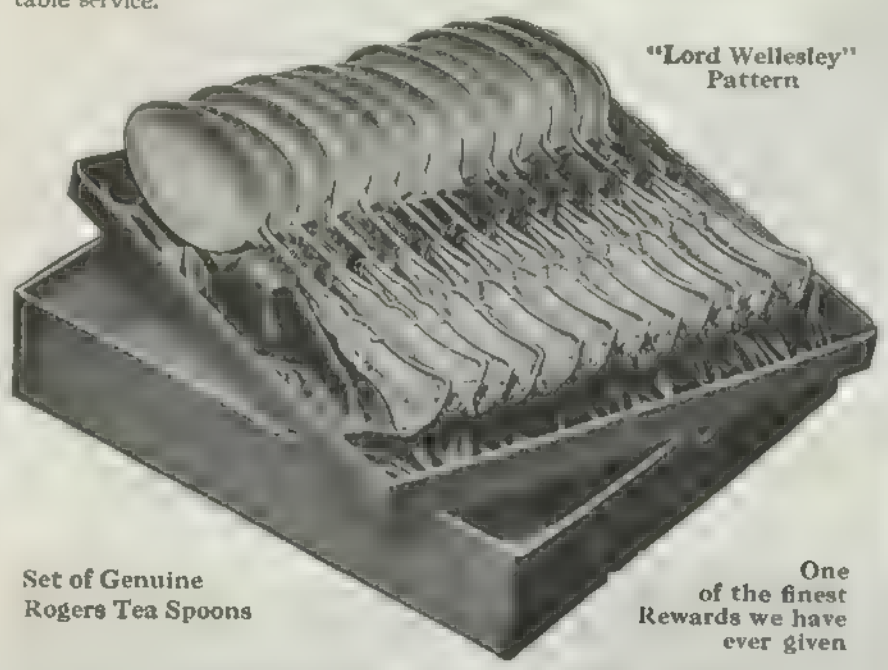
(Signed) D. ST. A. WAKE,
Rear Admiral, Persian Gulf
and Mesopotamia.

A Well-Appointed Table

IS every woman's right as well as her delight. And we offer you just the simplest way to secure a well-appointed table. Simply spend a few minutes daily introducing Everywoman's World to your friends and neighbors. Most of them know Everywoman's World and like it. They will gladly give you their new or renewal subscription. Tell them to subscribe through you before the price is increased, and they get twelve big months of this splendid Canadian Magazine—you get the premium of your choice. That's fair, isn't it?

When the Minister Comes to Dine

You can grace your table with "Lord Wellesley," and be proud of your table service.



"Lord Wellesley" Pattern

Set of Genuine Rogers Tea Spoons

One of the finest Rewards we have ever given

Sent postage paid for securing only 4 subscriptions to Everywoman's World at $1.50, or for 6 yearly subscriptions to Rural Canada at $1.00.

In this handsome set of spoons, beauty and utility are combined. It is one of the most generous rewards we have ever given. The "Lord Wellesley" pattern is the newest and most exquisite of Rogers many beautiful designs. The bowl of each spoon is highly polished and handles are French grey, giving a delightful contrast. You'll get both service and satisfaction from this fine set.

A Dainty Luncheon Set

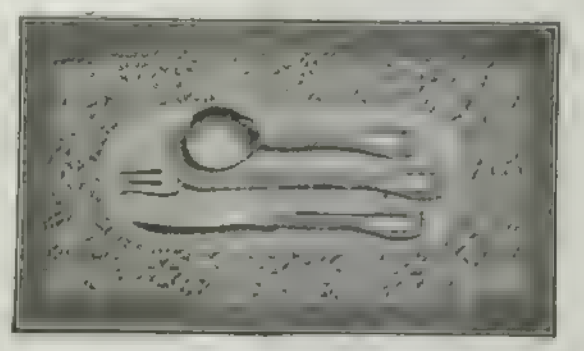
Appropriate for afternoon teas, luncheons, dinners, or for family use.

Three-Piece Table Set

Consists of a magnificent "Colonial Dame" pattern butter knife, sugar shell, and pickle fork. Just the three pieces that are most needed, and so often missing from the housekeeper's silver service.

These pieces are beautifully designed and the famous Rogers trademark is your guarantee of wear and satisfaction.

This set will go forward by next mail if you send us three subscriptions to Everywoman's World, or four subscriptions to Rural Canada.



Handsome Berry Spoon

Serviceable in a dozen ways for serving berries, fruit, desserts etc., this beautiful spoon will surely please even the most fastidious housekeeper. It is extra heavy and its size shows the exquisite design to great advantage. It is packed in a neat lined box.

Given for securing two subscriptions to Everywoman's World, or three subscriptions to Rural Canada.

Cosy Club Suppers

A cheese fondu or a rarebit for an informal party, is not complete without the easy intimacy of friend Casserole.

Genuine Royal Alexandra Fire-Proof Casserole

With this Casserole, scraps of meat, vegetables, left-overs, etc., can be turned into the most delightful dishes cooked "en Casserole," and for puddings, vegetables, stews, etc., it is unequalled.

This Casserole is absolutely fireproof. It is made of beautiful French Carmelite Brown Pottery with spotless white porcelain lining. It saves labor, because when the food is cooked you simply place the casserole in its beautiful frame and take it to the table. The frame is beautifully nickel-plated and is in a handsome pierced filigree design. Retail value $5.00 in any store.

Given for 5 subscriptions to Everywoman's World, or 8 subscriptions to Rural Canada.

Express charges paid anywhere in Ontario. In Manitoba and West or East of Quebec, kindly send 35c extra, or send an extra subscription.

The Friendship Circle Club

Everywoman's World **Toronto, Ontario**

The Proper Training of Your Children

By Inspector W. A. GUNTON

Of the Department of Neglected and Dependent Children, Ontario Government

APART from all that has been said I cannot too strongly advocate the principle of natural punishments. These are called retributive, as over against arbitrary punishments. What I mean by retributive punishment is that the child suffers the natural consequences of his deed. Let me illustrate:

A young kindergartner, who had charge of a class of very poor children in a slum district, was directing their stringing cubes and balls by two. All seemed to be interested and busy except one child whose string showed no system, definiteness or harmony; orange, green, purple, yellow balls, cubes and cylinders were strung at random. The jarring lack of harmony in color and the disorder in form showed the discord within. On the cheeks of the young director were two bright spots of color, though she appeared calm and quiet. When the work-time had ended, she asked the children if they would not like to have their beads hung up to help make the room pretty for the other children. String after string was taken up and the delighted little workers watched her wind them around the gas fixtures. At length she came to the disordered string before mentioned.

"Ah," said she quietly, "I am sorry Nellie's string is not nice enough to hang up. She will have to wait until she can learn to string her beads in some pretty fashion before we can hang them up for her."

Instantly the child threw the string of beads petulantly upon the table and the look of sullen defiance deepened upon her face. The young leader walked to the piano and struck the chords which were a signal for all to rise from their seats. All arose but Nellie. The second chord called them into position, and to the measured time of the music they marched forward and formed into a line upon the play circle. The kindergartner then went over to the children, saying as she passed the chair of the obstinate Nellie: "Are you not coming to join us in the good-bye song?"

"No," exclaimed the child passionately, "*I shan't come.* If you break every bone in my body I won't stir from this spot," and the look of sullenness deepened into an almost fiendish expression. The color increased in the face of the young kindergartner, but her voice was as clear and smooth as ever as she replied: "I do not intend to hurt you, Nellie. When you feel like doing what is right you may come and tell me." Then the good-bye song was sung and the good-bye shake of the hand was given to each child, and all were dismissed to their homes. Not another word was said, but the young teacher sat down at a table and began straightening out the mats and piling up the work, preparatory to putting it away. Her face was calm and serene and, save for the tell-tale color of the cheeks, one could detect no excitement or annoyance on her part. The tick of the clock was the only sound heard in the room. In a few minutes the child gave an uneasy jerk of her chair.

"Are you ready, Nellie?" asked the teacher without looking up. "No," answered the child emphatically. The girl went on with her work. After a time—not more than ten minutes—the child feeling the isolation of her position and seeing that she would gain nothing by continued obstinacy, arose hesitatingly from her chair, and sidled, with a half-indignant, half sullen air, up to the kindergartner. Although the child's dress was greasy and torn, the young girl put her arm around her and drew her close to her, saying gently: "Well, Nellie, are we going to be friends?" Nellie seemed ready to burst into tears and put her hand tremblingly upon the teacher's shoulder. Nothing was said by way of reproof. After a minute the kindergartner said in a cheerful tone, "Do you think we can start all new to-morrow morning, Nellie?" and the child nodded her assent. This teacher was possessed of wonderful self control, and at the same time she knew the true purpose of punishment. Our purpose should not be so much to atone for offences but to show the nature of the offence so that it may not be repeated. This child *chose* the better line of conduct, which was far better than being *compelled* for a time to take that line. In this instance, the child got a natural punishment, and with it a splendid experience in self-government.

THE child should be taught and clearly shown that "whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap." Most children will admit this law, but everyone thinks he will somehow escape it. If 99 thieves got caught out of each hundred, they would all expect to be the hundredth one. By retributive punishment, this law is kept ever before the child. Then this method of punishment appeals to the child as being most just, because he feels the inconvenience, discomfort, pain and disgrace to be the natural consequences of his deed and accepts them without rebellious or revengeful thoughts.

This, as we all know, is nature's method, and nature is a quick teacher. The mother who would teach her child that all sin will bring its own punishment will accomplish the task sooner by letting the child's deeds do their own punishing, and the more the mother keeps out of it the sooner will the lesson be learned. For instance, one morning a restless little girl sat near a box of sticks which was on the edge of the table. She was cautioned to be careful lest she upset it. Her hand went into the box, it tilted, slipped and fell upon the floor, while the sticks were scattered in a hundred different directions. The child looked up in a startled manner. "What a time our little girl will have picking the sticks up," was the only remark made. In a moment the child was on her knees, rapidly picking up the scattered sticks without a word of objection. Was that not a sufficient and natural punishment?

A six year old boy had, contrary to commands, taken his younger brother over the street and into a waggon shop and smeared their aprons with waggon grease in passing an old waggon. In telling of this, the mother says: "My first impulse was to whip the boy, because he knew better than to go; but I thought I would try the other way of punishing him and see if it would do any good. So I said, 'Why, that's too bad. It will be rather hard for you to get the grease off, but I think I can help you if you will get some turpentine. Run to the drug store at the corner and buy a small bottle of it!'" On his return, she took the two aprons, and spread them upon the floor of the back verandah, then giving him a little sponge and the bottle of turpentine she showed him how to begin his cleaning. In a few minutes he said, "Oh, mamma, this stuff smells horrid." "Yes," she serenely replied, "I know it does. I dislike the smell of turpentine very much, but I think you will get through soon." So Willie kept on scrubbing until he had cleaned the aprons as well as he could.

"Well," said his mother, as she helped him put away the material, "I think my boy will be more careful about going to the waggon shop, will he not?" "You bet I will," was his emphatic reply.

MISS Anna, a small girl who failed to respond to bribing, coaxing and threatening in order to get her to submit to being dressed in time for breakfast, was finally conquered fully by the following method: Anna's aunt going into her room said, "Anna, you can have Mary for twenty minutes to dress you. After that time I will need her downstairs." The child looked at her in astonishment for a moment, then went on with her play. In vain poor Mary coaxed and urged. The twenty minutes elapsed; the child was but half dressed. True to her word the aunt sent for Mary to come downstairs. "But, Auntie," called the child, "I am not dressed yet." "Is that so?" said the aunt. "I am sorry. Jump back into bed and wait until Mary comes again." In about fifteen minutes the child called for Mary, but was refused and was again sent to bed. Her breakfast was sent to her in bed and she was left for an hour, at the end of which time Anna was quickly dressed. Next morning the same warning was given and the remedy had taken effect. The following morning she failed again, but a few lessons were sufficient for a permanent cure.

Someone will raise the objection that sometimes the natural punishment will be too injurious. Then I can only say, resort to the other approved and tested methods. But whenever possible, use the retributive plan. One great advantage is the parent will usually not get angry and thus the effect will be better.

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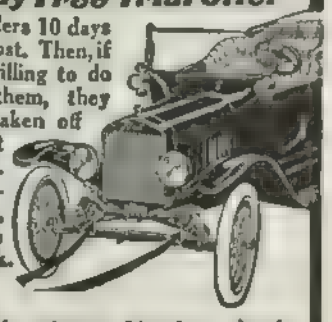

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Amiable Pretenders

(*Continued from page 7*)

"Anywhere," she murmured recklessly. Here was kidnapping added to her earlier crimes. It had seemed easy to explain to the Nice Man, when she first heard that he, too, was a rank outsider; but now a realization that men have one set of proprieties for themselves and another for their women folk had come to her and once more she was afraid, desperately afraid that the eternal masculine would be scandalized, uncharitable, when her story was told.

"Round Hyde Park," the Man said to the driver; and, as he turned to the girl beside him, she took her courage in both hands and plunged into her confession.

"I was so ashamed. I couldn't tell you. It was mostly the cabman's fault. I'd never have thought of it, if he hadn't taken it for granted."

No prelude; no context. The Man was altogether befogged.

"B-but—" he stammered. She snatched the words from his lips.

"But it was horrid. Of course it was. I don't see how I could do it. The moment I was in I would have given the world to be out. But I couldn't tell you. I knew you would be shocked, and I—you—well, I didn't want you to know. I kept feeling worse and worse." She turned to face her companion. It was out now. He knew the worst about her. She would be able to read his opinion of her in his face.

The face expressed nothing save hopeless bewilderment.

"The wedding," she explained, impatiently.

"Oh, the wedding!" His brain was laboring. "You weren't invited to it?"

She shook her head.

"I just happened to be in the church."

"And you don't know the Duchess or Lady Mary or any of that crowd?"

Another dismal shake of the head.

A singularly cheerful alertness had succeeded the Man's state of stupefaction. He was leaning forward now to look into her face; but she did not dare to meet his eyes.

"Perhaps you aren't an American heiress?" he hazarded with a certain subdued hopefulness.

She was done with masquerading and concealment.

"I'm nobody. I'm nothing. I'm travelling with a Cook's party and we are staying at a cheap boarding house, number nine Bedford Square. Will you please tell the driver to take me there?"

She hurled out the damning details with reckless defiance; and, as definitely, lifted her head and looked at him—only to drop the long lashes swiftly over her eyes again, after one glimpse of the face so near her own.

"It really was the cabman's fault," she quavered in a queer, uncertain little voice.

"God bless him! I wish I knew the name of that cabman. I'd like to mention it in my prayers," said the Nice Man, as his hand closed, gently, over hers.

Fall Suggests Myriad Dainty Things

(*Continued from page 17*)

belt. Blatant touches of color burst forth with naive unconsciousness in facings, and embroideries on pockets, belts and panels on afternoon frocks, of taffeta, trecot, satin and tricolette.

Rather than show favoritism to either the back or front of a gown, the designers have compromised with the two panel effects, and although the front one may lack several inches from that of the "rear guard" box pleats as a rule compensate, and wide dark fringe does its best to extend the back panel to the hem.

Hats with balloon crowns and narrow, saucy mushroom brims and torpedo tam turbans have gone right "over the top" and are well on the road to a winter victory ere this, strikingly characteristic of the martial times. Brims, whether large or small, never return on the same course they ventured out upon, for they point or square or poke or reverse; in fact, do everything that a well-behaved round brim is not supposed to do. To extend into a long side brim drooping low over the hair on the right is a particular trick of these salient head pieces.

Velours, velvet, duvetyn and beaver are lending their drapeable selves for this moment's madness. Laced chenille braids, insertions of black embroidered lace, strips of moire ribbon and georgette crepe have received not a little favor when used to diversify brims. Black satin stiff crowns are topping tiny sailors.

In Canada's clime, it wouldn't be wise to exclude the fore runner of furs. Suffice it to say, the short furred four-footed friends, have been awarded the blue ribbon this year and are lending themselves charmingly to the new graceful, becoming lines of the cape like garments we are predestined to wear. Animal scarfs are still in the ring, but the cape collars of many tails have a good chance for supremacy.

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Quaker Oats Bread

1½ cups Quaker Oats (uncooked), 2 teaspoons salt, ½ cup sugar, 2 cups boiling water, 1 cake yeast, ¼ cup lukewarm water, 5 cups flour.

Mix together Quaker Oats, salt and sugar. Pour over two cups of boiling water. Let stand until lukewarm. Then add yeast which has been dissolved in ¼ cup lukewarm water, then add 5 cups of flour.

Knead slightly, set in a warm place, let rise until light (about 2 hours). Knead thoroughly, form into two loaves and put in pans. Let rise again and bake about 50 minutes.

If dry yeast is used, a sponge should be made at night with the liquid, the yeast and a part of the white flour. This recipe makes two loaves.

Quaker Oats Pancakes

2 cups Quaker Oats (uncooked), 1½ cups flour, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon soda dissolved in 2 tablespoons hot water, 1 teaspoon baking powder (mix in the flour), 2½ cups sour milk or buttermilk, 2 eggs beaten lightly, 1 tablespoon sugar, 1 or 2 tablespoons melted butter (according to the richness of the milk).

Process: Soak Quaker Oats overnight in milk. In the morning mix and sift flour, soda, sugar and salt, add this to Quaker Oats mixture, add melted butter, add eggs beaten lightly, beat thoroughly and cook as griddle cakes.

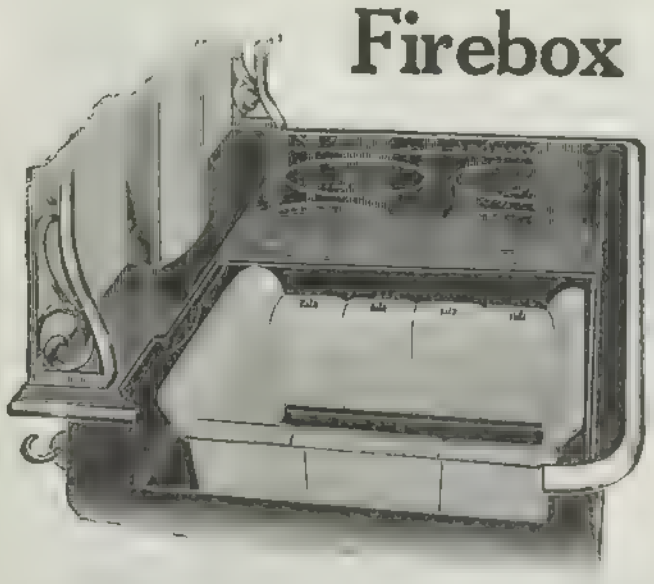
Quaker Oats Muffins

1 cup Quaker Oats (uncooked), 1½ cups flour, 1 cup scalded milk, 1 egg, 4 level teaspoons baking powder, 2 tablespoons melted butter, ½ teaspoon salt, 3 tablespoons sugar.

Turn scalded milk on Quaker Oats, let stand five minutes; add sugar, salt and melted butter, sift in flour and baking powder, mix thoroughly and add egg well beaten. Bake in buttered gem pans.

Peterborough Canada **The Quaker Oats Company** Saskatoon Canada

The Stretchable Firebox



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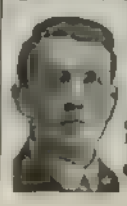

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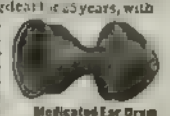

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The Sword of Lir

(*Continued from page 5*)

around him and a sound of waves was in his ears. But through that noise of rushing waters he could hear voices crying: "The Pearl, the Pearl! Look, brothers, look! He wears the Signet of the Sea."

With that Flann opened his eyes wearily, and lo! upon his breast lay the great pearl that Oonagh the sea-maiden had given him. The rude hands that had clutched at him had drawn it from its hiding and it glimmered in the dim light like a star shining through mists. At sight of its soft radiance the throng of sea-folk wavered, broke and vanished into the shadows, leaving him alone in the chamber where the sword of Lir still gleamed faintly in the light of its guardian fires.

Flann mustered all his strength and stumbled across the floor of the cavern to where the pillar stood. He grasped the sword hilt and lifted the weapon from its resting-place, but the effort was too much for him. He felt himself again sinking into great waves of darkness and for a space he knew no more.

When he awoke, it was to find himself lying on Faoilean's deck his broken spear beside him, and the sword of Lir still held firmly in his grasp. A light breeze was curling the little wave-crests into foam, and far behind, the cliffs of Hy Breasil towered, dark and threatening, through the mists that always wrapped them. His wounded shoulder had been bandaged, and Oonagh's pearl was gone from about his neck. Day after day he sailed before a favoring wind. All went well with him—the sun shone and the sky was fair and food and water were plentiful. At last, the coasts of Eire loomed dim in the distance and he saw the summit of Slieve Donard rising purple against the sunset. Glad indeed was Flann to be home once more and good was the welcome that Iasgaire gave him when the bows of Faoilean grated upon the sands beneath the shadow of Carraig Dhu. Much there was to tell and be told, and in the little cabin of the old Fisherman, Flann remained for many days until his wounds healed and strength came back to him. But at last the time came when he must set out upon the last stage of his journey, to find the Dun of Dara and complete his task. So he buckled the sword of Lir upon his side and with a cheerful heart took the road that led over the hills to the westward. Long and hard was the way he travelled, and many mischances and adventures he met with, but at last he reached the borders of the Kingdom of Dara and saw the wide lands of his fathers stretching before his eyes. Wasted and desolate those lands were now, and the people who had inhabited them had long since fled lest they should feel the rage of the Fathac Dhu. Flann walked across leagues of barren plain, ere he saw the walls of Dara rising white before him.

HE made his way to the gates and thundered upon them with the hilt of his sword, but there was no answer to his summons. He called the name of the Giant again and again, bidding him come forth and fight—but it was all in vain. The gates remained closed and barred and there was no sound from within. Then as he drew back a little, wondering how he could force an entrance, he saw hanging from a slender bronze chain deep within the shadow of the gateway, a huge brazen horn, so large that it required all his strength to lift it. Setting it to his lips he blew one long echoing blast, the sound of which rolled like thunder along the level fields about the castle walls. Then he waited.

In the great hall of the Dun, the Fathac Dhu Olc lay sleeping, his twenty feet of length sprawled out upon the wide dais, which was hung with rich embroideries, wrought by the fingers of Queen Fedelma and her maids, whom for years he had held as prisoners. His large head, with its shock of black, ragged hair, lay upon Queen Fedelma's lap, as she sat looking down upon him with pale, proud face. All around them her maidens bent above their looms, weaving busily. Suddenly the blast of a horn thrilled through the hall and the giant sat up, stretching himself and blinking about him, with little, evil eyes.

"Who is it that dares be challenging me here in my fortress of Dara?" he roared in a great bull's voice. "Let you be bringing me my sword and my armor that I may be going forth to look upon him, the way I thought the country-side had learned that I was not to be disturbed and I taking my rest. Let you be hastening now, I am telling you."

Before the red glare in his eyes, the frightened maidens scurried away like hares; only the Queen sat proud and silent, unmoved by the rage in his voice and look. Presently two of the girls returned, staggering under the weight of the huge sword, so heavy that they could scarce carry it. The others followed, bearing back and breast pieces, greaves and helmet, and presently, fully armed, he swaggered through the hall and across the courtyard, reaching the great oaken portals of the Dun just as another blast rang through the noonday hush.

The Giant flung open the gates and stood for a moment gazing down at the slender form of the lad who stood there confronting him; then he burst into a great roar of laughter.

"And who is it that you may be, my little fellow?" he shouted, his huge shoulders shaking with his mirth. "And what would you be doing here, seeking your death in this way, and you in your early youth? Be off with you now, before I will be mating my dog-whip with your shoulders, and be thanking your gods that I am in a merciful mood."

Flann gazed back at him with proud eyes. "It is Flann MacEochy, Prince of Dara, is the name they do be putting upon me," he answered, "whom you gave to be serving-lad to your sisters, old Sheen and Morag, the spaewomen. And it is come to claim my father's kingdom that I am, and to deliver my mother, the Queen, whom you hold captive."

The Giant's little eyes grew red with anger. "Then, Flann MacEochy," he spluttered, "I would have you to know that the Kingdom of Dara is mine by right of the strength of my own arm. With the sword I took it, and by the sword I will keep it, though many a tall warrior has come up against me to win it. They have fallen by my hand, and shall I fear for you, and you small and powerless. As for the Queen, your mother, it is long yet that she shall serve me after you are dead and forgotten."

He stood glowering down from under his shock of black, matted hair at the lad standing before him, but Flann laughed in his face.

"Feeble and small though I may be, O Fathac Dhu Olc," he answered, "Yet it is I who have passed the gates of the sea, and won the sword of Lir, and your death lies within that blade."

AT this, the Giant gave a wild bellow of wrath and rushed upon the lad, striking fiercely with his great sword. Flann leaped aside and the blow whistled past him, burying itself deeply in the ground. So great was the wind of that mighty stroke, that the lad reeled back for a moment, then he darted in and struck in his turn. The keen edge of the sword of Lir cut through the steel of the Giant's greave and a thin trickle of blood followed the blow, but with a mighty wrench the sword of the Fathac was drawn from the earth and he struck another blow that almost caught Flann's side, as he sprang back.

On and on they fought. The air was full of the Giant's hoarse shouts and bellowings and the thud of his mighty blows. Flann's breath came in great gasps and the sweat was pouring down his face, but he was still unwounded and light of foot. At last, just as the sinking sun was flooding the western sky with crimson, the Fathac aimed a blow full at the lad's face. Flann sprang aside and the impetus of the stroke swept his foe past him, his side for an instant unguarded. Swift as lightning the lad leaped in, the sword of Lir flashed and was buried between the joints of the armor, and with a crash like thunder, the Fathac Dhu Olc fell heavily to earth.

For a moment Flann stood, leaning wearily upon his sword, then turning away from that huge body, he passed through the gates of the Dun and across the pavement of the court to where the doors of the hall stood open wide.

In through the doors he went and up the long hall, to where a little group of women were huddled together upon the dais, Queen Fedelma standing tall and proud before them. Flann's eyes met hers as he came, and deep in his heart faint memories stirred of the days of early childhood, ere he had dwelt in the hut of Sheen and Morag, the spaewomen. Dimly he remembered that pale, proud face; he felt warm arms around him and dark hair falling across his face and his heart grew glad within him.

As he neared the dais where she stood, the Queen stepped forward and spoke and her voice was full of a proud humility.

"A glad welcome before you in the halls of Dara, O Stranger," she said, "for your coming means the end of our captivity. Yet it is fain that I am to know the name of our deliverer."

Flann looked up at her with eyes that were full of love and longing.

"The name that they give me, O Queen," he answered slowly, "is Flann MacEochy,

(*Continued on page 46*)

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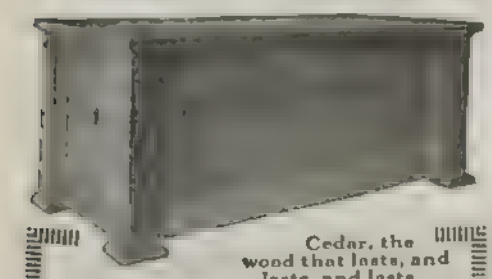

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How are You Furnishing Your House—On Cash or Credit?

(*Continued from page 23*)

because the store will not sell you goods to an amount exceeding your balance with them. You "have to watch yourself," though. Sometimes, when one is not handling the hard cash, he is led away by the exuberance of his feelings to spend money more carelessly or to buy an article more expensive than he otherwise would.

The credit, or charge, account, familiar to shoppers in some of the department and jewellery stores of our cities, enables a customer to shop without purse or cheque book, bills being rendered monthly.

Before extending credit to a new customer, the store management is careful to obtain satisfactory information regarding the history of the applicant, and his position in the business or social world. References, also, may be required. Quite frequently these requirements can be satisfied in the course of an informal chat with the expert in charge of this department. Credit men seldom make mistakes in sizing up a prospective customer.

But sometimes the cleverest and most experienced credit men are baffled. An amusing case, where a skilful "Third Degree" man found himself entirely at sea, occurred recently. He was approached by a well-dressed, well-bred woman who desired to make purchases in the store to a moderate amount and have them charged. She carried a baby, which to the highly specialized eyes and nose of the man seemed neither clean nor sweet. There was incongruity between the woman and the infant. The case looked "queer." However, every question which he asked brought a satisfactory reply. There seemed no reasonable excuse for refusing the accommodation which the woman desired, and yet he hesitated—that baby, it spelled mystery, and a credit man hates mystery.

He continued to ask questions, some of them questions which he was really ashamed to ask a woman of her stamp, but he floundered on, seeking a solution of his puzzle and finding none. He was nettled.

Finally—"What do you think of baby?" asked the woman with a smile. "Oh, he's quite a nice baby, isn't he!" responded the man politely, although he lied in his heart. "Yes, he is!" she agreed with enthusiasm. "He belongs to my scrubwoman. His father is fighting for us in France. I brought him down town with me for an outing."

"And there," exclaimed the credit man disgustedly, when relating the incident, "there was I acting like a beastly cad to a woman who was of the very salt of the earth!"

Your credit with a store is a matter of jealous care. To go shopping with a neighbor who has plenty, and watch her buying freely on a "charge it" basis, and yet have to pay cash for what you get, would "grind" any woman. Worse than that, though: to have been enjoying the credit privileges of the house, and then at a moment such as that, to have them refused you, simply because you have neglected to settle old accounts, might make you mad.

The charge account is so popular a convenience that it may seem crabbed to criticize it. But it does tend to extravagance.

Soldiers Given Historic Ballroom

ROMANCE in these days is at best merely a by-product. That the old Government House at Fredericton had been the scene of a great reception in the honor of the late King Edward when he was the Prince of Wales did not hinder present day necessity from making a bid for the old building as a hospital when the pressure of war came to bear.

To-day, under the hands of efficiency experts and the contractors of the Military Hospitals Commission, it has become a model military convalescent hospital with emphasis laid on its splendid equipment, and its memories forgotten. A hundred tales hang about it, bequeathed by the mothers who were gay belles in King Edward's youth but only one is mentioned, and that in the light of comparison. The soldiers' recreation room was originally the ball room in which the Prince danced. Then its walls were hung with brocade; to-day it is new with paint; to-morrow it will be heavy with the smoke of caked pipes and canteen cigarettes.

Taking Precautions

M. O. (to private): "Well, my man, and what's the matter with you?"

PRIVATE: "Pain in the back, sir."

M.O. (handing him a few pills): "Take one of these half-an-hour before you feel the pain coming on."

You "Sun-Worshippers" Need Mennen's Kora-Konia

So busy packing—so busy rushing to get away by "Saturday Noon"—that we forget something.

Then, by Sunday night, or Monday morning—oh tortures! Neck—arms—shoulders—smarting fire with sunburn.

Get a packet to-day—of Mennen's Kora-Konia.

Use it now—and then pack it so you'll be sure you have it with you. We want you to learn for yourself the almost magic power of Kora-Konia to relieve and stop skin discomfort. We want you to try it on sunburns or chafed limbs which drive you nearly crazy on a hot day, and see how the discomfort ceases and the skin becomes white again. Kora-Konia should not be confused with Talcum Powder. It has somewhat the same soothing and healing action, but in addition contains several other ingredients of recognized medicinal value. It is antiseptic, absorbent, lubricating, adhesive, slightly water-proof, soothing and healing.

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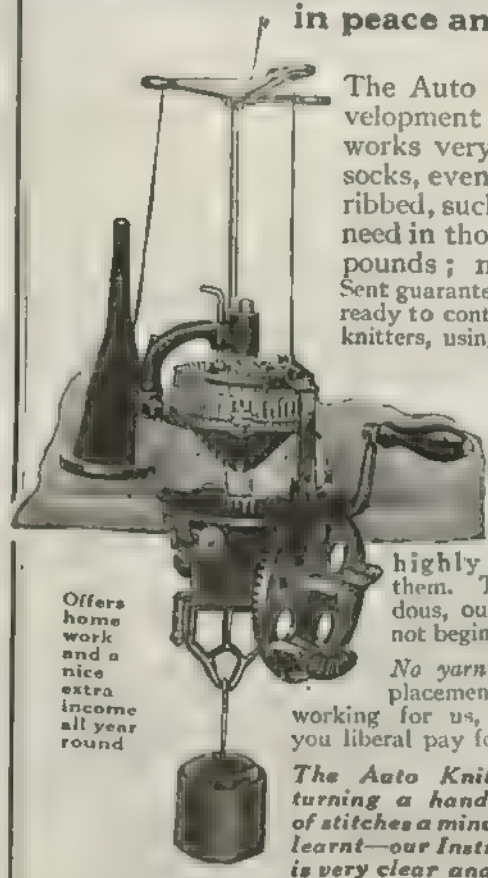

The Auto Knitter is the most modern development of the Knitting machine. It works very fast and turns out high grade socks, even better than hand knit, plain or ribbed, such as soldiers, sailors and civilians need in thousands. Weighs only about 20 pounds; may be fastened on any table. Sent guaranteed perfect, with piece of work started, ready to continue. Can do the work of 20 hand knitters, using much less yarn.

Offers home work and a nice extra income all year round

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Making money? Yes, indeed—if you are willing we gladly arrange, without time limit, to take all the Auto Knitted socks you do not wish to dispose of otherwise, and pay you highly profitable prices for them. The demand is tremendous, our present workers cannot begin to meet it.

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The Auto Knitter works by turning a handle—thousands of stitches a minute. It is easily learnt—our Instruction System is very clear and simple. It is a pleasant, permanent money maker in thousands of homes—why not yours too?

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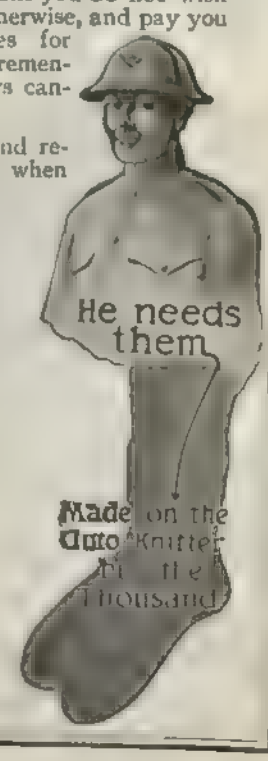
More Socks the Urgent Call

It is your Patriotic duty to answer it—now—and you provide yourself with a good income maker at home with the Auto Knitter, no matter where you live.

Write today for full particulars enclosing 3c stamp, and see what you and your family can now earn at home and do for Patriotic work.



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How to Finance the Buying or Building of a Small House

By Elizabeth Clare

ONE of the earliest effects of the war noticeable in this country, was a sudden, violent slump in house-rents. The reason lay in a phenomenon common to all "bad times" or times of panic,—the apparent disappearance of the people. A few months previous to the outbreak of war, we were on terms of daily familiarity in the cities at least, with such phrases as "The housing problem," "the scarcity of homes," and so forth.

Yet, almost overnight, the windows of the small houses everywhere, began to blossom with "To Let" signs; and as is ever the case, broken panes of glass, sagging doorsteps, and gaunt dilapidation quickly declared their occupation. And rents dropped to half their normal—in some places to one-third.

The landlord who has stood the test of inflated taxes, higher interest and increased cost of up-keep, has reached easier times again lately; rents are back to about normal—in most places a house can be rented for about the same figure that prevailed before the war. But the income is less, for all such properties cost more to carry now.

And every house, in the big centres at least, is occupied. The papers carry long lists of "House Properties Wanted"; sales are again being put through, and building has proven itself to be not the lost art we had come to believe it, but a live movement that is helping in part to solve our new-old Housing Problem. The people that so mysteriously disappeared (the general theory being that they doubled up like rabbits) came as suddenly into view again—demanding houses. And finding rents steadily rising, they have joined in lamentation—but have continued to seek for homes.

The inevitable result of a short supply is buying or building, for either can be accomplished at about the same outlay demanded by the payment of rent and the home gradually clears itself. With every dollar paid over beyond the interest sums, a little more of the house becomes indisputably one's own. It is something worth working for, this acquiring a home "for keeps."

Contrary to common opinion, there is very little capital needed to either buy or build nowadays, so fine has become the art of fair, sound, money-lending. Let us first consider the buying of a house that is already built. A recent purchase was made by a young Englishwoman and her returned soldier husband. This ambitious couple had boarded for almost a year, having a room which cost them twelve dollars a month, meals to be taken elsewhere. The sheer "poor business" of this way of living impressed itself on them more and more and they finally decided that they would own a house of their own. They had both been working to obtain a "good start" and several hundred dollar victory bonds testified to their steadiness of purpose.

They selected a well-built house on a thoroughly self-respecting street—a street that with its two rows of neat houses, was about seven years old. It was near enough a thriving industrial section to ensure popularity, yet not close enough to its smoke-stacks to be darkened and begrimed.

Five hundred dollars in cash and war-bonds satisfied the owner, who was willing to take the rest of his equity in the house in a third mortgage. The first and second mortgages on the house were for $1,100 and $750. When the $500 in cash was paid this left a third mortgage of $650, and they arranged to pay it off at the rate of $25 a month. The woman has planned to let four of her rooms to men lodgers, and at $3 a week each will have over $48 a month for them. From this sum they intend to pay an additional $500 a year off the house. At this rate it will be clear of all mortgages before long, and a cosy home, entirely their own, will repay this ambitious and energetic couple for the self-denials and sacrifices that have made it possible.

Of course, few families are situated so as to permit this rapid clearing of a house. If they have the few hundreds saved to make the necessary cash payment, and see their way clear to pay the interest on the remainder of the purchase price with the additional $50 or $100, or whatever payment on principal the purchase agreements call for, they will make no mistake in undertaking the ownership of their own home.

ANY good six-roomed house in a city will cost an average of $25 a month or $300 a year. This sum would pay the interest on $2,800 in one or two mortgages at 6½ per cent (the interest would amount to $182) over $50 off the principal and say $50 for taxes and up-keep. The next year there would be interest to pay on only

$2,750, and over $3 more to apply in reducing the principal. So it would go on—more actual ownership, a higher financial rating in the world, and an independence concerning the home they lived in, uuknown in a rented house. Ownership is a wonderful incentive to odd jobs of carpentry and repairing, home painting and papering, and a prosperity and good appearance that a tenant seldom attains.

If the sellers must have all cash, you will need to have about half the purchase price available. You can then raise a mortgage for the other half, and pay the full amount at once.

Let us now consider the family that desires to build a home, with but little capital to begin it.

The first step is a careful selection of a lot. Learn exactly what "improvements" the neighborhood enjoys—especially if it is a new one. Are the water and sewer pipes laid? Is gas or electricity obtainable? Are street and sidewalks completed? If all these conveniences are assured, what is the tax rate there?

Perhaps you are willing to buy and build outside the city limit, if you can get near enough a car line to meet the need of the workers. In that case you will not enjoy all of these "city conveniences," but on the other hand you will not groan under city taxation rates.

The lot bought, we turn to the building arrangements. A firm rule should be to borrow only from a thoroughly reliable source. There are safe Trust Companies and Mortgage and Loan Companies, who make a practice of lending money for building purposes.

Most companies prefer to lend only if the lot is clear—that is, completely paid for. The money for the building is usually advanced in three instalments or "draws," as they are called. When the basement is in, you may be able to call for your first draw, or your company may only make your first money advance when the roof is on, the second after the "putty coat" (the second coat of plaster), and the third when the building is completed. Or if four draws were agreed upon, you will be able to get the first when the basement is in, the second when the roof is on, and so forth.

This arrangement enables you to pay for the work as it progresses. In the end, the company has a mortgage on your property for the full amount that has been lent to you. The amount they are willing to lend is usually 50 per cent. of the total value of the property, although sometimes a builder will be able to get 60 per cent. So if your lot cost $600 and your building $2,400, you have a property worth $3,000, and will be able to get a loan of $1,500 all told, in the usual way.

A word about a reliable builder will be in order. Don't engage a builder who does not come to you with the highest reputation for honesty and good workmanship. A poorly thrown together house, with shoddy materials in it, is a poor investment for anyone.

THERE are two main points to consider before buying a house:

First: Are you sure you will be able to keep up the payments you undertake, so that there will be no danger of losing the good money you put into the venture?

Second: Do you understand fully what your obligations are, so that misunderstanding or lack of knowledge may not cause you to lose what you put into the property?

As owner, you will be responsible for the interest on all mortgages on the property, together with any payments of principal which you undertake to make; insurance (the holders of the mortgages will insist on your carrying proper fire insurance, even should you be foolish enough to overlook its importance), taxes, water rates.

When you buy property of any kind, it is best to engage a lawyer to "search the title." The cost of this is small, and you are made safe against any claims against the property or irregularities in the title. Never take a risk in this.

Your lawyer will see that the "adjustments" take care of your interests. All moneys paid out by the previous owners (taxes, interest, etc.) for a term beyond the date on which the ownership reverts to you, are considered and he is credited with such amount as should fall to your share. Thus, if you buy on August 1st, and he has paid his taxes for the year, you owe him half of them. If his fire insurance for a year should have fallen due three months ago, and has not been paid, you will pay it and be givencredit for a quarter of the amount as being the other party's share. Each item is reckoned in this way, so that all carrying charges will be yours from the day your purchase is complete, and every penny against the property before that date, will have been paid in full. The house is then yours—to become more and more your own as you are able to "clear" it.

How Soaps affect your skin

THE sensible, modern woman wants a soft, clear skin—for that is the skin Nature intended her to have.

Nature tries to keep your skin soft by supplying it with natural oil. The less you interfere with the natural oiliness of your skin the softer it will be. The cleansing must be thorough and refreshing, but must not disturb these natural oils.

You know from experience that some excellent soapstend to roughen the skin. They simply have too drying an effect on the natural oils. The skin relies upon these natural oils to keep it soft and clear and flexible.

The very most you can ask of a toilet or bath soap is this:

It should be made of pure materials which cleanse perfectly without disturbing the skin'sown natural oiliness. Fortunately, the choicest materials are not costly. It is in a proper balancing of these materials that the soap maker's real art comes.

You will find that art wonderfully expressed in Fairy Soap.

We are quite sure if we sold Fairy Soap for 50 cents a cake, we could tell you a truthful story about its value as a toilet soap which would make you feel that that price was warranted.

But we prefer to talk to you along common-sense lines and to give you Fairy Soap at a common-sense price—a few cents a cake.

If your general health is good and if you use Fairy Soap in any sensible manner, you may be sure that in time you will have a skin as soft and pliable as nature endowed you with.

No matter where you live or where you make your home you can buy Fairy Soap.

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. . . Make no mistake about it—no matter to what new field she turns, she will always be the woman at heart, greeting her new responsibilities with a smiling face . . . Frankly glad of her natural womanly charms—caring for them always with a high order of common sense.

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There are several ways of quickly securing these subscriptions. The entire amount may be divided among your membership, each member pledging herself to secure her allotted number of subscriptions, or if the money is for a church, the campaign can be presented to the parish. Almost every church has a membership exceeding 150. This plan would mean only one subscription individually pledged to secure your $100.00.

Churches and clubs have been unanimous in their approval of our offer. Not only do they receive their cheque promptly, but they have returned value to those who helped them. Every person received one year's subscription to that worth-while magazine, EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD, and EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD is expanding wonderfully. This year is a bigger, better year than ever before. Added pictorial features—interesting and helpful departments—a splendid fashion service, and fascinating fiction give unquestionable leadership.

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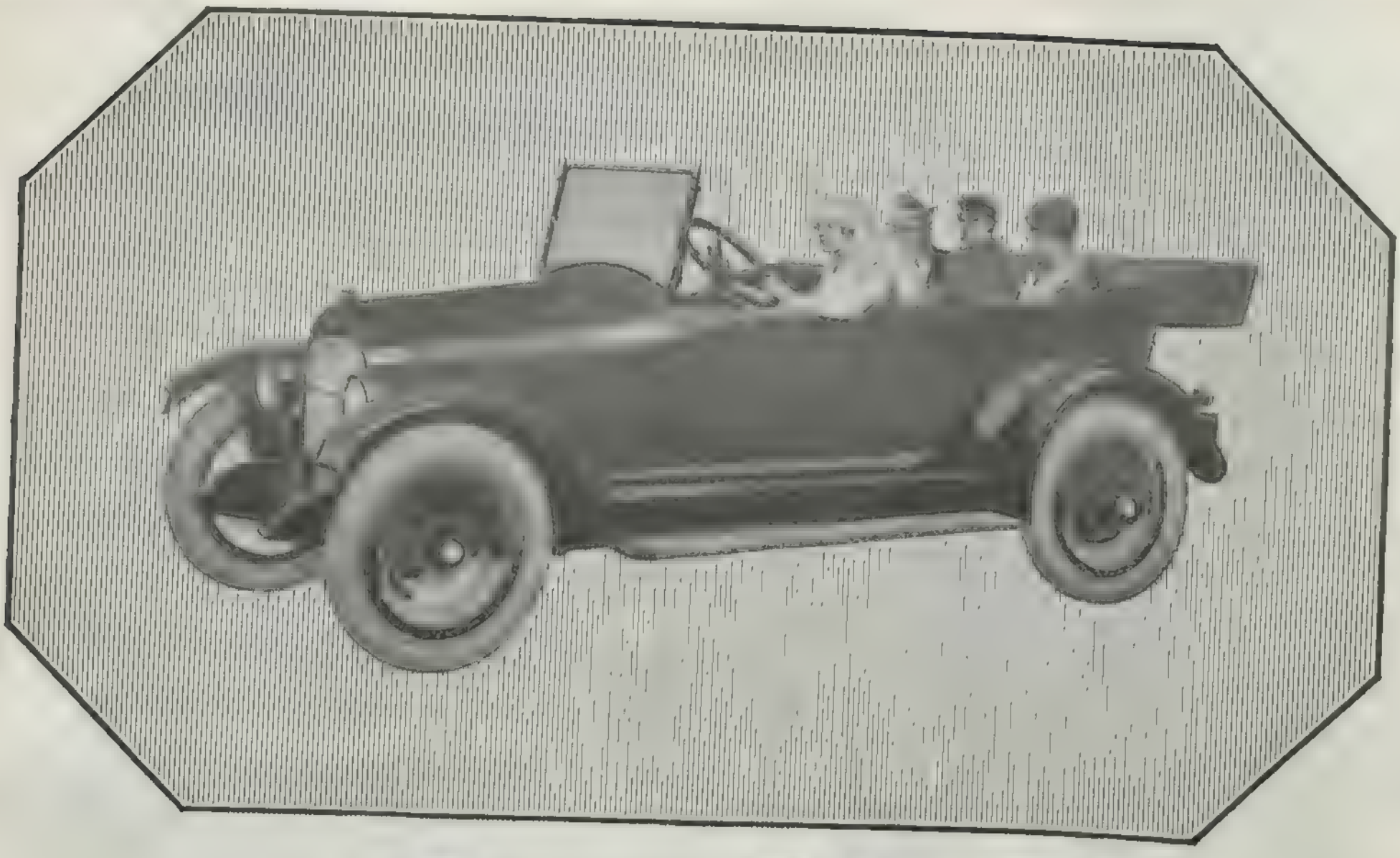

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As motor car property is appraised more carefully, the esteem for the Overland Model 90 rises.

It is noteworthy that—

Substantial families accustomed to the best find this car expresses their thrift spirit without lowering their standards.

Its comfort, beauty, roominess, and complete accommodations are a revelation to those who knew Model 90 only by its reputation for economy and efficient performance.

This car is built both as a touring model and as a five-passenger Sedan.

To-day one can not wisely select a car without the utmost consideration of the character and resources of the institution behind it.

To own a Model 90 is to be a beneficiary in the protection of the Willys-Overland policy of fair treatment and comprehensive service.

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A Chat With Mothers

By JEAN BLEWETT

MOTHERS ought to make good teachers, they have so many lessons to learn. Of course it is mostly "home work," but we all remember enough of home work to realize it is no play.

"The trouble is when we are young we think we know it all," confided Bobby's mother about the time Bobby's little sister was beginning to smile and take notice. "I was so sure it was real economy to cut down Bobby's long clothes when we shortened him that I only laughed when older and wiser women warned me I'd be sorry. It wasn't until the little lady arrived I realized how wasteful I'd really been. All that work to do over again, all those fine stitches to take!

Besides the made over long clothes didn't wear well. The necks were too tight in no time—so were the sleeves, and the material too sheer. The long clothes cut down were still infant clothes, and Bobby was no infant—a big, rollicking chap pushing his way through everything—his dainty wearing apparel included. It taught me a lesson all right."

Another proud mother discovered, after suffering for weeks with backache caused by bathing her three months old baby—and fat for his age—in a basin placed on the floor, that by having a carpenter make her a sort of platform which fitted into the bath tub proper she could place the basin on it and not only avoid the bending over, but the carrying of water to fill said basin, and the lifting when it came to emptying the same.

Turkish towelling makes a good apron for use when bathing a baby. It is warmer than rubber and so absorbent it dries the moisture from the little body almost as soon as the baby comes from the tub.

Our Youthful Grandmothers

WE think Canadian mothers are the youngest women of all—until we meet the grandmothers. Then we know better. The grandmothers take the palm.

"I think it is because we feel so free," said one of these silver-haired, happy-eyed, youthful women when discussing the subject of late.

"But you are no freer than the rest of us," pouted her neighbor, twenty years her junior, "We're all our own bosses more or less, have been right along."

"That's what I'm trying to get at," and now the grandmother's tone was earnest, "you women of a later generation have had so much freedom of thought, speech, action, right along that the conditions of to-day, the being in the heart of things, does not exhilarate you as it does us. We had a strenuous time of it in pioneer days, and—oh, you had forgotten that we belonged back there? Well, we do. And we had so much to occupy us—work enough for a dozen pairs of hands and only one pair to do it—a baby every second year or so, making, mending, washing, feeding, we hadn't time to think of anything outside the home—and would have been esteemed false to our calling as wives and mothers if we had found time, or made it for "foreign" interests. Young matrons toed the mark in those days. Their bringing up made them toe it—the home folks and "in-laws" made them toe it—so did the neighbors. And most of all their own rigid ideas of duty made them toe it.

The second generation escaped much of the irksomeness of life—woman life. To quote from the old adage, "it was given an inch and took an ell." The third generation was born into free air, has lived and expanded in it. But we grandmothers "have come up out of bondage" so to speak, which is why we blossom into enthusiasts, why we think fast and far. We rush into the work of the hour because we love it—and love the feeling that we are at liberty to do our bit, be one in a great cause, do team-work. We had so much of working alone in the old days that we glory in working shoulder to shoulder with other women.

What's that? Oh, perhaps we keep young by never worrying about getting old—but I think it is just that we blossomed out late, and our enthusiasm keeps the "spice o' youth" in our hearts.

The Visitor

WE had an interesting visitor the other day. She came in from the farm, forty miles of a journey, to attend a meeting of the Practical Economy Club, for, as she said in a letter received some two weeks before, it was the practical kind she hankered to get hold of.

The Club was interested at once, and planned that a certain member should give her famous paper on "How to Conserve Wool," and then start a discussion to help on the good work of illuminating the farm woman's ignorance.

After the Secretary had read the minutes and called the roll, the President an-

(*Continued on page 40*)

Shimmering with newness—yet two seasons old

This lady is clad from head to foot—from her hat to her stockings—in things she would never dare trust to the family wash tub.

Yet they have been washed many times—though you wouldn't know it—for old things must be made to do in war-time.

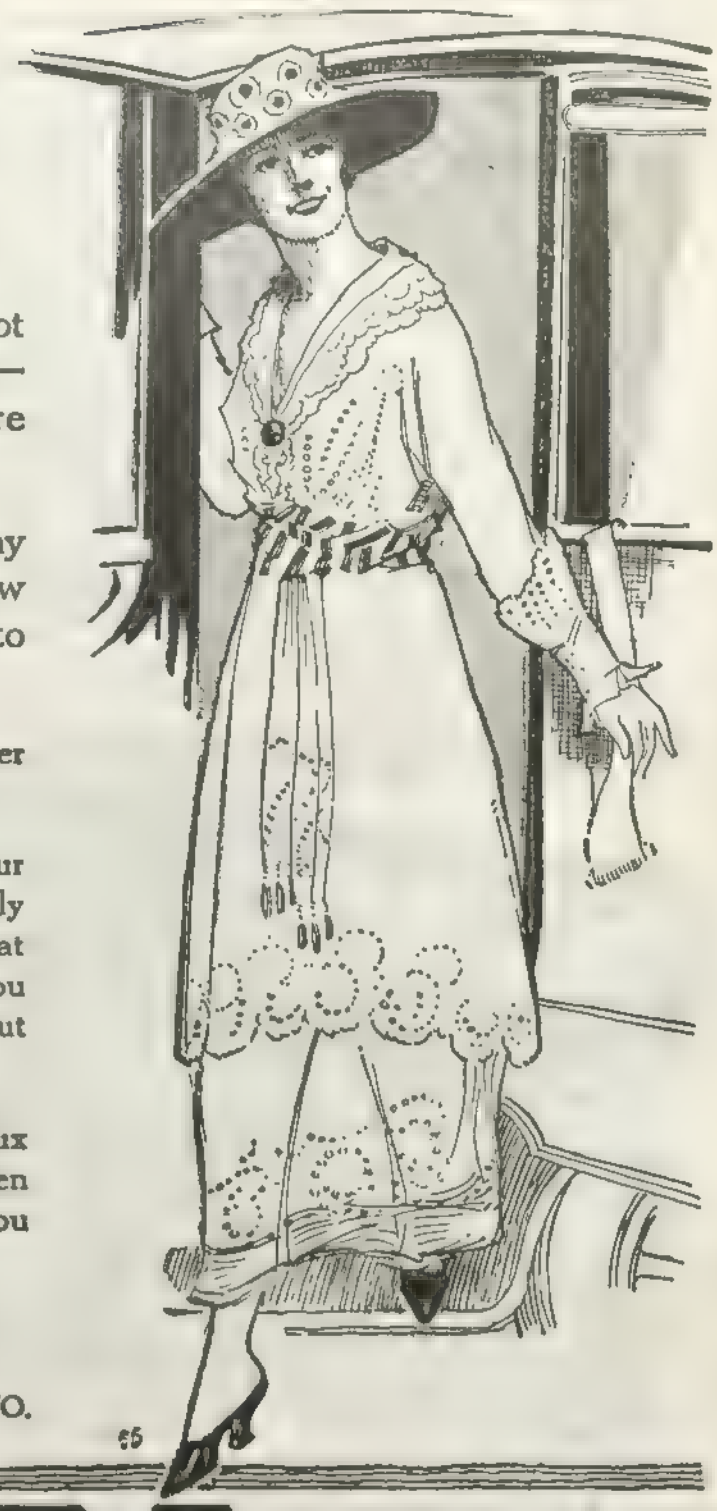
What is the secret? Simply—hot water—no rubbing—and Lux.

The Lux way enables you to gratify your taste for the dainty, sheer, beautifully tinted blouses, skirts and underwear that are now so universal—and be sure you can cleanse them again and again, without warping or discoloring—with Lux.

The pure, rich, creamy, cleansing Lux lather means all the difference between extravagance and economy when you want to wear dainty things.

If pure water won't hurt it—Lux won't.

LEVER BROTHERS LIMITED, TORONTO.



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EVEREADY

DAYLO

The light that says "There it is!"

Darkness respects neither your person nor your dignity. You need a Daylo.

Canadian National Carbon Co. Ltd., Toronto.

No. 6992, one of the 77 styles of Daylo.

There, Little Girl, Don't Cry!

THE glad, glad ways of your school-girl days *need not* be things of the long ago. If Betty and Helen are going to college or boarding school, don't cry, little girl, don't cry—there's money a-plenty for you to go too. Lots of splendid girls have earned from $10.00 to $500.00, and helped themselves all the way through school and college. The work is pleasant and you are the greatest gainer—you are able to help yourself.

Full particulars will be sent you upon application to the Manager of

THE GIRLS' CLUB

Everywoman's World

TORONTO - ONTARIO

"IT IS OUR WOMEN"

English periodicals agree that "it is our women who will make it possible for us to win the war, if we are to win it."

Women are again called upon to lend their services in aiding the sick and injured. Nurses are needed immediately. Learn nursing at home and earn $10 to $25 weekly. We will send complete details on request.

Royal College of Science
709A Spadina Ave., Toronto.

GIRLS—We Want Your Spare Time

WE HAVE a plan by which you can earn from $15.00 to $25.00 pin money. An hour or two of your spare time every day by our plan will do it. A card will bring full information. Write to

EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD
Continental Building - Toronto

WE did all the experimenting in the development of a perfect Dress Fastener. All you need to do is to say STARSNAP.

The Gem of the Notions

Look For This Card at Notion Counters

Sole Agents for Canada: John B. Keeble & Co., 35 Colborne St., Toronto, Ont.

The tag on good alarm clocks

THERE are two sure ways to identify a good alarm clock: the name *Westclox* on the dial, and the orange and buff *Westclox* tag attached to the ring.

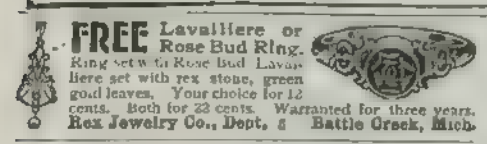
When you find these quality marks you know your new alarm clock is a good time-keeper, the kind you need in times like these.

All *Westclox* alarms have the patented *Westclox* construction. They all run on time and ring on time.

Western Clock Co.—makers of Westclox
La Salle, Ill., U. S. A. Factories at Peru, Ill.

Westclox

—the trade-mark on the dials of good alarm clocks


FREE Lavalliere or Rose Bud Ring. Ring set with Rose Bud Lavalliere set with rex stone, green gold leaves. Your choice for 12 cents. Both for 23 cents. Warranted for three years. Rex Jewelry Co., Dept. 6 Battle Creek, Mich.

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A STORY OR POEM OF INTEREST?
We want MSS. of all kinds for our new magazine. We pay cash on acceptance. Handwritten MSS. acceptable. Send us something you have written and let us examine it for publication. Kindly enclose postage for return if not used. Address
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Dept. 44 Washington, D. C.

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MENDS POTS & PANS
Mends Graniteware, Tin, Iron, Aluminum, etc. in two minutes. Without tools. 30 mends for 15c. From your dealer or us, postpaid
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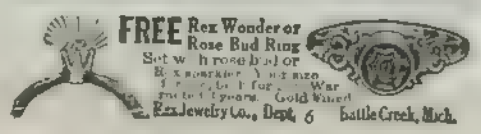
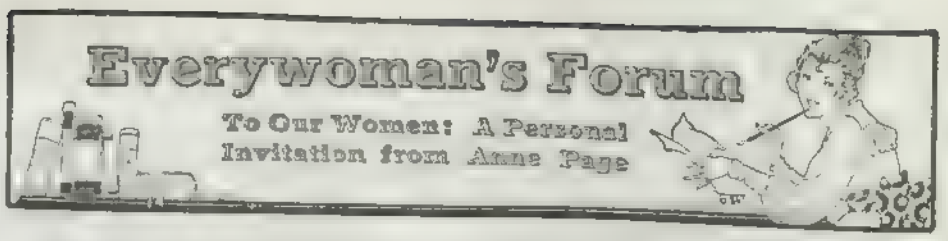

FREE Rex Wonder or Rose Bud Ring Set with rose bud or Rex marker. Your size. For Red Cross War Relief for 3 years. Gold Plated. Rex Jewelry Co., Dept. 6 Battle Creek, Mich.



WHICH SHOULD BE BOSS?

Dear Freda—

MANY a maiden in many a mood has written or spoken to us of her approaching marriage, but never anyone in your masterful fashion. You begin belligerently with the assertion that you don't believe in love any more than you believe in marrying for a home and go on to set down rules which should govern a union. My dear, those rules of yours are so one-sided they rock. Only for them we would have been pleased to publish your letter, but they're not wholesome. Can't you see it yourself? I am reminded of the youth who consulted a fortune teller.

"What did she tell you?" asked his friend, "Did she say you would marry soon?"

"No, never mentioned marriage."

"That's queer—they usually do? Well, what did she predict?"

"She said I was born to command," proudly.

"Well, that means you will never be married! Congratulations!" cried his friend.

Elder Sister, London, Ont.—

WRITE to the Commandant of Can. V.A.D. Detachment, Lady Perley, Can. Red Cross Headquarters, Berners Street, London, Eng. We feel sure that she will see that you are supplied with first-class information re your sister's well-being. She has likely forgotten her home-sickness in her love of work. Lady Perley has quite a regiment of V.A.D.'s enrolled.

No. 2.—Am not certain, but think the only difference between the St. John's Ambulance and the Red Cross Voluntary Aid one is that the latter shows touches of red in cape, collar, pockets, belt.

No. 3.—The V.A.D.'s going from Canada under "Devonshire House" are called "official" and receive their salaries through Devonshire House. They are distinct from the Canadian Unit under Lady Perley.

Dear Everywoman's—

YOU are after reforms, so go after the dog nuisance—or crime. Manitoba, where I belong, spends enough yearly on the keep of dogs to feed five hundred Belgian orphans, and I suppose the other provinces aren't far behind. "The family pet!" folks cry. Nonsense! If the family must have a pet let it adopt a lamb, which costs no more in "eats" and yields several dollars worth of wool yearly. As for the ladies who cuddle lap-dogs and lead Boston bull pups around by a silver chain they make me sick. More sheep and fewer dogs should be the slogan.—FARMER'S WIFE, Brandon, Man.

Dear Anne Page—

AM enclosing for the Forum a unique clipping sent me from the front by my brother-in-law.—ESTHER, Lindsay.

A Soldier's Day

THE following is the routine of an ordinary day as expressed by one soldier in the titles of well-known hymns:

5.30 a.m.: Reveille. "Christians awake."

7.45 a.m.: Roll Call. "Art Thou Weary Art Thou Languid?"

8 a.m.: Breakfast. "Meekly Wait and Murmur Not."

9 a.m.: Manoeuvres. "Fight the Good Fight."

11.15 a.m.: Swedish Drill. "Here We Suffer Grief and Pain."

1 p.m.: Dinner. "Come, Ye Thankful People, Come."

2.15 p.m.: Lectures by Officers. "Tell Me the Old, Old Story."

4.30 p.m.: Dismiss. "Praise God From Whom All Blessings Flow."

10 p.m.: Last Post. "All Are Safely Gathered In."

2.30 p.m. Friday: Pay Day. "Count Your Blessings One by One."

Dear Everywoman's—

IN our village we have a Patriotic Society. Also in our village we have a woman who is a disgrace to her sex, an unmarried woman with a child of her own, four years old. I am no Pharisee, but I don't believe in putting myself on a level with that kind of person, and when she was admitted to the Patriotic Society, I refused to remain in it. It has caused a lot of talk. She cried and carried on, and as some sided with her and some with me, it has almost broken up the society. The minister's wife told me I was not a Christian. Maybe not, but I am respectable, and don't intend to countenance girls who aren't. I would like your opinion.—R. T. O."

Dear girl, if the sorrow you have caused a sister woman, and all the talk and "taking sides" you have stirred up, with the disrupting of a working society much needed, have not taught you your lesson, any words of mine would be useless. Remember, chastity is not the only virtue; charity is another, a beautiful Christ-like virtue. Get it—on your knees get it if you would save your soul alive. Do you know Van Dyke's lines:

"The truth the wise men sought
Was spoken by a child,
The Alabaster Box was brought
In trembling hands defiled."

Dear Everywoman's—

WILL you kindly tell me what pension is given the family of a private soldier killed in battle? Am sorry to trouble you.—A MOTHER."

We are not quite certain, but think the sum is $480 a year. Better write to Board of Pensions Commissioners, Union Bank Building, Ottawa. Anything we can do to help we will do gladly.

Dear Everywoman's—

PLEASE tell me in your mother's page where I can procure patterns for a layette? Is it cheaper to buy ready made, or to make the little garments myself? I don't want to spend any more than I can help, as times are hard, but I do want nice things for my first baby.

"MONA MARSH."

Of course you do, and we want you to have them nice, too. If I were you, I'd hunt up some good neighbor who had raised babies of her own, and tell her all about it. She can give you tried out patterns and tried out advice. Use all of the first and as much of the last as you feel like taking. And no matter what anyone says, stick to fineness of material, freedom from trimming and the most careful of hand sewing. Let us hear how the layette progresses.

Dear Anne Page—

I LIKE your name and hope I'll like you, but being a cannie Scot, can't say until we're "weel acquaint." My son in the trenches cut this bit poem out of a paper and sent it to me. A Juan MacDonald wrote it, and I have copied it out for you and the other ladies who come to this page. Here's hoping you will like it. My son telling how he—Harry Lauder—sang to the men in the trenches and cracked his jokes when the pain of his bonnie laddie's death was forcing the hot tears out on his cheeks, says: "We laughed and we cried with him; our hearts were that soft.

"SOLDIER'S MOTHER."

When Lauder Sings

He's little and red-headed, but oh! we dinna care
A hang about his stature or the color of his hair
And the laugh with which we greet him well-nigh makes the rafters ring.
But we simply cannot help it—when Lauder starts to sing.

There's just a hint o' sadness in his laughter now-a-day,
I think it's been there always since his laddie marched away;
And there's something in his lilting makes the ready tears to spring—
They're very near the surface—now—when Lauder starts to sing.

"We'll all gae hame the same way," but some are left to weep,
While some who stepped out blithely with death their yigil keep,
Ah, if we only had the power his laddie back we'd bring,
For now, 'tis only with the lips that Lauder seems to sing.

The heart that loved to make us glad is filled with sorrow now,
And yet he still can make us laugh as only he knows how,
Ah when they meet up yonder won't they make the rafters ring?
'Twill raise the very roof of heaven when Lauder starts to sing.

Many thanks for taking the pains to copy the poem and send it to our page. Come again. We hope to make you feel at home here.

Everywoman's Forum

Sault Ste. Marie—

NO apologies. You are welcome as the flowers of May to Everywoman's hearth and home. That you believe in divorce, and have, to quote yourself, "A hundred queer notions re the conventions," is none of our affair. So here's a handshake and the little poem asked for:

September

September comes across the hills,
Her blue veil softly blowing,
Her flagons deep of wine she spills
And sets the old world glowing.

And ah! familiar is her face
In spite of all her splendor,
We knew her once as Maid of Grace,
Sweet June, the young and slender.

Though she has grown a gracious thing,
Full-blossomed, grand and stately,
I still can see a hint of spring,
Her youth has gone but lately.

September comes across the hills,
Her blue veil softly flowing,
Her flagons deep of wine she spills,
And sets the old world glowing.

ANNE PAGE.

J. E. T., Souris, Man.—

We do not think you have anything to reproach yourself with in the matter of thrift. You have it down to a fine art. The method you suggest is already in force in many places. It is called the rationing system. Many thanks for the kind things you say of the magazine. Come again.

"Schoolma'am," Kamsack P.O., Sask.

No. 1.—The case is too serious for us to advise on without fuller information.

No. 2.—Why not write the Minister of Education, Edmonton, Alberta? The Government sent out an appeal a while back—saying that a thousand schools in the Province would be closed unless teachers could be secured.

Anne's Observations

A WOMAN never outgrows her love of flowers. Not long ago when Miss Esther Robb was presented, in the Aged Woman's Home, Toronto, with a perfectly glorious bouquet in honor of her one hundredth birthday, her face lighted up like a girl's, and, holding it fast to her bosom like a college graduate receiving her diploma, she sang in a voice clear and strong:

"Praise God from whom all blessings flow;
Praise Him, all creatures here below."

and so on to the close of the doxology.

ANOTHER of Canada's centenarians, Mrs. Paquin of Quebec, was asked the other day what flowers she liked best. "Me, I t'ink roses and babies the sweetest flowers le bon Dieu give us, yes," she smiled. On her hundredth birthday, which occurred in June, Mrs. Paquin gathered with her own hands from her own garden, a whole hundred old-fashioned sweet-smelling roses, and herself welcomed the one hundred and ten descendants who gathered in honor of the event. Blessed is he (or she) who hath a quiver full of them.

DOING with last year's finery is no proof that we are devoid of vanity. Some of us are as sinfully proud over doing without as others are over achieving.

GOOD temper makes a plain woman fair to see—in the eyes of the man she lives with.

Young Camouflage Artist

BESSIE is a bright one. The other day her teacher set her and her schoolmates to drawing, letting them choose their own subjects. After the teacher had examined what the other children had drawn, she took up Bessie's sheet.

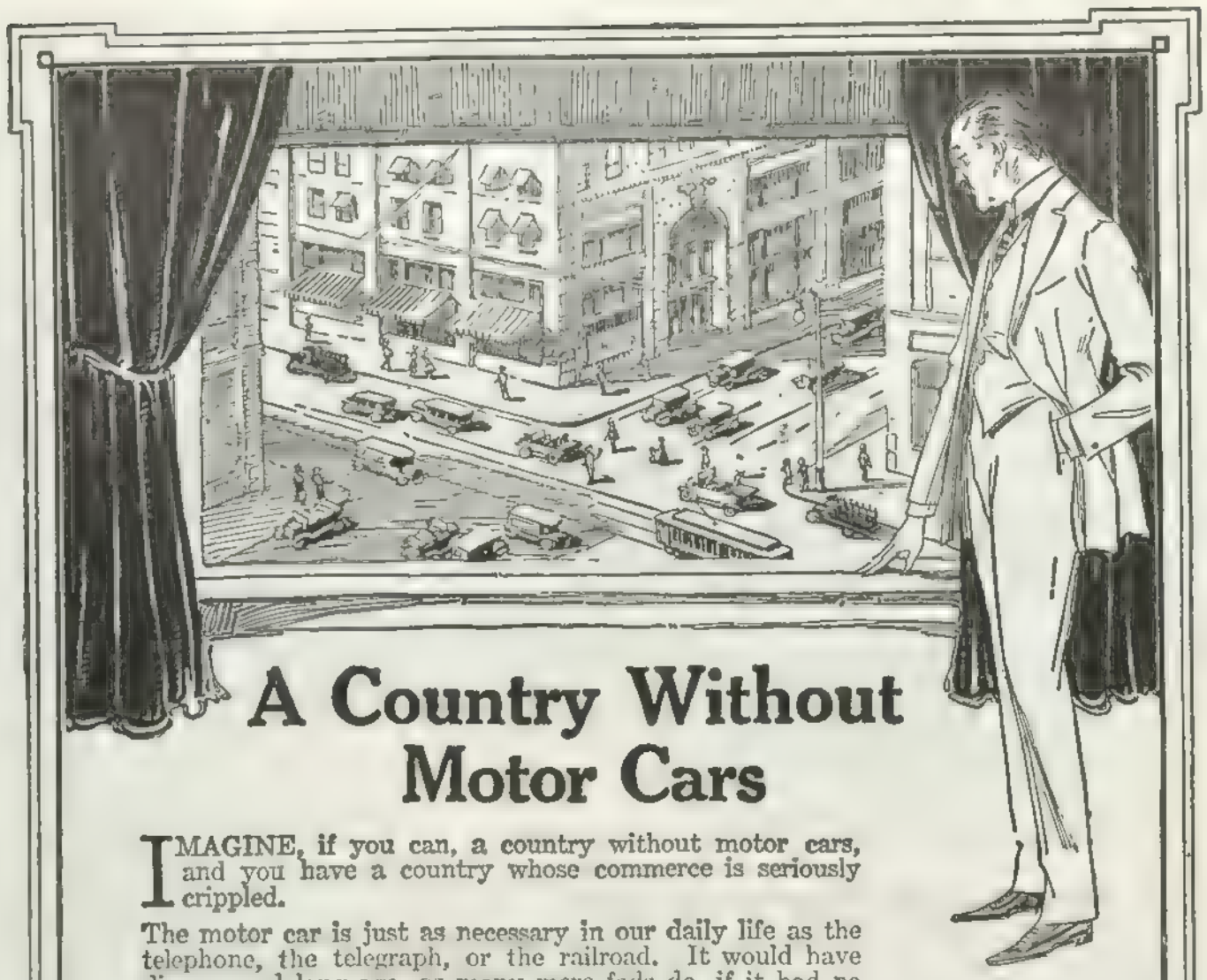
"Why, what's this?" she said. "You haven't drawn anything at all, child."

"Please, teacher, yes, I have," returned Bessie. "It's a war picture—a long line of amunition-wagons at the front. You can't see 'em 'cause they're camouflaged."

His Place in the Sun

THE Warden—I always try to give the prisoners work that is familiar to them, but all the work you appear to have done consists of assasination, highway robbery, forgery, larceny and arson.

The new arrival—Well, you might find me a job in the German diplomatic corps.



A Country Without Motor Cars

IMAGINE, if you can, a country without motor cars, and you have a country whose commerce is seriously crippled.

The motor car is just as necessary in our daily life as the telephone, the telegraph, or the railroad. It would have disappeared long ago, as many mere fads do, if it had no function higher than mere pleasure. Its permanent usefulness is recognized.

The farmer found that it saved him time and money, broadened his life, and helped him keep his children contented at home. The merchant found it widened his field of business and speeded up his deliveries. The salesman found the car added to his working territory. Business men found they could accomplish more in a working day. The medical profession as a whole adopted the motor car.

Imagine, if you can, the Allies without motor transportation attempting to fight Germany motor equipped.

If you are without a motor car you stand exactly the same chance with your competitors? *Buy a Ford.*

Ford
THE UNIVERSAL CAR

One-Ton Truck	$750
Runabout	660
Touring	690
Coupe	875
Sedan	1,075
Chassis	625

F. O. B. Ford, Ont.

All prices subject to war tax charges, except trucks and chassis

Ford Motor Company of Canada,
Limited
Ford - - Ontario

More Dresses for You

EVERY woman realizes that if she could make her own dresses perfectly she could afford more each year for her dresses because of the extra service and good fitting qualities.

You can make sure with a "PERFECTION" ADJUSTABLE FORM, which you can adjust to an exact duplicate of your figure. Then you can go ahead and fit your dress perfectly without a mirror and without any twisting and never try it on until it is finished.

Your clothes will always look well and last longer when fitted properly with a "PERFECTION" DRESS FORM. Send to-day for our Free Catalogue showing different styles and prices, or ask to see the "PERFECTION" DRESS FORMS at the pattern or dress goods department of your nearest store.

The Adjustable Dress Form Co., of Canada, Limited
161 King St. W., Toronto, Ont.

Visitors to Toronto Exhibition—Call.

Many women with disfigured complexions

never seem to think that they need an occasional cleansing *inside* as well as *outside*. Yet neglect of this internal bathing shows itself in spotty, and sallow complexions - as well as in dreadful headaches and biliousness. It's because the liver becomes sluggish, and waste matter accumulates which Nature cannot remove without assistance. The best

CHAMBERLAIN'S TABLETS

remedy is Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets, which stimulate the liver to healthy activity, remove fermentation, gently cleanse the stomach and bowels and tone the whole digestive system. Sure, safe and reliable. Take one at night and you feel bright and sunny in the morning. Get Chamberlain's today—druggists 25c., or by mail from

Chamberlain Medicine Company, Toronto 15

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I know because I was Deaf and had Head Noises for over 30 years. My Invisible Anti-septic Ear Drums restored my hearing and stopped Head Noises, and will do it for you. They are Tiny Megaphones. Cannot be seen when worn. Easy to put in, easy to take out. Are "Unseen Comforts" Inexpensive. Write for Booklet and my sworn statement of how I recovered my hearing. **A. O. LEONARD**
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PURGATIVE WATER

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THE sweet and mellow tone peculiar to all instruments of Nordheimer make, is the fundamental reason for the selection of Nordheimer Pianos by people of true musical discrimination. When you add to this supreme tonal quality the feature of artistic case design and extreme durability, you have ample explanation of the ever growing popularity of the Nordheimer Piano.

The Nordheimer Miniature Upright—$425.00
(East of Fort William)
This particular style may be obtained in Mahogany, Walnut or Fumed Oak

Write for design Book "E" containing full particulars

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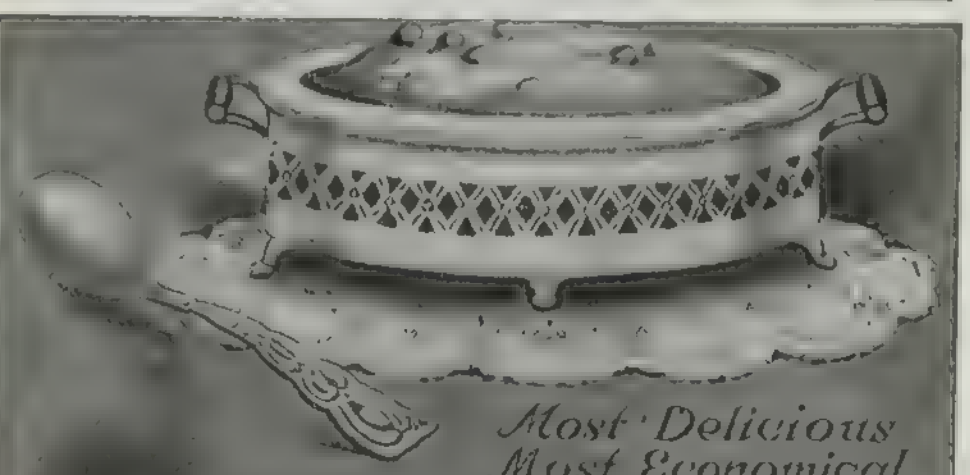


Most Delicious
Most Economical
No Eggs Required

Serve Custard and Save Wheat

YOU can do your bit in household saving and have a delightful variety of desserts if you serve Kkovah Custard in your home.

"KKOVAH" CUSTARD

Heavy puddings and rich pastries are indigestible and therefore, not nutritious. Kkovah Custard is simply delicious and loved by children and grown-ups. It is easily digested.

Kkovah Custard, while being a complete dessert in itself, is a most excellent base for many tempting dishes which emphasize the skill of a good cook.

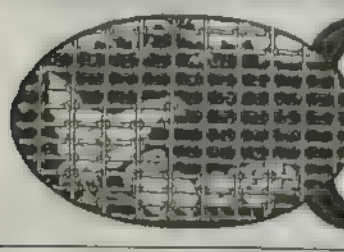
Custard Puddings, Trifles, fresh fruits and preserved fruits are made most tempting with Kkovah Custard.

Kkovah Custard is sold in cans at 15c by grocers.

MADE BY
Sutcliffe & Bingham, Limited
Of Manchester, Eng., for Over a Quarter of a Century

Recipe

Kkovah Trifle
Stale cake, 1 cup fruit preserved strawberries, raspberries, or cherries, 1 dessert spoonful sugar, ½ teacup seeded raisins, 8 ounces shelled walnuts, chopped coarsely, 1 pint Kkovah custard, a little whipped cream for top.
Make the custard according to the simple Kkovah directions on the can.



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Strongly built and closer spaced—making it a complete barrier against large animals as well as small poultry. Top and bottom wires No. 9—intermediates No. 12 wire—made by the Open Hearth process which time and other tests have proven to be the best. Send for catalog. Ask about our farm and ornamental fence. Agencies nearly everywhere. Agents wanted in unassigned territory.
The Banwell-Hoxie Wire Fence Company, Ltd.,
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THEIR FUTURE

SUCCESS or failure—depends on the ideals they form, the books they read and the lessons they learn—NOW.

If you wish to rightly guide and help your children toward lives of character and strength—lives that will yield the greatest profit to themselves, you want to join

THE HOME LIBRARY ASSOCIATION
259 Spadina Avenue Toronto, Ontario

A Chat With Mothers

(*Continued from page 37*)

nounced in her best platform tones, that Elinor Humble would now give a short talk on "Conserving Wool."

"Call it saving, Nelly," spoke up the visitor, who, it transpired, knew Elinor's mother, and had nursed Elinor as a baby, "That's a word we all understand—or ought to. And dear knows, I hope the subject of wool is more familiar to you than it was to a speaker we had at The Corners. Old man Draper—who's like to make out most women are fools because he happened to pick one of that kind—stood up when she said anybody could ask questions and she would answer as well as she was able (a good thing she put that in) and queried in his squeaky voice "Where do we get wool, anyway?" And sweet as custard pie she answers, "A few get it at the factory, but most people buy it in the store."

"Yes," he went on, squeakier than ever, "but tell us about yarn from its very beginning right down till it's in them big flowery knitting bags you ladies carry." "Oh, the processes are neither here nor there," she answers which is a big mistake on her part, for the processes are interestin' as ever they can be, and moreover—a woman ought to know her subject or hold her tongue."

"Could you put us wise to these same processes?" interrupted the lady who had volunteered to lead off in the discussion of this conservation paper. "Madame President," turning to that puzzled individual, "I move that before the paper on wool is given, we hear what our visiting lady has to say on the subject."

"I second the motion," cried the member due to move the vote of thanks.

"It's not according to parliamentary usage—however—all in favor? Carried. Will you please come to the platform?"

She was sitting in the front row, and what she did was to turn her chair and face the dozen or so members gathered. "If you don't mind, I'll do my talking right here, and do it sitting down. So much work on the farm this spring, I don't feel that I'll ever stand up again, that is, for the pleasure of standing. As to this wool business we're all interested in, I know it inside out. Nowadays the man of the house takes it to market and brings it back money, or to the factory and brings it back yarn or flannel. Talking to all you young handsome women," here most of us looked conscious, "makes me remember as 'twas yesterday driving the sheep to the big pond, helping lead them in one by one to be washed. Scared foolish they seemed, poor things, as they were jounced and rubbed and rinsed, the time being April and water none too warm. I can see them now going back, the dust rising in a cloud from the country road, to settle on their snow white fleeces, their feet making a clicking little sound something the same as a high heeled shoe makes on a bare floor.

Out in the field they were driven to dry off for the shearing. It is a nice sight to see the thick white burden of wool falling from the sheep's back under the run of a sharp pair of shears. There, it is done! Up jumps the sheep and flies to join its mates who have been similarly stripped. Such bleating and protesting as goes on among them. Finally the herder comes, sets a mark on each sheep with his brush and blacking, and drives them into the fold to get used togoing without their coats.

The mills do much of the work now, but we used to sit down to a pile of wool, big as a barn, pick it, card it and spin it, all by hand. A tedious job, but we stuck to it by daylight, firelight, and candlelight until it was done. To this day I don't know a homier song than the whirring and shizzing of the old wheel, and the clacking of the reel as it told off the knots—sixteen knots to the skein. There was a spinning song which ran:

"You who remember the wheel in the corner,
The scolding, the teasing, the songs that it sung,
The merry mad music it made in the household
Where you who are ancient were happy and young!"

We wove our own cloth and blankets on the sturdy wooden looms, the shuttles flying quickly to a tune of their own. The tune I've forgotten, but the words were:

"O why should we groan
Or why should we grieve
If we stand up to spin
Don't we sit down to weave?"

Which was true. As for the knitting, it wasn't counted work at all—we picked it up when we wanted a rest. There!" with an air of having done her duty by us, "I've told you enough for one day. It's your turn now, Nelly. Trot out that 'Wool' paper of yours."

"Never," exclaimed Elinor, "you sit right there and answer the hundred and one questions we mean to ask—don't we, ladies?"

MORAL: Before we can teach others wisdom, we must be wise ourselves.

A Money-Saving Suggestion That Will Help
You Fill Your Thrift Stamp Book Quickly

Instead of buying expensive cuts of meat, buy the cheaper ones, save from five to ten cents a pound and with the money saved purchase Thrift Stamps. Think how much you will save in one week! And in fifty-two weeks!!

You can make a most appetizing, nutritious and **tender** pot roast from a neck-piece or any of the other cheaper cuts of meat in a

"Wear-Ever" Windsor Kettle

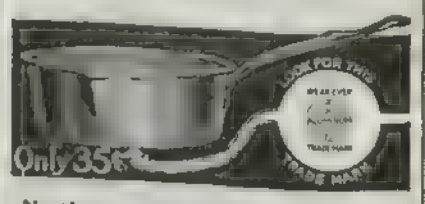
—without grease without water—without basting

Heat the empty kettle over a low flame; sear the roast on all sides, then turn down the fire to a mere flicker. Turn the meat when half done. Thus a **"Wear-Ever"** kettle REDUCES BOTH YOUR FUEL AND MEAT BILLS.

Because of their wonderful durability **"Wear-Ever"** utensils save you money and the annoyance of continually buying new cooking utensils. Compare the price of a **"Wear-Ever"** Kettle with that of the best enamel kettle of the same size. You will be surprised that **"Wear-Ever"** utensils can be bought so cheap.

Replace utensils that wear out with utensils that "Wear-Ever"

Sold by Hardware, Housefurnishing and Department Stores



Northern Aluminum Co., Limited
Dept. 48, Toronto, Ont.

Send prepaid 1 qt (wine measure) "WEAR EVER" Stewpan. Enclosed is 35c in stamps—to be refunded if not satisfied. Offer good until Oct. 20, 1918 only.

Name.....

Address.....

MUSKOKA'S BEST IN SEPTEMBER

Ask for list of "Summer Hotels and Boarding Houses" with rates—any C.N.R. Agent, or write General Passenger Dept., Montreal, Que., or Toronto, Ont.

For Canada

(*Continued from page 15*)

There are many foreigners in the mining towns of the Crow's Nest Pass—French Italians, Ruthenians. It is among the women and children of these settlements that Miss Hind labors. Her twin gifts of music and elocution attract many to her, who could not be reached by ordinary means. She has been an advocate of music in the homes of the miners, and has seen four or five pianos placed where they will do much good. She has also trained the school-children to give public entertainments.

Miss Minnie M. Hind, Alberta

Of the women, Miss Hinds says, they learn English slowly, yet they doubtless understand more than they will show. It is so very convenient to reply, "I no savey," to anything they do not want to hear or know. The young people are very fond of dress, and sometimes at an afternoon affair, they will appear more gorgeously attired than the daughters of the wealthy. Many of the girls are very pretty. But with dress ends their notion of the beautiful. Their home life is indescribably wretched.

Household Department

(*Continued from page 10*)

mature. Apples picked green cannot be recommended for storage purposes. The apples should be cooled immediately they are picked. This helps to prevent skin diseases which are otherwise likely to develop in storage. If the fruit is left to heat up in piles or in barrels in the sun after picking, the diseases are encouraged to start, which afterwards play great havoc amongst the stored apples. The ideal temperature for apples is one between 31 and 33 degrees F. Apples wrapped in paper and placed in boxes, each holding about a bushel, which may be packed one above the other in the storage room can be easily handled and will keep in ideal condition. Barrel storage is also satisfactory

It has been decided by many careful housewives who have not been able to have gardens of their own, that it will pay them to buy their garden produce for the winter, when the harvest of vegetables is at its height and prices at their lowest. Many truck-farmers prefer to get rid of their stocks, rather than put in extensive storing facilities and market them in the depth of winter. Where you can get such supplies at a reasonable figure this fall, the plan appears to be a most profitable one.

Cautions About Storing

DON'T let the frost injure the crops before you take them into the cellar.

Don't bring them in while they are in a moist condition.

Don't cover roots with damp sand, if the cellar is hot. They will start to grow if you do. Eat them quickly, can, dry or give away in preference.

Don't let cold winds dry out your potatoes. If you do, a bitter taste is the result.

Don't try to store onions, squash or pumpkins in a cool cellar. They will keep better in the attic.

Don't forget to watch your storage room and sort out any decayed specimens before the trouble spreads.

Don't forget that a cheap thermometer is a good friend in a storage room.

If it is impossible to provide a special storage place, as suggested, select that part of the cellar farthest removed from the furnace, and where the greatest amount of air circulation takes place.

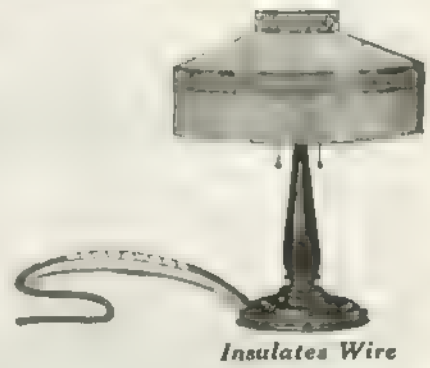
© B&B 1918

B&B Adhesive Plaster Tape
Has a Thousand Uses

Mends Rubber

A Rubber-Coated Tape

Strong and enduring. It sticks to anything that's dry and stays stuck. It mends anything, and mends it firmly, whatever the material.



Insulates Wire

Saves Countless Dollars

Think of the things you throw away when a bit of tape could mend them.

Lawn hose, for instance. You can double its life if you mend the breaks with B & B Adhesive.

Any rubber article can be mended instantly.

Leaks are stopped in metal pipes, and in automobile inner tubes.

Clothing tears are mended so you cannot see them, by attaching B&B Adhesive on the under side.

Grips are made for golf clubs and for tennis rackets. Simply wrap them with the tape—no wetting. And it sticks like glued-on canvas.

Broken handles are repaired in a moment, and for good.

Anything broken, anything torn—whatever it is made of—can be lastingly repaired.

Electric wire connections can be insulated with it, for the tape is rubber-coated.

Prevents Chafing

Fruit jars can be sealed.

Chafing and blistering of hands and heels can be pleasantly and easily prevented.

Stops Leaks

Ever-Sticky Rubber

This is fabric tape, one side of which is ever-sticky rubber. Surgeons use it for attaching bandages, for holding splints and strapping sprains. Millions of yards are yearly used for every day repairs.

Be sure to get the right kind—B&B Adhesive Plaster Tape. Made by experts in a special way, to fit this all-'round service.

It comes on spools in various widths and lengths. But the larger spools, five or ten yards, are most economical.

Get it today, and always keep it handy. Carry a spool in your car and in your traveling bag.

Our Adhesive Book pictures 80 uses. Ask your druggist for it free—when you buy B & B Adhesive.

B&B

Double-Sure Products

Bauer & Black has a world-wide renown for its products. These include:

B & B Absorbent Cotton
B & B Bandages and Gauze
B & B Fumigators
B & B First Aid Outfits

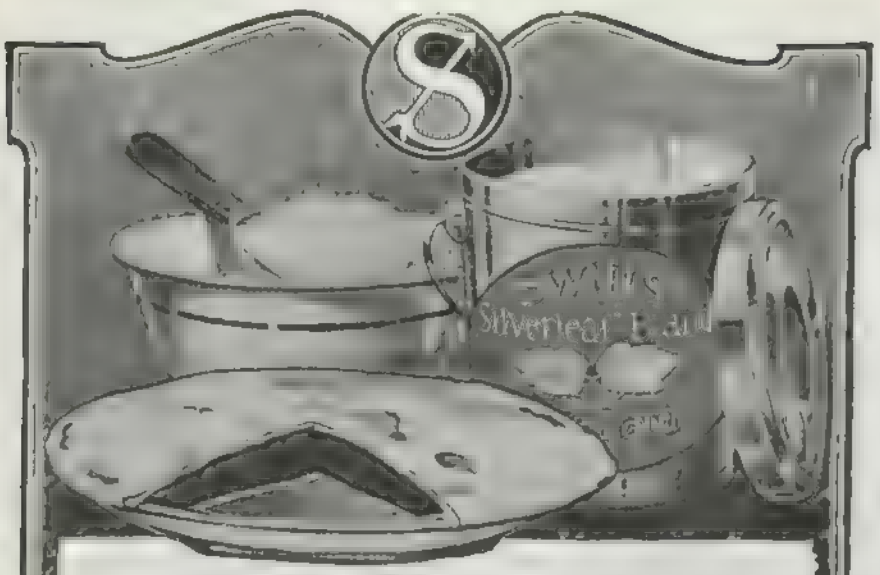
All made under ideal conditions. For safety's sake, ask for B & B.

Sold by Druggists In All Sizes

Buy 5-Yard Spools For Economy

(951)

BAUER & BLACK, Limited, ***Makers of Surgical Dressings, etc.,*** **Chicago, New York, Toronto**



Ensure Delicious Pastry

YOU know how greatly success in baking depends upon *uniformity*. War-time needs have caused variations in so many products that there is more reason than ever to insist on those articles you can still obtain knowing them to be *always the same.*

SWIFT'S
"Silverleaf" Brand
Pure Lard

is as reliably efficient and dependable to-day as ever. It is the ideal shortening—a scientific combination of choice pork fats in exactly right proportions for all seasons—*perfect* for pastries and fine for frying. Sold in tin pails of convenient sizes—always wholesome and fresh—economical to use.

Order a pail from your Grocer or Butcher.

Swift Canadian Co.
Limited
Toronto Winnipeg Edmonton

(Canada Food Board License No. 18-170, 18-171, 18-172)

Barber-Ellis, FRENCH ORGANDIE Stationery

THOSE desirous of the same exclusiveness enjoyed in other things insist on French Organdie Stationery.

Obtainable in papeterie, note paper and tablets with envelopes to match.

Ask your stationer for it.

A Short Molt Means A Long Profit

It pays to force the molt. A little extra care now pays big in fall and winter eggs.

Pratts Poultry Regulator

will keep your hens in good condition, hurry them through the molt and get them back to work again in about 40 days. Puts new life and vitality in your flock, tones up the system, acts directly on the digestive and egg-producing organs.

At your dealer's in popular priced packages, also money-saving 25-lb. pails and 100-lb. bags.

Money Back If Not Satisfied.

Write for new book on care of Poultry. It's FREE.

Use PRATTS ANIMAL REGULATOR.
The Guaranteed Stock Tonic.

PRATT FOOD CO. OF CANADA, LIMITED
328-F Carlaw Ave., Toronto. P-6

Pratts

Building the New World

And the Part Women Will Play In It

By MARJORIE MacMURCHY

I HAVE been asked to state briefly what part Canadian women have in Reconstruction.

What is Reconstruction? Its meaning is changing constantly. It stands for more to the world to-day than it did a month ago. Reconstruction, in the first year of the War, was a plan for the rebuilding of the destroyed parts of Belgium and France.

In its fullest meaning, Reconstruction may be stated to be the comprehensive effort to reorganize ourselves for better work, better social conditions and better spiritual life.

The material, intellectual and spiritual determination of the democratic half of our race to prove that it is fit to survive in this new world, and that it will succeed in making the new world better than the old, is the dynamic impetus behind the highest conception of Reconstruction. We are witnessing and sharing the cumulative effort of the soul of democracy to save itself from annihilation.

Why does Reconstruction mean more now than it did last year? Why is it more imperative? Because this is the day of the last man and the last dollar which must win the war, and help to build the new world. Every national activity must be kept at its best, as far as possible, to maintain the economic strength which is directly and perilously involved in this death struggle.

Miss Marjorie MacMurchy, who is Planning Reconstruction

Photo by Minna Keene, P R P S.

Democracy is calling on its reserve of free women. This, one believes, is in reality the underlying reason for the enfranchisement of women in democratic countries. We are being given every possible freedom to serve. To serve to the best advantage, we must have a clear understanding of national economic problems. How shall we get this clear understanding? First, by being interested; then, by study and reading; and by good honest thinking.

The German conception is that the individual exists for the State. The result of this conception is to be found in the uses to which Germany puts her armies, destroying and dehumanizing millions of individual men—not that freedom may live, but for material power.

The conception of free people is that the state exists for the individual. But to justify this conception and save civilization, the free individual must be unselfish, co-operative, a better individual, man for man and woman for woman, than the state-owned man and woman.

What will happen?

If democracy is less productive and more extravagant than autocracy?

If our free co-operation is less thorough and effective than their state-owned single management?

For Us To Answer

EVERY Canadian woman must answer these questions. She must answer them as an individual. She must answer them in her home. She must answer them in the nation as a citizen.

The material well-being of the homes of Canada, and of individual men and women, depends on sound national economic conditions. The Canadian contribution to the stability of democracy will be great or less according to the strength of these economic conditions. These are:—

The control and development of our own natural resources.

Increasing production in manufactures, agriculture, mining, fishing and forestry.

The conservation of wealth by thrift.

Ample capital for use in production and development.

Sound national finance.

An export trade to pay national debts and of a character to promote the employment of Canadians in Canada.

An import trade which will further the development of industry and employment in Canada, and which will not create merely unproductive debt.

The friendly and effective co-operation of Labor and Capital.

Wages, housing and standards of living which will endure national well-being and efficiency.

The encouragement of ability in management and genius in organization and initiative.

A sufficient reward or incentive to encourage the individual to put forth his and her best powers.

To work for a right solution of any of these economic problems is to be engaged in Reconstruction.

It is of the utmost importance that reconstructive plans should be practical, and should work efficiently. No social advance can be secured permanently unless supported by right economic conditions. Premier Hughes of Australia, says that the welfare of labor depends on a sound economic basis. Reconstruction can only be effectively planned with a practical knowledge of democratic human nature, free, independent, resentful of control, liberty loving, yet progressively capable of co-operation, self-centred and strongly endowed with the instincts of self-preservation, yet highly idealistic and ready to lay down all that it has—its life—in the cruside of humanity.

What persuades Canadian women to grapple strongly with these economic problems? Love of Canadian men, women and children, love of home and country, love of humanity. Economic problems will tend more and more to become daily considerations in the Canadian woman's life.

There remains the intellectual reconstruction of education, the fitting of school training to life for boys and girls, and the application of scientific research to industry.

Spiritual reconstruction is to be found in a league of good will. It is absolutely necessary for Canadian women to inaugurate good will in Canada, between country and city, English and French, East and West, Liberal and Conservative. The future of the nation requires it. We are as yet only at the beginning of intellectual and spiritual reconstruction.

If democracy is to build the New World on lasting foundations, we must serve God, humanity and our country with all our heart, and with all our soul, and with all our strength and with all our mind.

These are but the plain teachings of what we call common sense. The war has made them the plain truths of democracy. It used to be thought that Reconstruction could be left until after the War. This is a mistake. Reconstruction must win the war.

If Everywoman's World Is Late

IF your copy of EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD is late in reaching you, or perhaps is lost altogether, please remember the difficulties under which EVERY ONE is working just at present. We are trying to give you the best delivery service possible and will gladly replace lost copies or extend subscriptions to cover.

Before complaining of non-delivery, kindly allow a couple of weeks after publication date for your copy to reach you.

"The Little Nurse for Little Ills"

for Insect bites

also for sunburn and prickly heat

THE troubles that summer brings to the skin yield quickly to Mentholatum. It gently soothes the sting and smart of sunburn and stops the itch of insect bites.

A HEALING CREAM

Mentholatum

Always made under this signature

is truly a "little nurse for little ills" such as cuts, burns, nervous headache and summer colds. Antiseptic and safe to use on the tenderest of skins. At all druggists' in tubes and jars. 25c, 50c, $1.

Do this: Write today for Test Package, Free. Or send 10c. for special Trial Size.

The Mentholatum Co. Dept. X, Buffalo, N Y

JAEGER

For Boys and Girls

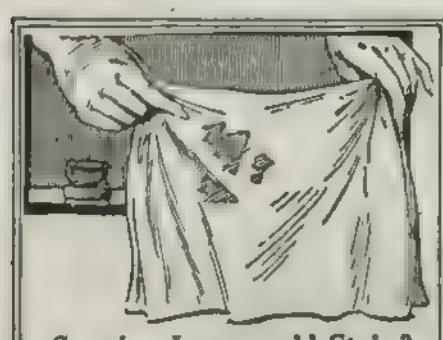
Your children's health is of the first importance. Start them right by clothing them with Jaeger Garments. We stock Jaeger Underwear and Night Wear, Dressing Gowns, Knitted Suits, Golfers' Coat Sweaters, Jerseys, Raglan Camel Hair Fleece Coats, Gloves, Stockings, etc.

A fully illustrated catalogue will be sent free on application.

DR. JAEGER Sanitary Woollen System CO., LIMITED

Toronto Montreal Winnipeg

British "founded 1883"



See that Iron-mould Stain?

One touch of Movol and it entirely disappears. Movol is a wonderful preparation that entirely banishes every sign of iron mould

TRADE MARK

MOVOL

Regd

Removes Iron-mould, Rust, Fruit and Ink-stains from Clothing, Marble, etc.

Contains no acids and does not harm the daintiest fabric in any way. Clothes having a YELLOW TINGE have their original colour completely restored by adding a spoonful to the rinsing water.

From Druggists, Stores, Grocers etc. In 2½c and 50c tubes. If you cannot obtain readily for large trial tube to

WM. EDGE & SONS, LTD., 25 Front St. E., Toronto, Ont.

18 Valentine St., New Bedford, Mass. 31 & 32 Hilton Lane, Liverpool.

Movol is British Made

Laugh Time Tales

(Continued from page 24)

Gadzyscz!

A GAWKY recruit of Wrxczysk
Surrendered at Prmxrqwzlcsazs;
But he struggled and yelled
When he was compelled
To pronounce his own name at Nvdgowxzc.

How to Do It

PAT—Well, no wan can prevint what's pasht an' gone.

Mike—Ye could if ye acted quick enough.

Pat—G'wan now! How could ye?

Mike—Sthop it before it happens.

A Boomerang

"WHAT'S this?" asked the acquitted man.

"The bill for my services," said the lawyer.

"Go on! You proved that I was insane, didn't you?"

"Yes."

"Well, you can't do business with an insane man. You ought to know that."

A Drive on the Enemy

"I'VE got to practise on the piano five hours a day."

"What for?"

"'Cause pa and ma don't like our new neighbors."

And the Horse Laughed

MEMBER S.P.C.A. (to brutal driver): No, my friend, I won't shut up. Your poor horse, unfortunately, cannot speak like Balaam's ass, but I would have you know, sir, that I can.

An Enjoyable Evening

CASEY—"It's the iligant time Oi had lasht Saturday. Divil a bit can I remember afther 4 o'clock."

O'Brien—"Thin how dye know ye had a good time?"

Casey—"Sure, didn't Oi hear th' cop tellin' the joodge about it on Monday morning?"—Transcript.

It Didn't Matter Which Side

A NEGRO boatman in charge of a ferry in one of the Southern States of America was accosted by a stranger who wanted to cross, but had not the money to pay. Old Sambo scratched his woolly head perplexedly, then asked: "Doan' yo' got no money at all?" "No," was the dejected reply. "But it doan' cost yo' but three cents to cross," insisted Sambo. "I know, but I ain't got three cents." "I done tell you what," said Sambo after a pause; "a man what ain't got three cents am jes' as well off on this side ob de rebber as on de odder."

Answered

PROFESSOR (discussing organic and inorganic kingdoms)—Now, if I should shut my eyes—so—and turn my head—so—and remain perfectly still, you would say I was a clod. But I move, I leap. Then what do you call me?

Bright Pupil—a clodhopper, sir.

His Difficulty

"GOING to plant potatoes in your garden this spring?"

"I thought I would, but when I looked up the way to do it I found that potatoes have to be planted in hills, and our yard is perfectly flat."

We Don't Think

"HOW is it you've increased the price of bread again?"

"Well, you see Ma'am, we reduced the size of the loaf, so that makes it just the same."

Wanted—Helpful Prayer

JUST before the conclusion of the weekly prayer-meeting in a country town one evening the parson arose and glanced over the congregation.

"Is there anybody present," said he, "who wishes the prayers of the congregation for a relative or friend?"

"Yes, parson," answered a tall, angular woman, rising to her feet. "I want the congregation to pray for my husband."

"Why, Sister Martha," exclaimed the parson with a surprised expression, "you have no husband!"

"I know I haven't," was the calm rejoinder of Sister Martha. "I want all hands to pitch in and help me pray for one."

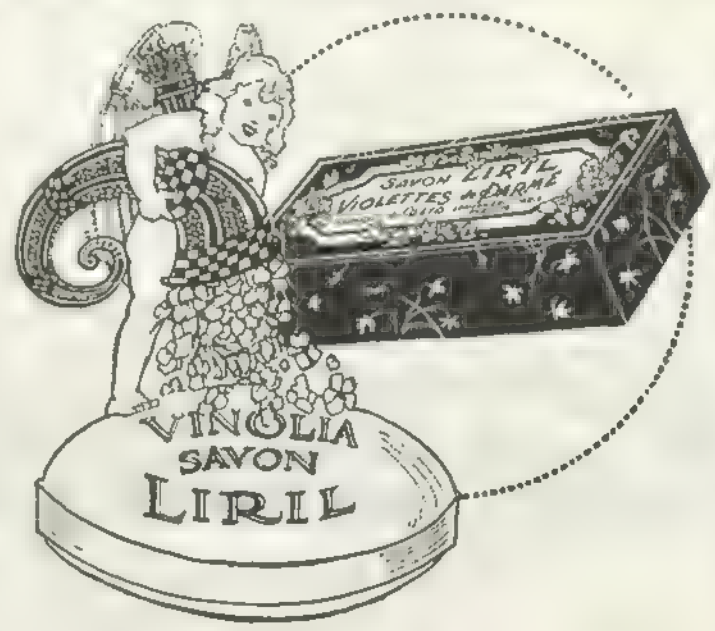
Bright Pupil

"WHAT is the meaning of 'alter ego'?" asked the teacher of the beginners' class in Latin.

"It means the 'other I,'" responded a pupil.

"Give me a sentence containing the phrase."

"He winked his alter ego."



Why use a vegetable-oil soap?

For that is what Liril Soap is. That means it contains no animal fat whatever. We use only purest vegetable and sweet fruit oils, which are highly beneficial to the most delicate skin—nourishing and stimulating. It is perfumed with a delightful odour of Violet Essence from sunny France.

VINOLIA

LIRIL SOAP

is a decided benefit to the complexion, no matter how "delicate" it may be, as well as being an effective cleanser. Don't suffer from a harsh or parched skin—get Liril and you will enjoy the peachy complexion of youth.

Vinolia Liril Soap is white before adding the perfume—but the Violet Essence changes the colour to a natural brown.

All Druggists sell Vinolia Liril Soap 10c. a cake.

VINOLIA CO. LIMITED TORONTO London Paris

BY APPOINTMENT

SOAP MAKERS TO H.M. THE KING

Royal Vinolia Tooth Paste 25c

Royal Vinolia Face Creams 25c and up

Vinolia Face Powders 50c and up

200

ROBINSON & CLEAVER'S

IRISH LINEN

World Renowned for Quality & Value

ESTABLISHED in 1870 at BELFAST—the centre of the Irish Linen Industry—they have a fully equipped factory for Damask and Linen Weaving at Banbridge, Co. Down; extensive making-up factories at Belfast; and for the finest work, hand-looms in many cottage homes. The following are examples :—

IRISH TABLE AND BED LINEN. Damask Table Cloths, size 2 x 2 yards, from $1 92 each; 2 x 2½ yards, from $2 14 each; 2½ x 3 yards, from $6 72 each. Damask Table Napkins, to match, from $2 56 per dozen. Linen Sheets, size 2 x 3 yards, from $11 48 per pair. Pillow Cases, size 19 x 30 inches, from $1 08 per pair. Embroidered Linen Bedspreads, from $7 44 each. Embroidered Linen Pillow Shams, from $1 18 each. Hemstitched Linen Huck Towels, from $4 68 per dozen.

THE IDEAL COLORED DRESS LINEN, non-crushable finish in white and fashionable shades, 36 inches wide, $0 48 per yard.

IRISH CAMBRIC HANDKERCHIEFS.—Ladies' Linen Hemstitched, from $1 52 per dozen. Ladies' Embroidered Handkerchiefs, from $1 80 per dozen. Gentlemen's Linen Hemstitched, from $2 14 per dozen. Khaki Handkerchiefs $0 50 to 1 66 per dozen.

IRISH COLLARS AND SHIRTS—Our celebrated Linen-faced Castle Collars in every size and shape, $1 56 per dozen. White Shirts, for dress or day wear, from $1 58 each. Oxford or Zephyr Shirts, from $1 18 each. Mercerised Twill, from $0 94 each. Cellular, $1 08. Medium Weight Flannel, $1 42 and $1 66. Ceylon Summer Weight Flannel, $1 18. Heavy Winter Weight, all wool, $2 28 each. Size 14½ to 16½ inches in stock.

By Appointment

To their Majesties the King and Queen.

Illustrated Price Lists & Samples sent post free to any part of the world. Special care and personal attention devoted to Colonial & Foreign Orders.

ROBINSON & CLEAVER LTD.

40-Z Donegall Place, BELFAST, IRELAND.

Beware of parties using our name; we employ neither agents nor travellers.

Little Miss "MAIDEN" CANADA

If the Whole World Knew——

the great food value of cocoa, there would be less poverty.

One half-pound tin of Cowan's Perfection Cocoa added to the usual proportion of milk per cup, equals two pounds of beef in food value.

The cocoa containing the most nourishment, derived from the best and most expensive cocoa beans, may be bought everywhere.

Canada Food Board, License No. 11-608.

COWAN'S COCOA "Perfection Brand"

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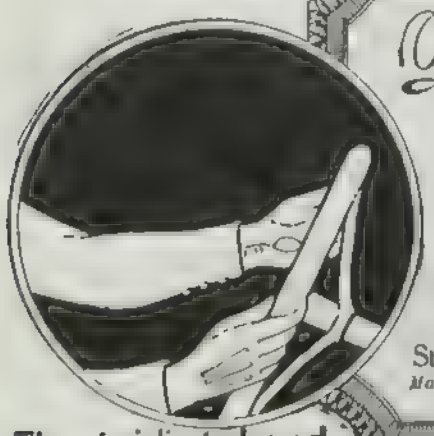


"Get Your Hands In"

Queen Quality

SILK GLOVES

Your safest guide in the purchase of Gloves is the trade-mark "Queen Quality" stamped in gold inside each pair. ¶ It means 20 years' experience in making the highest grade gloves for practical use on beautiful hands. ¶ Double tipped. Every pair guaranteed.

St. Catharines Silk Mills, Limited

Makers of Silk Gloves and Silk Lingerie.

75-D

The guiding hand

CARRY OUT THE ORDERS OF THE CANADA FOOD BOARD

Save Sugar

BY USING

CROWN BRAND CORN SYRUP

Not only a choice table Syrup—can be used for all Baking

Save Wheat

BY USING

BENSON'S CORN STARCH

Makes dainty Pie Fillings, Blanc Mange, Puddings and Custards, and can be used in Bread making.

"CASCO"

Refined Potato Flour

Makes delicious Cake.

MANUFACTURED BY

THE CANADA STARCH CO. LIMITED - MONTREAL

150

Let's Go Camping

(*Continued from page 8*)

3 pk. dessicated soup	1 lb. lima beans
1 pk. egg powder	1 lb. rice
3 lbs. butter	½ lb. split peas
3 lbs. shortening	2 cans baked beans
1 lb. tin Klim milk powder	(for emergencies)
	1 lb. coffee
2 loaves bread	¼ lb. tea
7 lb. bag flour	1 lb. sweet chocolate
1 box pancake flour	(for emergencies)
2 lbs. cornmeal	5 lbs. white sugar
1 lb. cream of wheat	3 lbs. brown sugar
½ lb. tin baking powder	1 tin corn syrup
	1 tin marmalade
Small amount baking soda	
1 doz. lemons	Salt in mailing tube
1 lb. dried apricots	Pepper in shaker
1 lb. dried peaches	pk. popcorn
1 box raisins	1 lb. lemon and lime drops

There are a few general articles that must not be omitted from the outfit, such as a good axe and sharpening stone, a camp lantern or acetyene gas lamp, plenty of matches in a tight-fitting tin box and a watertight safety match box always on the person, a keen hunting knife, a dozen candles, individual pocket flashlights, a little wire and stout cord, a few nails, a compass, a metal mirror, a few yards of cheesecloth, a sewing kit, and a small first-aid kit containing bandages and absorbent cotton, scissors, adhesive plaster, peroxide or some iodine, also a cathartic and an astringent.

That seems to be just about everything except the fishing tackle, which will vary somewhat according to the part of the Park you intend to visit.. You will find a great variety of fish, for there are salmon trout, lake trout or greyling, some white fish, black bass of the small-mouthed variety, and brook trout in abundance—the genuine square-tailed, speckled kind that will put up as spirited an argument as you could wish for. If you have never played and landed a two-pound brook trout, you have yet to feel one of the greatest thrills of life, for in my opinion there is no gamier fish to be found in Canadian waters. Early in the season there is good fly-fishing in the Park, any of the following flies being successful: Parmachene Belle, Silver Doctor, Brown Hackle, Black Hackle, The Trumble, The Laird and Jock Scott. Trolling with the archer spinner brings results in the salmon and greyling trout at almost any time of the season, while the Devon bait we found to be especially "deadly" for the speckled trout that swarm some of the lakes. A waterproof khaki haversack is one of the most convenient things to carry all your tackle in and a flat gun-metal tackle box for flies, hooks, minnows and spoons will fit into it neatly.

THERE are innumerable trips that one may take, but it is best to map out your itinerary before you start. The many excellent camp sites and shelter huts to be found everywhere in the Park are greatly appreciated if you are making a continuous trip with "one night stands" as your specialty. Or if you are stopping overnight on your way to a more permanent camp, they will be equally welcome. Officials of the railway will gladly give advice to anyone contemplating a trip, and with the aid of the blue print map which indicates all lakes, rivers, shelter huts and portages, one can readily choose his route and make his plans.

A great deal more might be said on this fascinating subject, but if this brief description has given you a determination to sweep away any difficulties or objections that may have stood in your way, and strike out into the woods for the kind of holiday you have longed for and never had, I, for one, will be glad, and you will be a happier, richer person. Once you have been there and absorbed the wonderful charm and beauty of the country, you will not wonder why I like to tell folks about Algonquin Park, for you too will be just as much in love with it, and proud that it belongs to us as Canadians.

A Case in Which Everywoman's World Brought Results

IN the March issue of EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD, registration blanks were published for the use of farmers who desired help and of women who wished to offer their services on the farms. Several hundred of these were received. The following note from Miss Harvey speaks for itself:

"*It is very good indeed of you to assist us by publishing application forms for us in your magazine.*

"*We find it very hard to get in touch with the farmers and it will be of the greatest assistance to have them send in their forms to you. Your co-operation has enabled us to make the success of our work that we attained last year.* "*With heartiest thanks for your co-operation, I remain, Yours very truly,*

WINIFRED HARVEY,
Director of Women's Farm Work."

Hours Drudgery Once Claimed Now Saved for Needed Duties

THE woman who would help others, first helps herself. She adopts labor-saving devices. She makes home-keeping easy. Thus she saves hours for war work, charities and recreation.

Perhaps the most frequently needed of these household helps is the

BISSELL'S "CYCO" BALL-BEARING Carpet Sweeper

and Bissell's strong suction Vacuum Sweeper. Each is supreme for its particular purpose.

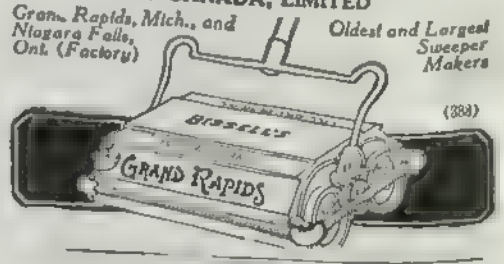
Practically no other article of home equipment saves so much time and drudgery. It makes sweeping a pleasant task. And it also makes homes more healthful. All germ-laden dust and dirt is quickly and thoroughly removed—not scattered.

Prices $4 25 to $6 00, Vacuum Sweepers $8.50 to $13 00—depending on style and locality. At dealers everywhere. Interesting booklet, "The Care of Rugs and Carpets," on request.

BISSELL CARPET SWEEPER CO. OF CANADA, LIMITED

Grand Rapids, Mich., and Niagara Falls, Ont. (Factory)

Oldest and Largest Sweeper Makers



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With That New Frock You Will Need

DELATONE

SO LONG AS FASHION DECREES sheer fabrics for sleeves, the woman of refinement requires Delatone for the removal of noticeable hair from the under-arm.

Delatone is an old and well-known scientific preparation, for the quick, safe and certain removal of hairy growths, no matter how thick or stubborn.

Beauty specialists recommend Delatone for removal of objectionable hair from face, neck or arms. After application, the skin is clear, firm and hairless.

Druggists sell Delatone; or an original 1-oz. jar will be mailed to any address upon receipt of $1 by

The Sheffield Pharmacal Co.

330 So. Wabash Ave., Dept. F. L. Chicago, Illinois.

DUSTBANE

WILL RENEW YOUR CARPETS

Use It Every Day

Sprinkle Dustbane lightly on your carpets before sweeping and it will prevent the dust from rising, AND—it will keep your carpets fresh and clean.

Sold in Tins by All Grocers.
Keep a Tin on Hand for Daily Use.

IF you have anything to sell to farmers, use a Rural Canada ad. Full information, RURAL CANADA, Toronto, Canada.

The Friendship Circle Club

Our Girls' Club For Making Money

"Pussy-cat Mole, jumped over a coal,
And in her fine petticoat burned a great hole."

JUST think of doing that now, when petticoats are so expensive. Poor Pussy-Cat Mole! And just because she did not know about the Friendship Circle Club—there was no help for Pussy-cat Mole. If she had known she would have had a new petticoat in short order, and many other lovely things to gladden her heart.

An Invitation

Because so many heart-hungry girls—heart-hungry for thousands of feminine things—are making their dreams come true—because so many of them are finding happiness and companionship too, in their club, I can't bear to feel there are other wistful and less fortunate girls outside. That's why I'm inviting you to come into the club right away and let your purse keep pace with your growing wishes.

A Fairy Godmother

If you want an extra hat or party slippers to match your frock, or even a new frock itself, your fairy godmother is right at hand to help you. Necessities or luxuries, both you may have. Can't you just see how a certain bewitching blue would become your eyes, or a certain shade of pink would deepen the roses in your cheeks. Little wish or big wish, both will be granted you. Perhaps you are like one of our "Little Sisters." She dropped in to see me one sunny day. Dejectedly, she greeted me.

"Why little sister, what's troubling you?" I asked in concern.

"Well, it's like this, Jean Arthur," she answered, slowly and sadly. "I just can't manage things, however I try. If I have enough money for a new suit, there's not enough left for a hat. If I buy the hat, I can't afford the shoes, and so it goes. I just can't get everything new all at once, and now—" her lips trembled and her eyes became suspiciously moist—"now I'm going to marry Tom and I can't be a new bride—I'll be just half new and half old, and—oh, dear, isn't it awful—" she wailed

"What you need, little sister," I said, with a smile, "is a fairy godmother. I think I'll have to be your fairy godmother."

And girls, how I wish you could see "Little Sister's" Hope Chest. The handsomely monogrammed towels that her first club money bought, the fine linens and exquisite lingerie that she bought with her later earnings and the dozen and one lovely and useful things that go to make up the complete wardrobe of the happy bride.

"And oh, Jean Arthur, you dear fairy godmother" whispered Little Sister, with shining eyes, "It's all because I did have faith in fairies, and Oh, I'm so happy, thanks to our club."

For You Too

There is a Fairy Godmother for you too. It makes no difference what particular girlish fancy or need you wish money for, the only thing is that you want it—and get it—just as much and just as often as you want it.

And besides the satisfaction of having your own money, you have the companionship of hundreds of other wide-awake, ambitious girls, hundreds of interesting friends, all sharing the benefits and delightful surprises of the Friendship Circle Club. And when I say "Surprises," I think of birthdays and holidays and the glad spirit of giving—don't you? And our Club Gifts and Club Surprises are just like Christmas, too. The very best way to know how lovely they are is to join us and win one of them.

Don't wait. If your curiosity has grown into sharp wishing pains, write this very minute and find out all about earning club money. I promise to answer without delay.

Cordially your friend,

JEAN ARTHUR,
Manager, Friendship Circle Club,
259 Spadina Ave., Toronto.

Their Recipes for Success

Two Hamilton Women Who Have Won Fame in the Business World

"MY father!" are the words which spring to my lips, when people ask me how I won my present position. He was a lawyer and a special examiner, and quite naturally and gradually he trained me to follow in his steps. When he became too ill it followed as a matter of course that I should do the work under his direction; and when he died, it seemed only natural that I should assume full responsibility. The lawyers requested that things should continue as they had been; and although it made me feel shivery to know that I was the only woman special examiner in Canada, I was sure I could do the work—and so just went ahead and did it. Before this it had never been out of the hands of lawyers.

Miss Sadleir, Canada's only Woman Special Examiner

My motto for business success is simple and old "Trust in God." I know that the winning of my appointment was an answer to prayer; and I believe success waits on integrity, and faithfulness.

There are times, too, when I cannot resist the lure of the open trail. I have been much attracted by South America, and have visited the Aurocanian Indians of Chile, where my brother is a missionary.

Beside my work as special examiner, I do ordinary court reporting, which is exciting when you remember that you must take the report verbatim, with an arguing lawyer or an angry witness talking at the rate of two hundred words a minute.

IN one way it may be said that I have had immortality thrust upon me. I bear a charmed name. Yes, I am the grand-daughter of the George Hamilton, who founded the City of Hamilton in 1813, and at present I am the only descendant bearing the name living in this part of the country.

This fact has brought me many little pleasant experiences, and, no doubt, has been of advantage to me in my climb to the uplands of success, smoothing considerably a road which many feet have found so rough. Yet I have worked at all times conscientiously and untiringly, and I have no new recipe to offer those seeking success in business. The heights are only won by strict attention to detail, close application and unflagging perseverance.

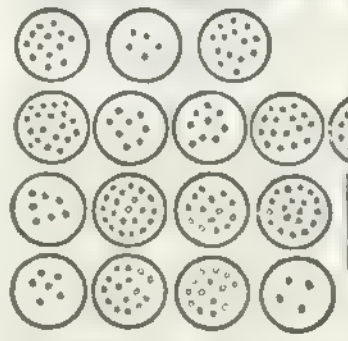
Miss Hamilton Head of the Dead Letter Office, Hamilton

I began my career, as many do, by teaching in the public schools. Later I drifted into business, taking up post-office work, until at present I hold the position of chief accountant and head of the dead letter office in the City of Hamilton. My friends say I have the endurance of a man coupled with the tender-heartedness of a woman. I was endowed with a sound physique, which is half the battle in business, and I have schooled myself to coolness and concentration, which is something any public woman may strive for and in a large measure attain.

FREE TO BOYS AND GIRLS

This Lovely Pony or $100.00 Cash

Can You Solve This Great War Puzzle?



Four Things That Will Win The War

WHAT ARE THEY?

THE 16 Circles above can be made to represent four words which represent four things that are going to win the war. Our bright loyal Canadian boys and girls can help prove that four of these things. Every boy and girl should know all of them. Can you tell what words the four magic circles represent?

How to solve it.—Each circle represents a letter of the word called for. The number of dots in the circle represents the position of that letter in the alphabet. For instance: "A" would be represented by a circle with one dot because it is the first letter of the alphabet. "B" would be represented by a circle with two dots because it is the second letter. "C" would be represented by three dots, "D" by four dots and so on. You must correctly count the dots in each circle, figure out the letter represented by its position in the alphabet and when you have them all figured out put them into proper rotation to spell the name wanted. It's not an easy puzzle but if you can solve it correctly you may win this lovely shetland pony or one of the grand Cash prizes above.

THE PRIZES

1st Prize	Beautiful Shetland Pony or $100.00 Cash				
2nd Prize	$25.00 Cash		3rd Prize	$15.00 Cash	
4th "	10.00 "		5th "	5.00 "	
6th "	5.00 "		7th "	3.00 "	
8th "	2.00 "		9th "	2.00 "	
10th "	2.00 "				

25 Extra Cash Prizes of $1.00 each

GET your pencil and paper right now. Try to figure out the words and when you think you have them, write them out as neatly as you can and send them to us. We will reply right away telling you if your solutions are correct and sending you the complete list of all of grand prizes that you can win.

Use plain, white paper only, putting your name and address in the upper right hand corner. If you want to write anything besides your answer to the puzzle use a separate sheet of paper. Be neat and careful because in case of ties the prizes will go to the boys and girls whose answers are neatest and best written. Proper spelling and punctuation will also count.

What Others Have Done You Can Do

Here are the names of only a few of the boys and girls to whom we have recently awarded big prizes.

Shetland Pony and Cart, Helen Smith Edmonton.
Shetland Pony—Beatrice Hughes, Hazenmore, Sask.
$100.00 Cash, Lyle Benson, Hamilton, Ont.
$25.00 " Helen Benesch, Junkins, Alta.
$15.00 " Florence Nesbitt, Arnprior, Ont.

We will send you the names of many others too.

Send Your Answers This Very Evening!

As gentle and easy-going, proved a good choice for the whole family.

Only boys and girls under 16 years of age may send answers and each boy or girl desiring his entry to stand for the awarding of the grand prizes will be required to perform a small service for us for which an additional valuable reward or special cash prize will be given. The Contest will close on September 30th and the prizes will be awarded immediately after. Send your entry today.

Address: The Ponyman,
c-o RURAL CANADA,
Dept. W. Toronto, Ont.

CLASSIFIED ADLETS

SALES AND EXCHANGES

A responsible directory arranged for the convenience of the vast number of more than 500,000 readers of Everywoman's World who wish to buy, sell or exchange.

Each little adlet has much of interest for you.

Agents and Salesmen Wanted

MRS. COPE, MACGRATH, ALBERTA, cleared $102.00 in four days. Sold to every home in Macgrath. You can do as well. Fine territory open for live agents. Catalogue and terms free on request. Perfection Sanitary Brush Co., 1118 Queen St. W., Toronto, Ont. Only manufacturers in Canada.

AGENTS—Sell economical products that save customers money. Your guaranteed sales mean big profits, and the repeat orders make a regular customer of every family. Many clearing $10 to $20 daily. Ten cents brings samples and full particulars. Original Products Co., Foster, Que.

Articles Wanted

THE ONE BEST OUTLET for farm produce, non-fertile eggs, poultry, separator butter. Write Gunns, Ltd., 78 Front St. East, Toronto.

Educational

LEARN AT HOME—Bookkeeping, Stenography, Beginner's Course, Matriculation, Teachers' Courses, Engineering (Stationary, Tractor, Automobile), Special English, Mind and Memory Training, Salesmanship. Write Canadian Correspondence College, Limited, Dept. E.W., Toronto, Canada.

Help Wanted—Female

EARN $25 WEEKLY, spare time, writing for newspapers, magazines. Experience unnecessary. Details free. Press Syndicate, 427 St. Louis, Mo.

Home Furnishings

WRITE for our large, photo-illustrated catalogue No. 2. We pay freight to any station in Ontario. Adams Furniture Company, Limited, Toronto.

Miscellaneous

IMPROVE YOUR BREAD—HoMayde Improver will make a larger, better flavored loaf of finer color and texture. Perfectly wholesome. Send 15 cents or package for 100 loaves. HoMayde Products Company, 23 Scott Street, Toronto.

Nursing

PRIVATE NURSES earn $10 to $25 weekly. Learn without leaving home. Booklet free. Royal College of Science, Dept. A, Toronto, Canada.

Photoplays—Stories

EASY MONEY writing photo-plays. Learn a paying business at home. Full details and first lesson 25c. Selling list Free. Photo-Film Co., 42 Palmerston Gardens, Toronto, Ont.

WRITE MOTION PICTURE plays. $50 each experience unnecessary. Details free to beginners. Producers League, 325 Wainwright, St. Louis.

WRITERS—STORIES, Poems, Plays, etc., are wanted for publication. Literary Bureau, E.W., 3 Hannibal, Mo

Razor Blades Sharpened

RAZOR BLADES SHARPENED by experts—Gillette, 35c. dozen; Ever Ready, 25c. Mail to A. L. Keen Edge Co., 180 Bathurst Street, Toronto.

Songs Wanted

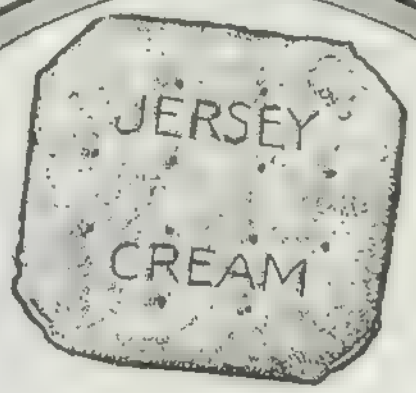
WRITE THE WORDS FOR A SONG—We write music and guarantee publisher's acceptance. Submit poems on war, love or any subject. Chester Music Co., 538 S. Dearborn St., Suite 247, Chicago.

SONG WRITERS—Send your poems to-day for best offer and immediate publication. Free examination. Music composed. Booklet on request. Authors & Composers Service Co., Suite 518, 1433 Broadway, New York.

WRITE US THE WORDS FOR A SONG—We will compose the music and facilitate free publication. Send verses on love, war or any subject. Fairchild Music Co., 203 Broadway, Suite 16 K, New York.

Wearing Apparel—Fancy-Work

BEAUTIFUL SILK Remnants for crazy patchwork. Large, well assorted trial package only 25c.; five lots for $1.00. Embroidery silk, odd lengths, assorted colours, 25c. per ounce. People's Specialties Co., Box 1836, Winnipeg, Man.



HIGH in food value yet economical in use. McCormick's Jersey Cream Sodas are fresh and crisp when you buy them. They keep well. There is no waste to them. For a war-time food, it would be hard to find their equal.

McCormick's

Jersey Cream Sodas

Sold Fresh Everywhere.
In Sealed Packages.

Factory at LONDON, Canada.
Branches at Montreal, Ottawa, Hamilton, Kingston, Winnipeg, Calgary, Port Arthur, St. John.

Canada Food Board Licenses
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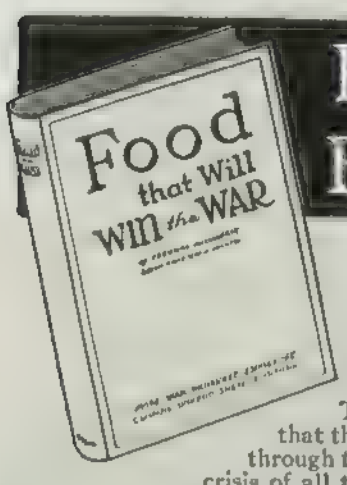

EAT PLENTY YET SAVE FOOD. YOU CAN DO BOTH

THIS BOOK SHOWS THE WAY

This is the year that counts. This is the year that the Allies will pass through the biggest food crisis of all the years of the war. It is a year of crop shortage the world over Famine faces all people in all its gaunt horror More so at this very moment than in all the four previous years. The government's dictum "Save Food or Starve" must ring in the ears of every housewife in Canada until it becomes a very mania to cut down food consumption. The housewives of Canada must gird themselves with strength and determination to reduce the consumption of food to the very last jot.

A Million Homes in Canada Must Do It

Yet we must live. We must have sufficient nourishment for our bodies to carry on the heavy burdens that are placed on our shoulders by the war. It is a tremendous problem this—to save food yet carry on. But it can be done and must be done.

This Book Solves Your Problem Forever

We have been fortunate enough in being able to secure this book to offer the women of Canada. "Food That Will Win the War" is the completest and most reliable book so far prepared on the "HOW" of preparing foods that you can eat in these days when you must cut down on eating. It shows you how to save yet how to eat plenty. The book is written by America's great food experts—Houston Goudiss and Alberta Goudiss. It will amaze you to see what you can do to save food and reduce your food yet have plenty.

It Will Cut Your Food Bill in Half

If you follow the methods laid down in this book you can cut your food bill by nearly fifty per cent. Yet you will be eating the proper amount to nourish your body and satisfy your palate. Read the list in the small right-hand column of what this book contains.

We Give You This Book

You may have this wonderful book. All we ask is that you allow us to enter your subscription to Everywoman's World for one year and the book is yours. Everywoman's World is Canada's greatest household magazine, read each month by over 500,000 Canadians.

Send No Money! Sign this Coupon or Copy into a Letter.

Continental Publishing Co., Ltd.
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Please enter my subscription to EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD for one year beginning with the.....issue. Also send me a copy of "Food that Will Win the War." If I like the book I will send you within five days of receipt of same $1.50 to pay for my subscription and only 50c to cover the cost of advertising, packing and mailing the book for me. If I don't like it I will return it to you within five days after I receive it.

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If you are already a subscriber, send us your renewal or a subscription for a friend.

This Book Shows You How

To make Cheap Food Tasty
To use Corn 12 different ways
To use Oats 12 different ways
To use Barley 6 different ways
To use Rye 6 different ways
To make Potato Bread
To make Cheap War Bread
To use up Sour Milk
To make Economical Pancakes
To use Cheapest Cuts of Meat
To use Cheese as a Meat Substitute
To prepare War Time Fish Dishes
To make Vegetables Add to Meat Substitute Dishes
To make Sugarless Desserts
To make Sugarless Candies
To make Sugarless Preserves
To make Pastry Without Dripping
To Save Fats
To use Left-overs
To make Sauces for Left-over Dishes
To eat by Food Values
To use Gelatine for Left-overs
To make Old Bread, Cake, Cereals into Tasty Dishes
To make Left-overs into Soup
To make All-in-one-dish Meals
To prepare Wheatless Menus
To prepare Meatless Menus
To prepare Meat Substitute Dinners
To prepare Vegetable Meals
And a hundred other war-time cooking ideas and economies

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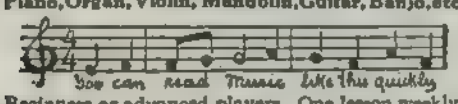

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Do not worry about your complexion but if it is not beautiful consult with us and we will help you restore it to its youthful freshness. No matter where you live write to us confidentially and we will give you our CONSULTATION FREE. Our Preparations are tried and proved by 28 years of use and satisfaction

Princess Complexion Purifier	$1.50
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Send for free sample of this delightful Cream

Large bottles, securely packed, sent carriage paid to any address in Canada, with full instructions for home use, on receipt of price.

Write for our Booklet "W"—FREE.

HISCOTT INSTITUTE, Limited, 61E College St., Toronto

The Sword of Lir

(*Continued from page 32*)

who was son of Fedelma, Queen of Dara. Is there no remembrance upon you, O Mother, of the child who has been seeking you for years?"

When she heard that name, Queen Fedelma gave a low cry of gladness. Then she came swiftly to him and flung her arms about him and her joyful tears were wet upon his face and the dark hair, sown with threads of silver now, fell all, about him as it had done in his dream.

So Flann, Prince of Dara, came into his own again and there was great rejoicing in the halls of Dara and through all the country-side. Long and well and wisely he ruled, and when at last death came to him he left strong sons to sit in their turn upon the throne of Dara, so that for centuries his memory and the memory of his valiant deeds was great in the land. But of the sword of Lir, no one knows. Some say that Flann gave it back to the charge of the daughters of Manannan and that it lies once more in the cavern, deep in the heart of Hy Breasil; but others say that it was lost long after, in battle with the Danes, when Brian broke the heathen might and established the Kingdom of the White Christ in Eire. Howbeit, none has ever seen it more since with it Flann slew the Fathac Dhu Olc and won again for himself his Kingdom of Dara.

Conservation School Lunch

THE school lunch-basket cannot claim exemption from patriotic service in the great national food conservation campaign now being waged. Whether it be a little dented tin pail or a trim leather lunch box, made to look like a kodak, it must do its "bit" in the big food drive.

Yet school children must not be stinted for food. There is need for care and thought in providing the children of the country with proper nourishment. But this does not mean an over-supply of food to be wasted, as often happens with school lunches. If there are too many things in the lunch or if for some reason they are not appetizing to the child the result is half eaten sandwiches and pieces of cake in the school waste basket or on the playground.

Many mothers pack too much into the lunch basket. The remedy is to find out just how much the child is actually in the habit of eating, and give him that amount.

If your child is fortunate enough to attend a school where hot soups, cocoa or milk are served at noon—these additions to the lunch should be taken into consideration when packing the basket.

The principal fault of sandwiches which are thrown away by school children is their dryness. The best school sandwiches are those in which the filling is moist enough to soften the bread. Apple sauce and fruit jams make splendid moist fillings. It is not necessary to use butter on these sandwiches if the children are given as much butter as they require at the home meals each day. Bars of sweet chocolate make a healthful dessert. They take up little room and represent a saving of fat. Children enjoy finding a baked apple or pear tucked away in one corner of the lunch basket. Apples and pears if baked for a long time until the juice becomes thick like syrup, need no sugar added. These are conservation foods and can be packed in a jelly glass, or in a stiff paper drinking cup which can be thrown away later. Cup custards, which make excellent dessert for children can also be packed in this way

Add Potatoes

OTHER conservation foods which the children will enjoy are the wheat saving raised rolls, made with the addition of mashed potatoes, or squash and sweet potato biscuit. The conservation corn-meal, oatmeal, and potato breads can be used for sandwiches.

Baked beans, raisins, dates or figs and nuts, cottage cheese, peanut butter, and scrambled or creamed egg can be used in place of meat filling in sandwiches without any loss in food value.

"Honey Drop" cookies and oatmeal macaroons have proven great school favorites, and are in harmony with the conservation programme. A cinnamon bun made from bread dough with the addition of cinnamon and much less sugar and fat than would be used in cake makes a pleasing dessert. This is also true of the apple roll, in which apples, finely chopped, a little sugar and cinnamon, are sprinkled over a thin sheet of baking powder dough. This is then rolled up like a jelly roll, sliced and baked. The dough can be made with one fifth part corn-meal, which adds to its value as a conservation dish.

(*Continued on page 48*)

SOMETHING YOU WILL LIKE

WARM, STYLISH SET OF BLACK WOLF one of the very very special values offered, fine silky jet black fur which will give real service. SCARF is wide on shoulders trimmed with head, tail and paws as shown, MUFF is large, roomy and warm, trimmed as shown, sateen lined, silk poplin ends and wrist ring, scarf lined with silk poplin, A rich dressy set at a very moderate price.
M 898, Price Per Set Delivered..... $26.90

STYLISH COAT OF NORTHERN MUSKRAT made from the finest selected skins, length 60 inches, cut full and roomy, finished with full belt. Note the deep sailor collar and the handsome reverse border effect on the skirt. Lined with guaranteed satin Venetian. MUFF to match, cut in reverse effect to match border on coat. Sizes 34 to 44.
M 712, Coat Delivered..... $155.00
M 713, Muff Delivered..... 22.50

Snappy—up to date—of course—but more than everything else, in every HALLAM Fur Garment there is sterling quality, which means long wear.

You see HALLAM buys the Raw Furs direct from the Trappers *for Cash*, and every skin is carefully inspected—sorted and matched.

Then Hallam selects the best and most suitable skins, makes them up into the famous *Hallam Guaranteed Fur Garments* and sells them *by mail* direct *to you for cash.*

With over 32 years' Experience in the fur business, we are able to select and guarantee the Skins used in Hallam Furs and to give unexcelled values for the money.

And how easy *for you*—simply look through HALLAM'S Fur Fashion Book, select the articles you think you like and send the order to us *by mail*; no time wasted—no noise—no waiting in a busy store—no bother—and no urging by an anxious sales clerk—then by return you receive your furs—the whole family can examine them in your own home without interference—and at your leisure.

If you like them "Nuff-Sed," but if you are not satisfied *for any reason*, simply send the goods back and we return your money in full at once, as this is our *Positive Guarantee* under which all HALLAM FURS are sold.

You Cannot Lose—be up to date, BUY YOUR FURS BY MAIL FROM HALLAM

It is easier—more pleasant—and cheaper.

Hallam's GUARANTEED Furs

"FROM TRAPPER TO WEARER"

FREE Hallam's 1919 FUR FASHION BOOK

It is larger and better than ever—showing a wonderfully extensive range of Fur Sets and Fur Coats—we do not think there is a fur book published in Canada equal to this—it contains 48 pages and cover, with over 300 illustrations of beautiful furs—photographed on real living people—thus you see how the furs actually appear—it also gives a lot of valuable information about Fur fashions, and what leaders of fashion will be wearing.

Everyone should see this BOOK, it shows Fur Coats from $36.00 up to $550.00 and Fur Sets from $6.50 to $300.00.

The articles shown here are all taken from this Fur Fashion Book and will be promptly sent on receipt of money.

Thousands of pleased people from all parts of Canada, who have purchased Hallam's guaranteed Furs by mail, bear testimony to the wonderful values given.

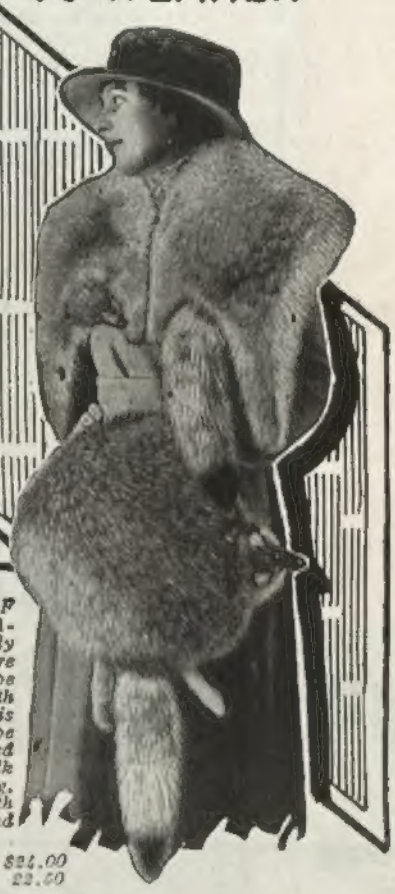
As we are the only firm in Canada selling Furs exclusively by mail and direct from **"Trapper to Wearer"** you save all the middlemen's profits when you buy Hallam's guaranteed Furs.

Write to-day for YOUR copy of Hallam's 1919 Fur Fashion Book—it will save you money.

Address in full as below:

John Hallam Limited

233 Hallam Building TORONTO

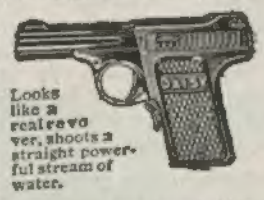


DURABLE, WARM COAT OF MANCHURIAN FUR, 60 inches long, made from jet black glossy, full-furred skins. It is very full and roomy and just the garment for hard wear and warmth combined. Lined with farmer's satin, finished with pouch pocket, fastening with large crochet buttons. Deep storm collar and lapels, deep cuffs on sleeves. Sizes 34 to 46. MUFF to match in barrel shape trimmed with head and tail, satin cuff and ring.
M 730, Coat Delivered..... $45.00
M 731, Muff Delivered..... 8.50

HANDSOME SET OF NATURAL GREY CANADIAN WOLF, beautifully soft full-furred skins are used. Scarf is in wide cape effect, giving great warmth and protection. MUFF is in the new "Canteen" shape roomy and warm, lined throughout with grey silk poplin, muff has wristring, silk cuffs, etc., trimmed with natural heads, tails and paws.
M 866, Scarf Delivered.. $24.00
M 867, Muff Delivered.. 22.50

FREE DANDY BICYCLE AND GREAT WATER PISTOL

Boys send us your name and address to-day and you can get a Real Daisy Water Pistol and our great Flying Champion Bicycle in return for a little easy pleasant work. This is the finest bicycle any boy could own. It has a 22 inch frame, coaster brake, non-skid tires, roller chain, and all the most up-to-date improvements—just the slickest, spickest bicycle you've ever seen. And the Daisy Water Pistol beats all. Just what you've always wanted. It looks like a real automatic revolver, but shoots a straight, powerful stream of water that will chase dogs or cats, & provide a barrel of fun.



Looks like a real revolver, shoots a straight powerful stream of water.

Here's Our Proposition for Live Boys

No Money in Advance.—Just send your name and address to-day and get a free sample package of "Daintees", our delicious new whipped-cream candy coated breath perfume that we want everybody in the land to try. With the free sample we send you just **30** handsome packages that we want you to introduce among your friends at only **10c.** a package. The sample package will make it easy for you. Just open it and ask your friends to try a couple of "Daintees". They will like them so much that everyone will buy a package or two at once. A couple of little "Dainties" will purify the mouth and perfume the breath. Everybody just loves them. No trouble at all to sell.

Return our **$3.00** when the breathlets are sold and we will promptly send you, all charges prepaid, the dandy Daisy Water Pistol, and the grand bicycle you can also get without selling any more goods, by just showing your fine prize to your friends and getting only six of them to sell our goods and earn our fine premiums as you did. Write to-day boys and you can soon own these fine rewards.

Address—THE REGAL MANUFACTURING CO. Dept. N 4 TORONTO, ONT.

Do You Know

Why Boys and Girls Go Wrong?
What to Do to Save Them?
What Causes Syphilis?
What Causes Blind Babies?
What Wrecks Happy Homes?
What Fills Insane Asylums?
What Causes Nine out of Ten Divorces?
What to Do to Find Out?

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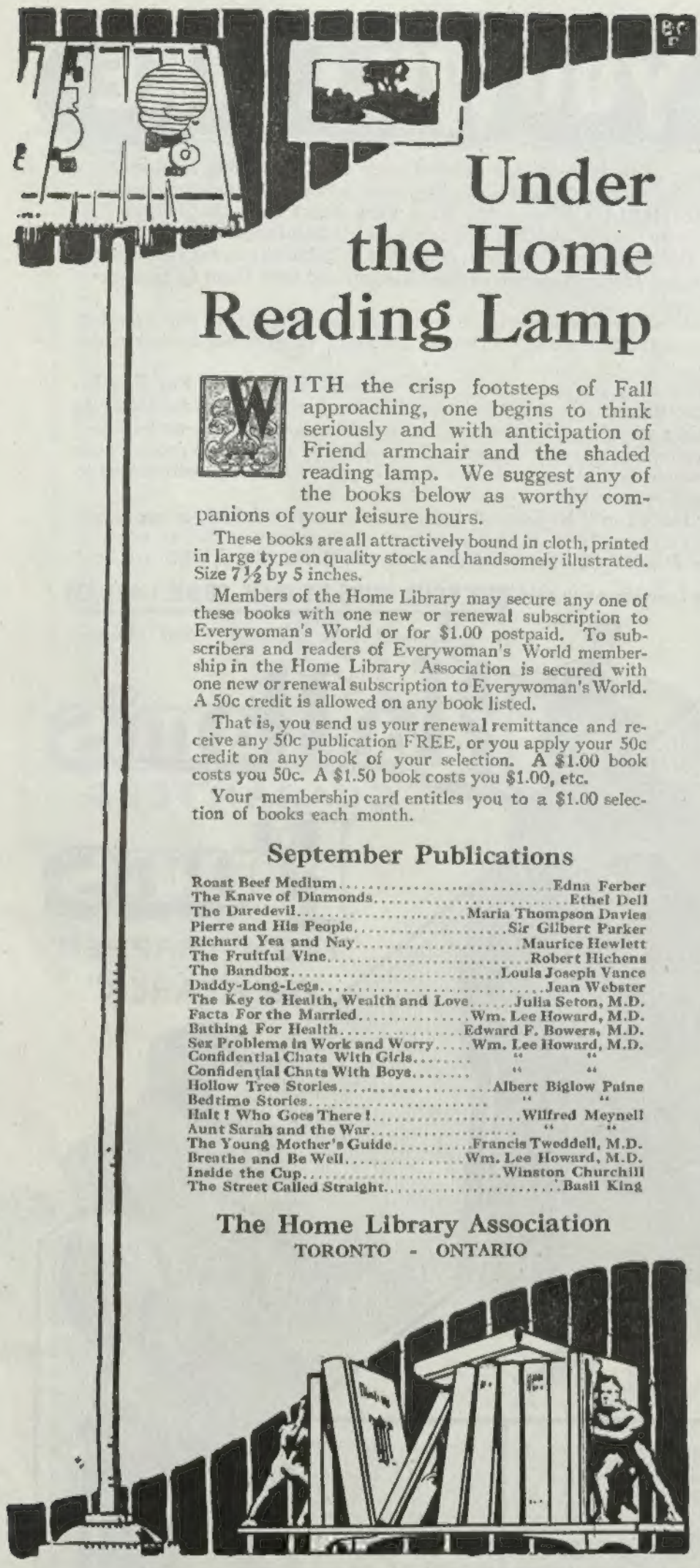

Under the Home Reading Lamp

WITH the crisp footsteps of Fall approaching, one begins to think seriously and with anticipation of Friend armchair and the shaded reading lamp. We suggest any of the books below as worthy companions of your leisure hours.

These books are all attractively bound in cloth, printed in large type on quality stock and handsomely illustrated. Size 7½ by 5 inches.

Members of the Home Library may secure any one of these books with one new or renewal subscription to Everywoman's World or for $1.00 postpaid. To subscribers and readers of Everywoman's World membership in the Home Library Association is secured with one new or renewal subscription to Everywoman's World. A 50c credit is allowed on any book listed.

That is, you send us your renewal remittance and receive any 50c publication FREE, or you apply your 50c credit on any book of your selection. A $1.00 book costs you 50c. A $1.50 book costs you $1.00, etc.

Your membership card entitles you to a $1.00 selection of books each month.

September Publications

Roast Beef Medium	Edna Ferber
The Knave of Diamonds	Ethel Dell
The Daredevil	Maria Thompson Davies
Pierre and His People	Sir Gilbert Parker
Richard Yea and Nay	Maurice Hewlett
The Fruitful Vine	Robert Hichens
The Bandbox	Louis Joseph Vance
Daddy-Long-Legs	Jean Webster
The Key to Health, Wealth and Love	Julia Seton, M.D.
Facts For the Married	Wm. Lee Howard, M.D.
Bathing For Health	Edward F. Bowers, M.D.
Sex Problems in Work and Worry	Wm. Lee Howard, M.D.
Confidential Chats With Girls	" "
Confidential Chats With Boys	" "
Hollow Tree Stories	Albert Biglow Paine
Bedtime Stories	" "
Halt! Who Goes There!	Wilfred Meynell
Aunt Sarah and the War	" "
The Young Mother's Guide	Francis Tweddell, M.D.
Breathe and Be Well	Wm. Lee Howard, M.D.
Inside the Cup	Winston Churchill
The Street Called Straight	Basil King

The Home Library Association
TORONTO - ONTARIO

I Never Miss My Morning Glass of

Kkovah Health Salt

Conservation School Lunch

(*Continued from page 46*)

When the reasons for saving the foods which can be shipped to our soldiers and our Allies across the ocean are explained to children they are as eager to help in the food drive as are the grown ups.

Conservation recipes for service in the school lunch basket follow.

Sandwich Fillings

PEANUT Butter.—Soften peanut butter with a little salad dressing or milk and add chopped olives.

Date and Nut.—One-half cupful dates, one-fourth cupful walnut meats, hickory nuts or other nuts locally grown. Put dates and nuts through a food chopper. Moisten with salad dressing or milk. Raisins or figs may be substituted for the dates.

Honey and Nut.—Mix honey with finely chopped pecans, hickory nuts, black walnuts, or other nuts locally grown.

Honey, nuts and cream cheese also make a good filling.

Baked Beans.—Put baked beans through a colander. This puree may be seasoned with a little catsup and onion juice, if desired.

Marmalade and Nut.—Mix one-fourth cupful of orange marmalade with two tablespoonfuls of chopped nuts. Jelly or other kinds of marmalade may be substituted for the orange.

Breads and Dainties

CORNMEAL BREAD.—One and one-fourth cupfuls liquid; one and one-half teaspoonful salt; two thirds cupful cornmeal; one fourth cake yeast, softened in one-fourth cupful lukewarm water; and two and one-half cupfuls flour.

Pour the liquid over the cornmeal and salt, and heat to the boiling point. Cook twenty minutes in a double boiler or over hot water. Cool, add yeast and flour; knead and let rise until double in bulk. Shape into a loaf and let rise in the pan until again double in bulk. Bake fifty minutes.

Potato Bread.—One and two-thirds cupful mashed potatoes; one teaspoonful salt; one-fourth cake yeast, softened in two tablespoonfuls lukewarm water; three cupfuls flour. One tablespoonful of fat and of sugar may be added if desired.

Wash the potatoes, boil, peel and mash thoroughly, add salt, and when cool, the yeast. Work in sufficient flour to make a stiff dough. Let rise until very light. Work in the remainder of the flour and knead very thoroughly, making a stiff dough. Let rise till treble in bulk, shape into loaves and let rise in pan till double in bulk. Bake forty-five to fifty minutes.

All the flour may be added at once, but the dough is difficult to handle.

Oatmeal Bread.—One cupful liquid; one teaspoonful salt, one cupful rolled oats, one-fourth cake yeast, softened; one-fourth cupful lukewarm water, and two and one-half cupfuls white flour.

Scald the liquid, add salt and pour over the rolled oats. Cool slowly, letting stand one-half hour. Add yeast and sifted flour, knead and let rise till double in bulk. Shape into loaves or make into rolls and let rise in the pan till double in bulk. Bake fifty to sixty minutes. Raisins may be added to this bread for variety.

Honey Drop Cookies.—Three-fourths cupful honey, one-fourth cupful fat, one-half teaspoonful cinnamon, one-eight teaspoonful cloves, one egg, one and one-half to two cupfuls flour, one-fourth teaspoonful soda, one teaspoonful baking powder, two tablespoonfuls water, and one cupful raisins cut fine.

Warm the honey and fat until the fat melts. While the mixture is warm, add the spices. When cold, add the water, the beaten eggs, and one and one-half cupfuls of flour sifted with the baking powder and soda. Finally stir in the raisins. Sufficient flour must be added to make a dough stiff enough to drop from a spoon. Bake in a moderate oven.

Oatmeal Macaroons.—Put one tablespoonful of fat into one-half cupful of sugar and mix with one well-beaten egg. Stir in one and one-half cupfuls of rolled oats, one-fourth teaspoonful of salt and one-half teaspoonful of baking powder. Drop in small shapes on a greased pan and bake in a hot oven until crisp.

Cup Custard.—Two cupfuls milk; two eggs, four tablespoonfuls sugar, and one-half teaspoonful vanilla.

Pour into cups set in a pan containing water to a depth of one-half inch. Bake in a moderate oven until a knife comes out clean when inserted in the custard. The custard may be sweetened with maple syrup in place of sugar.

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"Well, my boy, good cocoa means

Baker's Cocoa"

It is a rich red-brown powder made from high grade cocoa beans, which have been carefully selected, skilfully blended, roasted, ground exceedingly fine, and with the excess of fat removed without the use of chemicals.

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FOR WOMEN'S CHILDREN'S
AND MEN'S SHOES

The F. F. Dalley Corporations, Limited, Hamilton, Canada

The radiance your skin can have

Begin now to have a beautiful skin. No matter what other charms you have, they count for little unless you have the greatest of all charms—a clear fresh skin

AN AUTHORITY on the skin has said: "No matter what your difficulty is, you can remedy the trouble, *if* you will give it intelligent care and attention."

Look at your skin with this encouraging fact in mind. Really study the condition of your skin. Examine it closely as a specialist would—look critically at the pores of your nose and chin, the color, the texture of the skin itself.

If you have not been taking proper care of your skin, you will be amazed to see what havoc even one season can work. Perhaps you are allowing your skin to grow gradually dull, coarse and blemished without realizing it.

Just what you can do to improve your skin

You need not be discouraged however. Your skin is continually changing. As the old skin dies Nature provides new to take its place. This new skin can be kept clear, soft and delicate in color if you will do your share.

Begin to-night to cleanse and stimulate your skin with the soap suited to its needs. Woodbury's Facial Soap is the work of a skin specialist who devoted his life to a study of the care and treatment of the skin. Among the famous Woodbury treatments you will find the one to give your skin the greater loveliness you long for.

Don't expect a single treatment—nor even a week's treatment—to overcome your trouble. Let your Woodbury treatment become a daily habit. You will be surprised to realize how easy it is to do it regularly.

Two treatments are given on this page. Look for other treatments in "A Skin You Love to Touch," the booklet wrapped around every cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap. For a month or six weeks' treatment you will find a 25c cake is sufficient. It is on sale at drug stores and toilet goods counters in the United States and Canada—wherever toilet goods are sold.

Send for sample cake and book of treatments

A sample cake of Woodbury's—enough for a week for any treatment—with the booklet "A Skin You Love to Touch" will be sent you for 6c. For 12c we will send you in addition to the Soap, samples of Woodbury's Powder. Write to-day. Address The Andrew Jergens Co., Limited, 7509 Sherbrooke St., Perth, Ont.

Sallow sluggish skins: How to rouse them

Just before retiring, wash your face and neck with plenty of Woodbury's Facial Soap and warm water. If your skin has been badly neglected, rub a generous lather thoroughly into the pores, using an upward and outward motion. Do this until the skin feels somewhat sensitive. Rinse well in warm water, then in cold. Whenever possible rub your skin for 30 seconds with a PIECE OF ICE and dry carefully.

This treatment with Woodbury's cleanses even the tiny pores of your skin, brings the blood to the surface and stimulates the small muscular fibers.

Skin blemishes: How to clear them

Just before retiring, wash in your usual way with Woodbury's Facial Soap and warm water, finishing with a dash of cold water. Then, dip the tips of your fingers in warm water and rub them on the cake of Woodbury's until they are thoroughly covered with a heavy cream-like lather. Cover each blemish with a *thick* coat of this. Let it dry and remain a few minutes until your skin feels sensitive. Then wash again in your usual way with Woodbury's. Repeat this cleansing antiseptic treatment with Woodbury's Facial Soap every night until the blemishes disappear.

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